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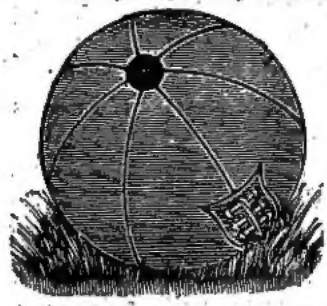

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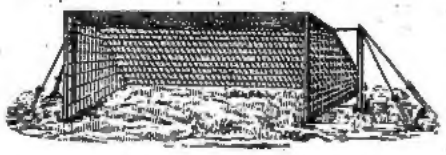

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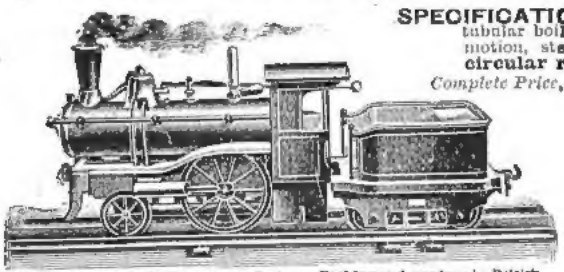

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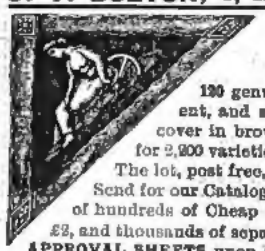

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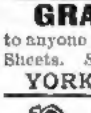

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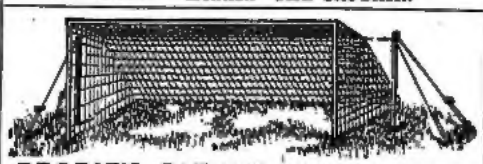

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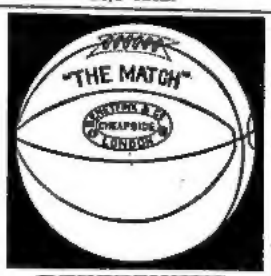

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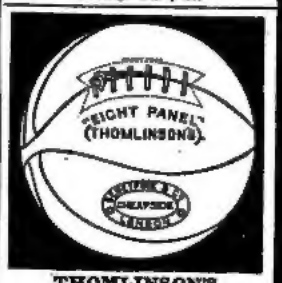

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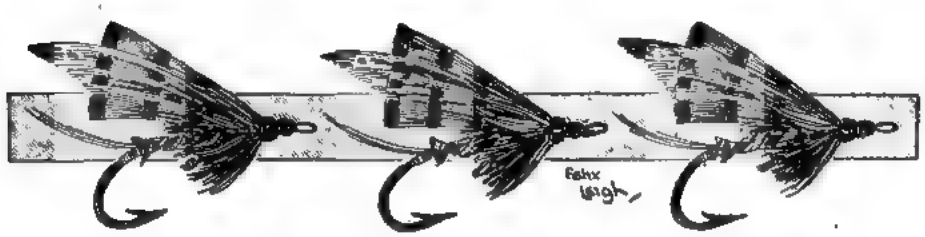

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THE BANK GAVE WAY, AND IN WENT HIS LORDSHIP.

Drawn by E. T. Skinner.

THE GREEN GRASSHOPPER

A Piscatorial Tragedy

By J. Crooke

Illustrated by E. J. Skinner

I AM a keen sportsman, and a landscape painter of some repute. It was in connection with my profession that I was spending the early summer in the vicinty of a well-known trout stream, and here occurred the memorable adventure I am going to relate.

I had taken up my quarters at the old village inn, whose sign of the rod and creel is so well known to artists and anglers. And very popular is the jolly host of the "Isaac Walton" (as the inn is named), a garrulous old fellow, yet one of those men who can tell a good story, and has a fund of anecdote to draw upon. Artists and anglers alike give him freedom of speech, for he is often extremely entertaining.

So soon as he saw my fishing tackle, mine host of the "Isaac Walton" grew strangely excited.

"I welcomes you, sir, as one who has heard of our famous trout!" enthusiastically cried he.

"No," said I. "Can't say that I have."

"*What!*" said he. "*Never heard of our big trout?*"

"So, then, you have the proverbial big trout here, as they have elsewhere?" laughed I.

For a moment he was dumbfounded.

"Never heard of our big trout?" he repeated. "Might I make so bold as to inquire where you come from, sir?"

"From London, as my luggage labels would have shown you."

"An' perhaps, sir, you may not belong to an angling society?

"No" said I. "I am an artist, not an angler."

"Then that accounts for it, sir!" with an air of decision, which plainly showed his own satisfaction.

"Well," I inquired, "and after all, what is there so interesting about this particular trout?"

"A great deal more than you appear to be aware of, sir. Anglers have come from far and near, brought by reports of our famous trout of the Greenvale waters. All sorts an' conditions of men have had a try for him—an' ladies, too; an' even *then* that old fish has been ungallant enough not to get hooked! From time to time some of the best London anglers—representatives of first-class angling societies—have been down, an' gone away disappointed. A fish is like a horse, sir; you can't make the latter drink, or the former bite."

"And he is really a fine fish?" I asked, wishing to draw him further, for I was becoming interested.

"A prize, sir; a prize for the angler who lands him! Then there's the old Squire (he don't fish himself) sits at home an' chuckles when he hears of some celebrated angler's discomfiture. He only wants good men to try their hands, so 'tis no easy matter to get a pass."

"I expect the fish has been hooked so many times that he has grown shy?" I suggested.

"Only once, sir, only once. That *did* shy him, as well it might! But I'll tell you the story.

"Two years ago the Bishop of B——— came down here *incog.*—dressed just like an ordinary gent, you know, sir. I knew him before he were made a bishop, an' he knew me. So I told him about our big trout; for I knew him to be a keen angler, an' a good one.

"On the day that he set out to capture the big trout I had the honour to accompany him. There's never been a more memorable day in my life. The bishop hooked that fish the first cast, sir, an' he's never been hooked since!

"The fun began, an' ran on fast an' furious. The play the bishop made with that fish was a sight fit for any angler to behold. I kept on applaudin'—an' something else when I thought he were going to lose his fish. Once only during that exciting time did his lordship address me. I've never forgotten his words, so much like a prayer were they: 'My good man, if you *would* keep quiet!' An' mum I was to the end of the battle.

"The big trout had fought up-stream an' down-stream; an' I, possessed of the landing net, sprang into the shallow, an' held myself in readiness to lift out the big trout whenever he became exhausted—which I didn't get that chance, more's the pity!

"If he'd got to die, the big trout meant dying game. Twenty minutes of exciting play had already passed, an' still the big fish seemed as lively as ever. The bishop wanted to get him down stream into the shallow, an' the fish aimed for his retreat under an old willow stump. Sometimes one had the advantage, an' sometimes the other. I'm too impatient to make a good sportsman, sir, an' I did grow impatient on that occasion. So I told him at last he'd play with the mouse (meaning the fish) till he lost him, an' it was then his lordship begged for my silence.

"But the end was at hand. The bishop had got close to the edge of the bank, to work with a shortened line, rendered necessary by the near proximity of the underwood. Just then, as ill-luck had it, the bank gave way, an' in went his lordship with a splash bigger than the great trout had ever made when rushing for a fly.

"I was forced to laugh, sir—I couldn't help it. But I soon saw his lordship was like to drown. So I springs out of the shallow, an' runs along the bank until I comes to the pool. Then I reached down the landing-net, an' he grabs it. An' so I landed the bishop, sir, just as I'd intended landing the big trout!

"An' the bishop, he stands on the river bank, water streaming from his saturated garments, whilst he wrung his hands with vexation an' disappointment. I did feel sorry for him, an' his laments were very sad. In the end, I fished for his rod, an' got it out at last. Then I reeled up the line in a thoughtful sort of way, there being a chance that the big trout might still be on the hook, but the line came in slack to the end.

"I don't believe, sir, the poor bishop ever got over the terrible disappointment of that unlucky day. However, he didn't go an' die, an' have a monument raised to his memory—though that'll come later for the many good deeds he's done—but he said that after such a muddle as he'd made he'd never cast a fly for that big trout again. Nor has he, sir. An' so the prize remains for other rods to win."

"A good story," said I. "But I fear I must not aim to grasp so great a prize."

"An' why not, sir? Your chance is as good as the rest. 'Twill be something to be able to boast of that you've cast a fly for him."

"I agree with you," said I, and turned away.

And then I heard him say to his wife: "Some people neither travel nor keep their ears open. He's never heard of our big trout!"

"Then he can't be of much note himself!" was the not too flattering reply.

But when, a few days later, I was able to show my host a pass for the Greenvale waters, I rose considerably in his estimation. He described the big trout's haunt, and gave me so much meant-to-be-useful advice that I set out on conquest bent as well primed with piscatorial knowledge as though I had a printed guide in my pocket.

I made direct for the fountain-head, *i.e.*, the big trout's haunt. To reach it I had to plunge into a great wood, and use the river for my guide I worked my way up-stream, and followed the bank as well as I could; but I had to make many détours, as mossy glade or thick underwood alternated. Each time I stood on the river bank I hoped I had hit upon the big trout's haunt. After many disappointments my object was at last attained. There was no mistaking the spot—an ideal one for a big fish. It was as my host had described it. The river took a short turn, was deep and sluggish, and abounded in pools and shallows. But the surroundings of the pool were such as to render a cast difficult, and very delicate play would be required if I were fortunate enough to hook the big trout.

I felt at that time that next to landing the big fish myself I would like to have witnessed the bishop's discomfiture. Better still, those twenty minutes' scientific play by a skilled angler must have been a sight to behold! Alas! where such a champion of the rod had failed, how poor must be my chance of success! And

then, again, I recalled the humorous side of the innkeeper's story. Also the disgust and dejection of the London "cracks." They had not set the Thames on fire by a trip to Hampshire waters!

Before attempting operations I took careful note of the big trout's haunt—its peculiarities—those little spots which meant a tangled line and a lost fish. I noticed that the rush of water after heavy rains had ploughed deep into the river-bed, and hollowed out the opposite bank to a considerable depth. A heavy growth of brambles and underwood shaded the overhanging bank. Below the pool was a shallow formed by the deposit of gravel washed from the river-bed.

I had stood for some minutes watching the waters of the pool, and at last the well known "rings" appeared which marked a trout's rise. In a moment I was roused to action. The wish to emulate those champions of the rod who had already met failure as good sportsmen spurred me on to my own momentous cast. I grew sanguine. What if I were destined to succeed where so many had failed! Ah! if I could only gain a glimpse of the big trout so as to gauge his might and weight! And my wish was almost immediately gratified. Suddenly a big fish shot clean out of the water, from the impetus of a rush at a tempting May-fly that had fallen, light as a scrap of gauze, upon the surface of the pool. He fell back into his native element with a flop that was music to my ears, whilst the glimpse I had caught of his magnificent proportions caused my eyes to flash and my fingers to tremble with keenest excitement and expectation. Without further hesitation I set up my tackle.

I found numerous difficulties in the way of my making an effective cast. The near proximity of the underwood compelled me to use a shortened line. I had a mind to "dangle" my fly, but the shadow of my rod would have fallen on the surface of the pool; and, then, it was not a sportsmanlike procedure.

My first three casts were failures. The line entangled, and splashed the water in a way that would have alarmed any fish. Then I lost my temper. Immediately afterwards my line became fast in the underwood behind me. It took a long time to disentangle the foul. Whilst engaged upon this (to an impatient angler) most disagreeable task, the snapping of a twig and the rustling of the underwood on the opposite bank attracted my attention. For no particular reason I stepped into concealment. The sounds continued, and seemed to indicate the passage of a person through the underwood. At last the rustling ceased at a point a few yards below me, and close to the pollard willow which overhung the pool.

A grave suspicion shot into my mind—someone was on the opposite bank who had designs upon the big trout. I watched the bushes intently, and this is what I presently saw: the briars thrust carefully aside by a small, sun-browned hand; then the freckled face of a boy appeared, lit with the glow of keenest expectation. Immediately afterwards a hazel wand was quietly thrust forward, and a baited hook at the end of a few feet of line lowered gently into the water.

In an instant I had grasped the situation, and sprang excitedly from my concealment.

"You young rascal!" I began. "How dare——" But I was too late. The big trout had made his rush and been securely hooked.

"At last!" cried the boy.

There was no systematical play of the fish, no music of the reel, no deft handling of rod or line; every angling law was disregarded. The boy's tackle was strong and rustic—he simply hauled the big trout through the opening he had made in the briars as unconcernedly as he would have landed a disused kettle or an old shoe!

In the meantime, boiling with indignation, I discarded my own tackle, sprang into the shallow, and waded across. I then pushed through the underwood towards the spot where the boy had disappeared. I easily found him; he was deep in admiration of his prize—a monster trout of between 4lbs. and 5lbs. weight.

"You young poacher!" I cried. "What do you mean by it?"

At first the boy looked somewhat disconcerted, but, quickly recovering himself, he replied: "I've been trying for him, sir, these past two summers, but nothing I could put before him was sufficiently tempting. Ain't he a beauty?"

"Yes—but—I question your right to do as you have done. You are poaching"

"No, sir; it's my privilege."

"Your—what?"

"It's this way, sir: Father's head keeper here, and often has to catch a brace of trout for master's table. As father ain't no hand at the job, he usually passes it on to me; and now I've been and succeeded where so many—even a bishop—have failed."

I choked down my indignation, for I had an idea.

"And the fish will really go to your master's

table?" I asked, meaningly.

He was a sharp boy, and he understood.

"You want him, sir?"

"Well, it does seem a pity he should be cooked and eaten when he would look so nice in a glass case."

"You are right, sir; he is yours. The Squire might not like it if he heard that *I* caught the celebrated big trout. Take him, sir, and tell your own story of his capture."

"One moment," said I; "what bait did you use?"

"A big, green grasshopper, sir."

I sighed with exceeding sadness, for I had learned that even the big trout had his vulnerable point.

* * * *

On my way back to the "Isaac Walton" I had leisure to reflect on the events of the afternoon. I was possessed of the big trout—the coveted of so many anglers—but its possession gave me little satisfaction. I had rescued it from the pot—for what? To make it a "specimen"—nothing more! Alas! for the departed greatness of the big trout. He had taken his last "rise," yet not become elevated to fame. Had he succumbed to the Bishop of B—— he would have been exalted with a honoured name, whilst all that I could give him was a preservative and a glass case!

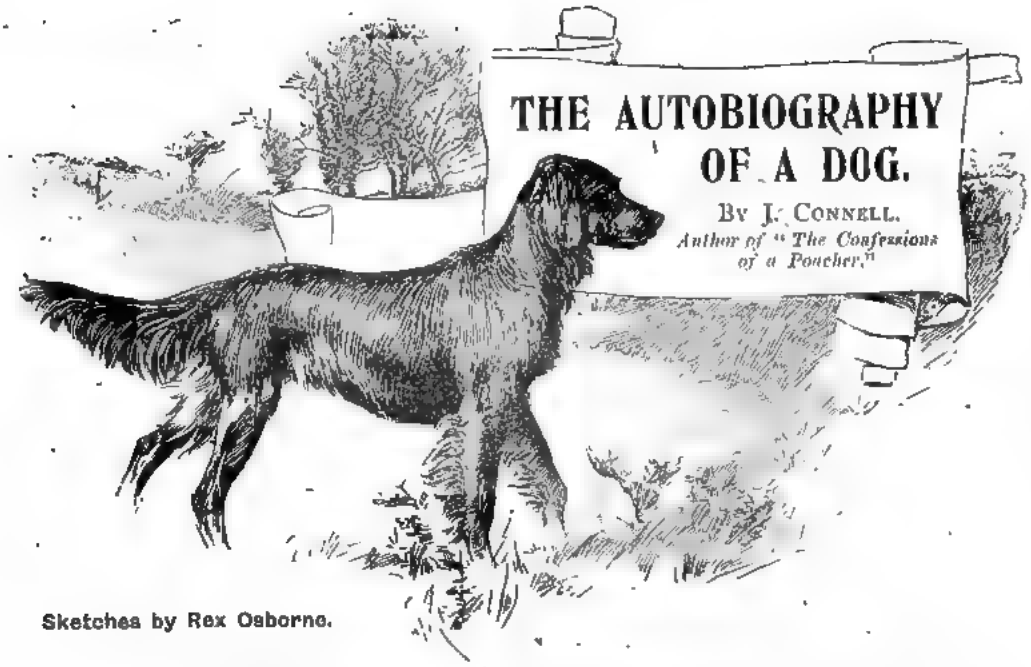
The innkeeper manifested genuine (if selfish) sorrow over the departed greatness of the big trout. To him I related the true circumstances of the capture, and to him alone; it was done to clear myself in his eyes of having perpetrated a terrible crime. He vowed that his living was gone from him, for who would now visit the "Isaac Walton"?

"AT LAST!" CRIED THE BOY.

So I seized the opportunity to make a little proposal to him, and in the end won his complete pacification. *He* has the big trout, beautifully stuffed, and it is *the* attraction of the "Isaac Walton." I have heard that he makes a good thing out of the exhibition of the big trout.

I hear also that he does not now tell his customers the story of the Bishop of B——, but another story, a truly remarkable one—of a certain London artist, "Who *could* fish, sir, an' the proof's there in that case—an hour an' forty-five minutes' play, without a foul, an' a fish as died game!"

And I blush—modestly, if you like.



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.

By J. Connell.
Author of "The Confessions of a Poacher."

Sketches by Rex Osborne.

CHAPTER I.

I am a dog of the Irish setter breed, and my full name is Finn M'Cool. I am called "Finn" for shortness. I am, to the best of my belief, very well bred. On this point I, personally, possess no evidence that would satisfy the Court of Chancery, but, inasmuch as I was born in the kennels of Lord Vegetable Marrow, it may be taken for granted that my family is not of mushroom growth. The earl never admits to terms of intimacy either man or beast that cannot boast a pedigree at least as long as the Atlantic cable, and all my relations have been, or still are, his special favourites.

My remembrance of my earliest days is, of course, somewhat hazy. I know, however, that my mother gave birth to eight of us within a few hours, and that when my eyes opened we occupied a commodious apartment containing plenty of clean straw, and lighted by a window in the roof. Here my brothers and sisters and I frisked about as soon as we were able. My mother was extremely fond of us, spent most of her time licking us, and growled and looked angry when anybody came near. The kennels were situated about 400yds. to the rear of the earl's residence, the name of which was Hogwash Hall. When I was about eight weeks old the earl gave a ball, and to this all the best families of the county were invited. The kennels were the favourite meeting place of the stablemen and gardeners, for smoking and gossiping purposes, and for a couple of weeks before the ball they talked of little but the approaching event. I did not then know that it was destined to influence my whole future career. When it was over they pronounced it a great success.

It happened that some of the visitors who came from a distance remained a few days at the Hall, among them a young lady of some thirty summers named Miss Juliet Boxwood. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, she took a peep at everything within walking distance, and among other places visited the kennels. The moment she saw me she took a fancy to me, and begged to be allowed to adopt me. She praised my coat, which was longer and more glossy than that of any of my brothers or sisters, and pronounced me to be by far the finest of the litter. I learned afterwards that his lordship was approached almost immediately, and that he, contrary to the advice of his head gamekeeper, made her a present of me. During the remainder of her stay she visited me three or four times each day, brought me milk and biscuits, and nursed and kissed me. Even at this early age I felt very keenly the absence of the gift of speech. There were many observations which I strongly desired to make, but when I attempted to give them utterance I could only get out barks and growls. Even then I possessed the intellect necessary for the task (more than has fallen to the lot of most two-footed animals, such as geese and men), but my vocal organs were defective. When "Miss Juliet," as she was called, expressed her intention of taking me away with her I protested most vigorously that I had no desire to leave my mother. She, however, caught me up, pressed me to her bosom, and smothered my remarks

with kisses. I was very much annoyed, but felt rather flattered. A circumstance which did much to reconcile me to the change was a marked alteration in the demeanour of my maternal parent towards her offspring, including myself, during the last few days. It became clear to me that a change of some sort was inevitable, and at length I took kindly to the thought of becoming the companion of Miss Juliet. When the fateful day arrived, I was put into a basket containing clean straw, and placed in the carriage of my mistress. After a drive of about three hours we arrived at Mistletoe Mansion.

The year which followed was the happiest of my life. The mansion, which contained thirty-eight rooms, stood in a park of over six hundred acres. I had the run of the entire place. Miss Juliet simply adored me. During the first few weeks I slept in her bedroom, and after that, as I was rather restless at night, there was a bed made up for me just outside her door. As I grew big, she was given to boasting of the splendid guard she possessed. Whom or what I guarded her from was a mystery to me, as nobody seemed to have the slightest desire to deprive her of her liberty or independence. She was an unclaimed treasure. It pleased her, however, to think that I guarded her, or that she needed guarding. At all events, she made a continual fuss over me. She combed and brushed my coat for an hour at a time, and was never tired of showing me to her friends and comparing me with their dogs, to the disadvantage of the latter. I had the best of everything in the way of food, and two or three servants were discharged for having accidentally trodden on my toes. A considerable time was consumed in selecting a name for me. From my very earliest days I displayed a strong inclination for fighting. Even in my mother's nest I indulged in it. I completely mastered my brothers and sisters, invariably taking precedence at feeding time, and to this the kennelman attributed the thriving and sleek appearance which caused Miss Juliet to take a fancy to me. Hence, it was decided that my name should be suggestive of battle. The names of Plutarch's heroes were considered one by one, and Took's Pantheon exhausted—but in vain. As I was of Hibernian extraction, it was ultimately decided to call me after the ancient and unconquered Irish warrior, Finn M'Cool.

SHE CAUGHT ME UP AND SMOTHERED MY REMARKS WITH KISSES.

I was soon taken for walks in the park, and when the weather grew warm I was taught to swim in a beautiful lake which it contained. When about six months old I became aware of the possession of a great gift. I had noticed for a considerable time, that, during our walks through the grass, birds rose in front of us, and sometimes rabbits and hares. One day I came across a scent, which I followed with little difficulty, and soon started a pheasant. This awakened a new sensation, which was extremely enjoyable. I felt that I could run scents all day long without getting tired. As a matter of fact, whenever I went out afterwards I spent all my time in searching for scents, or, as one of the gamekeepers phrased it, "working the park." My indulgent mistress watched me for hours bolting game. After a time I found myself able to catch rabbits, and occasionally I secured a hare. The keepers were unanimous in informing my mistress that I possessed "a splendid nose," but assured her that too much liberty was spoiling me, and that their statement would be found to be true when the time came for "breaking me in." She paid very little attention to them. During most of the summer and autumn she sallied out every morning, soon after breakfast, equipped with the latest novel. She selected a seat in a quiet nook, near the edge of the lake, and whilst she read I hunted. When I caught anything I carried it back, and laid it at her feet. This continued until we both grew hungry, when we returned to the mansion for luncheon. In the afternoon we generally indulged in a repetition of the enjoyment of the morning.

Those were the happy days of youth, and, as

I now know, were too good to last. I was extravagantly fond of my mistress. Indeed, I could not very well be otherwise, for never was animal petted, pampered, or flattered more than I. Whilst she frequently indulged in unsympathetic criticism of her neighbours, particularly of the young people of her own sex, she had nothing but fond words and caresses for me. I had access to her presence at all times. We were almost inseparable companions, and seemed "to live but to love" each other. This state of

I SPENT ALL MY TIME IN SEARCHING FOR SCENTS.

bliss continued until I was about fifteen months old. Then my troubles and trials began.

CHAPTER II.

THE Boxwood family consisted of Mr. Boxwood, Senr., who was an invalid, and had to be wheeled about in a small carriage; Mrs. Boxwood, a portly and good-natured old lady; Mr., or, as the servants and neighbours called him, "Master" Tom Boxwood; and Miss Juliet. Master Tom was very fond of hunting and shooting. He kept greyhounds, and also setters and pointers, but they were all housed close to the residence of the head-keeper, and were never seen in the park, except when required for use. It happened that I was out with my mistress on several of these "shooting days." At first the noise of the guns frightened me, but after a time inquisitiveness got the better of fear, and I ventured near the shooting party. I saw the dogs ranging over the ground, and when any game arose I noticed that the sportsmen knocked it over. Here, I thought, was an opportunity for me to distinguish myself. The other dogs travelled at what appeared to me to be a snail's pace, and every now and then stopped altogether. I resolved to go into it with a will. Taking my place by the side of the others, as if to start fair, I put an amount of energy into the business which caused the sportsmen to laugh. I travelled at about five times the rate of the other dogs, soon found a covey of partridges, and flushed them; but, unfortunately, too far away from the guns to permit of any attempt being made to shoot them. The order was immediately given, "Pick that dog up." Quite unconscious of any sort of guilt, I allowed myself to be caught. Puzzled and crestfallen, I was led back to my mistress, who took me indoors. At dinner, in the evening, I took my usual place by the side of her chair, and found, to my surprise, that I formed the subject of the company's conversation. It was agreed, on all hands, that my pedigree was superb, and that it was absolutely necessary that I should be at once "broken to the gun."

At first my mistress did not take kindly to the idea, but as she was in a minority of one, and it was pointed out that the course proposed would be better in every possible way, both for her and myself, she consented. A few days later one of the under-keepers called for me, and led me to the kennels.

By this time I had begun to wonder what "breaking-in" was like. I had a strong desire to stand abreast of my tribe in everything, and so looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to the educational process about to begin. Alas! I little dreamed of the brutality with which it was to be conducted. On the morning following my first night in the kennels, the man who had led me there appeared, placed a strong collar on my neck, and, having brought me out into the yard, tied me to a post with a hempen rope. My surprise at what I considered his quite unnecessary roughness was turned into alarm when I saw him approach with a heavy

carter's whip. I did not have to wait long for an explanation of his intentions. With all the strength he could command and for fully five minutes he flogged me unmercifully. My poor body was a mass of bruises when fatigue caused him to desist. After resting for some little time he approached me once more, and, with frightful yells and execrations, again beat me savagely. After this he placed me indoors and went away. In the evening he brought me food and water, the former of which I was much too ill to touch. Next morning I felt sore from head to foot. My cruel trainer came in early, inspected my untasted food, and went away. A couple of hours later he returned, led me again into the yard, and repeated the barbarity of the preceding day. I began to fear that he would kill me. I tried by shrieks and moans to excite his pity. I looked into his eyes, and tried to tell him that I was ready to obey him in every way he desired. My attempts at talking, however, he mistook, or pretended to mistake, for snarling, and he lashed me all the more in consequence. When he was tired he again placed me in my kennel. I soon found myself in a state of fever. I longed for the presence of my beloved mistress, who, had she but dreamt of my condition, would have rescued me from such humiliation and outrage. I passed another restless day and night without tasting the food which stood within reach. Next morning my condition was so serious that I felt that a repetition of the previous day's performance would mean death to me. With agonised and despairing feelings therefore did I look forward to the appearance of my tormentor. He came in due course, and once more led me into the yard. I thought my end was come, and heartily wished to be shot. Much to my surprise, however, he unfastened the cord from my collar and turned me loose. Weak, ill, and bruised as I was, hope arose within me, and I made a dash for the gate. Vain endeavour. I found it closed. The yard and kennels were surrounded by a high wall. I rushed, first for one point, and then for another, only to find myself a prisoner. My captor seemed amused at my terror, and when at length I relapsed into despair he coarsely exulted in my humiliation. After the lapse of two or three minutes he cracked his whip several times, and began ordering me about. He said, "Come over here," or "Go over there," and when, in order to obey, I was obliged to pass near him, he generally dealt me a savage blow. I understood his language quite well, and was perfectly willing to obey if allowed to do so quietly.

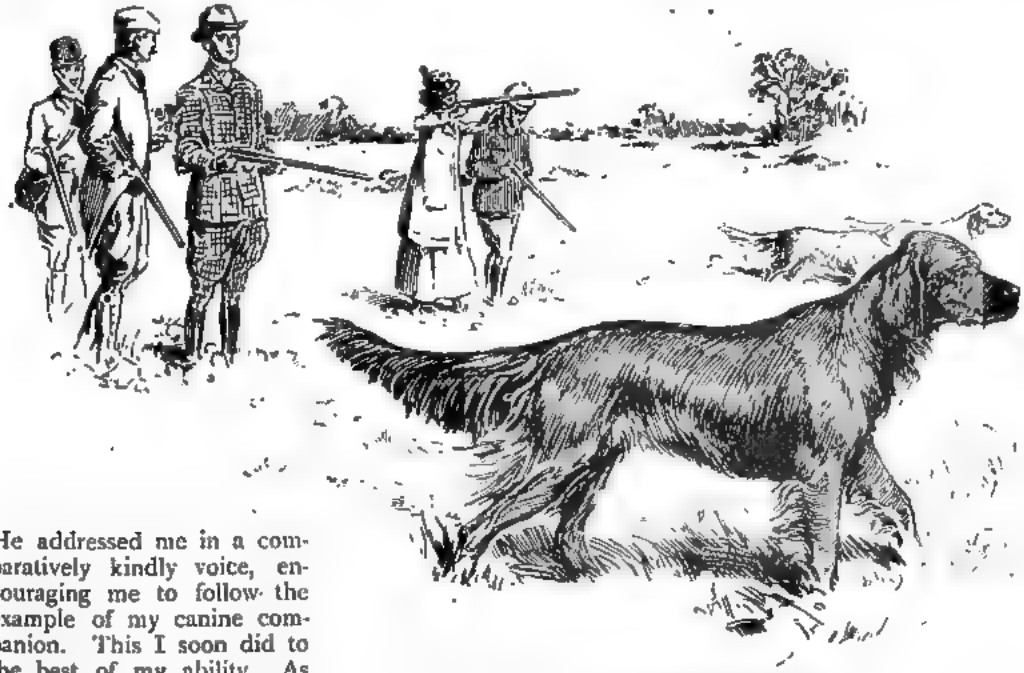
FOR FULLY FIVE MINUTES HE FLOGGED ME UNMERCIFULLY.

Like the human schoolmaster of a century ago, however, he thought that education could not be imparted without brutality, and having flogged me in order that I might learn, then flogged me in order that I should not forget. The lesson lasted about half-an-hour, and ended by his opening the door of my kennel, and dealing me a parting blow as I entered it. For several days this performance was repeated, but, much to my relief, the brutality diminished as time went on. After seven or eight lessons there was still much shouting and whip cracking, but few blows were struck. Then I was taken out in the fields, along with an old and well-trained setter, to learn my actual work. As soon as I found myself loose I was seized with an irresistible impulse to see my mistress, and at once dashed off as fast as my legs would carry me toward the mansion. I paid no attention to the angry remonstrances of my trainer, who yelled to me to return, and never paused for breath until I reached the bedroom which I had so long guarded. My mistress was not there. I searched the drawing-room, the library, and, in fact, the whole house, without finding her. I then scoured the garden and the grounds, with the same result. Crest fallen and nervous I again entered the house, only to find myself captured, and handed over

to my relentless pursuer. Trembling and despairing I was led back to the kennels, tied to the well-remembered post, and flogged as brutally as before. For several days my education was again conducted in the yard, until I was so cowed and spiritless that I did not even howl when struck. After that I was again taken into the fields, with the dog already mentioned. I made no further attempt to run away. I was so disheartened that during the first two or three days I could not learn anything. My sense of smell seemed to have left me. I could think of nothing but that terrible whip, which constantly hissed and cracked above my bruised back. At length my trainer became more humane. He addressed me in a comparatively kindly voice, encouraging me to follow the example of my canine companion. This I soon did to the best of my ability. As terror departed, I occasionally forgot my instructions, and dashed at feathers or fur, but was invariably and instantly recalled to a sense of duty by a yell from the wielder of the merciless thong.

I shall never forget the feeling of rapture which swelled my soul when one afternoon, on returning to the kennels, I heard my trainer inform the head keeper that I was now thoroughly broken. I thought that all my troubles were now over, and that soon I'd again enjoy the society of my beloved mistress, with all the liberty and license which it involved. It happened that on this very day a shooting party assembled at the mansion, and the next morning I was afforded an opportunity for the display of my abilities. I gave unbounded satisfaction. The guests and Master Tom agreed that I was the best setter they had ever shot over.

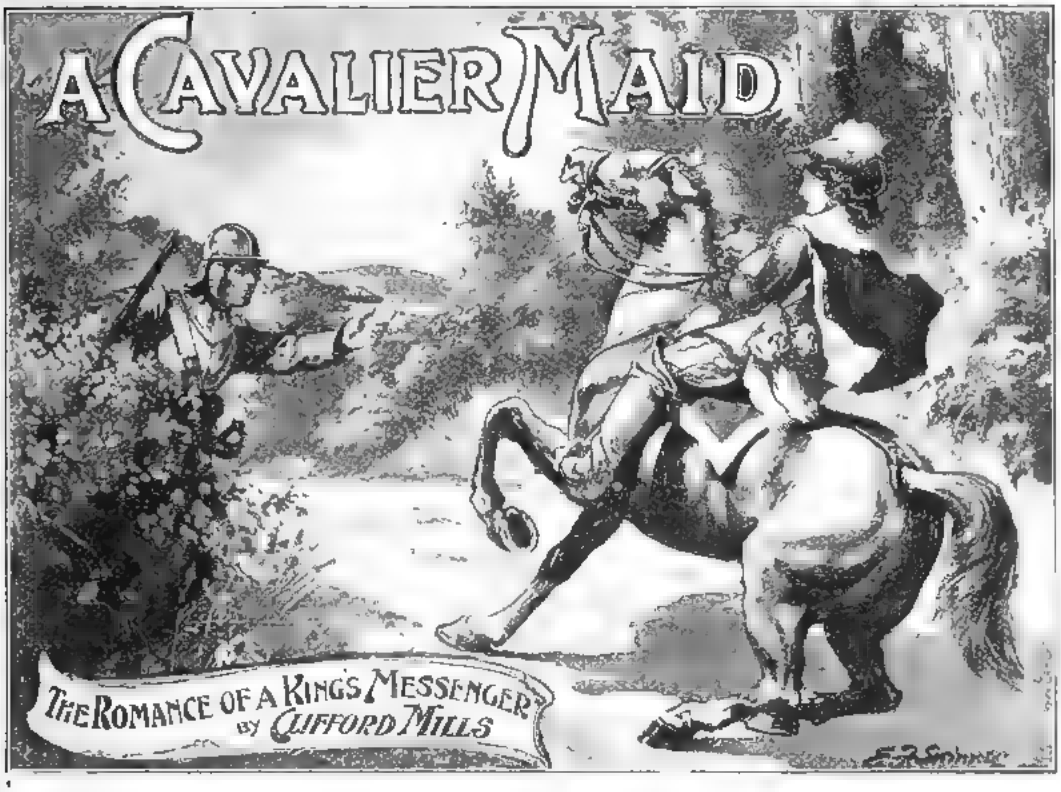
Towards evening a carriage drove towards the party, and when it drew near I saw with inexpressible delight that it contained my beloved Miss Juliet. Instantly forgetting duty and glory, and all wet and muddy as I was, I threw myself upon her. I covered her with kisses, and conveyed to her in the best manner my voice permitted my joy at seeing her, and my longing to give up everything for the sake of her company. She caressed me most tenderly, and the scene brought tears to the eyes of several gentlemen present. As the day's work was nearly over, I was allowed to proceed with her home, where we were soon followed by the now hungry company, and, after being feasted, flattered, and toasted, I laid me down once more to sleep on the sheepskin rug which adorned my mistress's door.



THE GUESTS AGREED THAT I WAS THE BEST SETTER THEY HAD EVER SHOT OVER.

(To be continued.)

INTO OUR MIDST RUSHED A MAN, HIS FACE BLACKENED AND BLOODSTAINED.—*(See page 15.)*



Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE CAMP OF THE ENEMY.

IN my lady's glance I detected both malice and amusement, as she kept me dallying at the tangled skein of her embroidery.

Twice had mine eyes sought hers beseechingly. "Cousin," I at length implored, "may I not to my room?"

But she held up a warning finger. "Patience, mademoiselle," she whispered, in merry mockery, and bade me listen to the converse of those around.

Dear heart! I had heard enough. Could it indeed be I, Etienne Glanvil, that thus sat midst this concourse of rebels, listening with calmness to their traitorous boastings? Alas! 'twas true. The afternoon sunshine, glinting through the mullioned window 'neath which I sat at my lady's feet, flashed its beams upon the steel head-pieces, and with golden finger of scorn pointed out the orange sashes of the King's enemies who thronged the room.

Since St. Valentine's Day had the army of Fairfax been marching westwards from Crediton, scattering and routing the King's troops with such success that now, at sunset, their outposts had driven back the Cavalier army to within half a mile of the town of Torrington.

Alas! saving myself, none other at Stapleton was there who did not rejoice at the success of the Parliament, from Sir Geoffrey Stapleton, its owner, down to the smallest stable lad, who, out of compliment to the newly arrived Roundheads, had stuck their badge 'for the coming fight—a sprig of furze—into his greasy cap, and ran hither and thither shouting, "Death to the malignants!"

Not a voice that cried, "God save the King!"—not a loyal heart in all the throng! But when, speaking of His Majesty, they robbed him of that kingly title Heaven alone had bestowed upon him, I could no longer endure. Trembling, I rose to my feet, letting my lady's skeins fall unheeded to the ground, and confronted them.

"Nay, sirs, the *King!*" I cried, scornfully; "the *King!* Ye have taken from him his throne and

all that thereto pertaineth, but you cannot make him other than your King—that will he ever be—as you, for certes, are but traitors!"

At this they all turned and regarded me in much amaze, while my lady, laughing shrilly, "Peace, cousin," she cried; "little fool!"

"Nay," laughed a burly officer, who stood near, his eyes upon me; "check her not; 'tis, in truth, but that pretty spirit of loyalty embodied, which, 'tis said, we have lost in England."

And amidst the general laugh that followed, I, with heaving bosom, escaped from the room. Outside in the shadowy hall I encountered Giles Harrison, in all the bravery of his newly acquired uniform of captain of the Rebel Horse. Bowing coldly, I passed on.

At the bend of the staircase he overtook me.

"Mademoiselle," he cried, "this is but a sorry welcome to Stapleton!"

He stood in my path, the light from the window above falling upon his breastplate of polished steel and leathern doublet, and lighting up his dark, restless face.

"Indeed, sir!" I said, scornfully. "Then must it be so, seeing that I would wish thee and all other rebels a hasty departure!"

He laughed without malice. Like all at Stapleton, he was prone to treat my avowed adherence to His Majesty's cause with amused contempt.

"So, mademoiselle," he cried, "I return to find thee still a malignant and our enemy."

But I answered him not, being too sore for words, and passing onwards gained my room. Once there, I flew to the casement, and looked with eager gaze to where, scarce a mile away on yonder hill, rose the fair town of Torrington, to-night the citadel of the brave and gallant army of the King.

Dear heart! what content would I have had to be there, if only to help burnish the head-pieces of those who were to fight for the King. But instead must I linger in the camp of his enemies, having no other shelter but that offered me for charity's sake in the house of my distant cousin, Sir Geoffrey Stapleton, staunch Parliamentarian. And once more did my thoughts fly with quick reproach to that cruel Latour, who had thus left me to exist on the cold charity of distant relatives, and I here needs must take his miniature from its place and look into the haughty, handsome face of this great noble of France, whose hardness had broken my mother's heart.

"Hadst thou been a boy, Latour would have claimed thee," Sir Geoffrey had said bluntly when he had brought me (on my father's death, now two years ago) a friendless orphan of sixteen, to Stapleton. For all knew the grief it had been to the great soldier, the Marquis de Latour, to have had no son to inherit his military renown—a renown that had commenced even in his youth, when he had fought at the side of the adorable Henri of Navarre. Maid of Honour to Queen Henrietta Maria, my mother, his only child, had, while at the English Court, met and married my father, a Devonshire gentleman of scant fortune. But the Marquis de Latour, who had other plans for his daughter's hand, had from the day of her marriage disowned her.

One hope of reconciliation had he held out. "Come to me," he wrote to my mother, "with the *grandson* of Latour." And, alas! I, my parents' only child, had been a girl, to my mother's never-ending sorrow.

Never to the day of her death had she tired of telling of the greatness and bravery of this cruel Latour, and many a time had she bidden me remember that, poor though I was, some of the noblest blood of France flowed in my veins.

Ah me! Ill times were these now to think of noble birth or rank, seeing that the King himself was driven from his throne. Yet, nevertheless, was it no small blow to my pride when my Lady Stapleton had but yesternight named Giles Harrison as possible suitor for my hand.

Giles Harrison, forsooth! who, being body-servant and secretary to Sir Hugh, had cunningly used the unhappy quarrel of our country as an extraordinary means of improving his position, so that he, who once fed at the servants' table, was to-night one of the chief officers of the Roundhead Troopers quartered at Stapleton.

I fear me I forgot my dependency when I reminded my cousin Lady Stapleton that it was not like that one of my birth would so forget herself.

"As you will," she had cried, disdainfully, "but Sir Geoffrey hath told me that Giles Harrison is marked for high favour, having but lately furnished the Parliament with information of most grave import, and, is, moreover, already trusted by General Cromwell with much business of a private nature."

Then, as I cried out in horror at so abominable a recommendation, "Poor Giles!" she laughed contemptuously. "So must he look lower than our mademoiselle!"

For "Mademoiselle" was the nickname that, half in jest and derision at my partly French origin, my cousin's wife had bestowed upon me when first I had come to Stapleton. And, strange enough, so it seemed to me, seeing the English maid I was at heart, and in rearing, the name clung to me, and as "Mademoiselle" was I known to one and all.

Before the night was an hour old, the fight that

had begun with a few shots in the fields was raging fiercely.

The hedges of the closes beyond, that lay between the rebels and Torrington, were outlined in fire as the muskets blazed and flashed across them, the sound of the shot mingling with the cries of the men in combat.

As I listened and hung through my casement for better view, I would one instant be filled with fond hope, then, crushing its too flattering promise, search the gloom for reason by which I might read success to those for whom were all my prayers.

But the dark night withheld from me the answer I strove with aching eyes to find, and at last, weary and heartsick with apprehension, I sought the hall below.

Here I found a mixed assembly of servants and village folk, to whom the father of Giles Harrison, "Crazy Ezekiel," as he was called, was holding forth at great length. Well known to all about was he, and as much feared as had been his wife, the Spanish woman, of whom such tales of the evil eye were still told. To-night the assembly listened to him, open-mouthed, with interest.

"A sign from Heaven," he was saying as I entered, "ye ask! Rather shall ye receive a sign from hell, which clamours with hungry mouth for this army of papists yonder, men of Belial, servants of an idolatrous King!"

So speaking, his eyes blazing, his tall, spare figure quivering with the excitement his traitorous sentiments had aroused within him, he paused, and in the silence that followed came a sound most terrible. The distant roar as of a thousand cannons was borne to our ears on the night breeze, and the house trembled and shook to its very foundations. Terror-stricken, the crowd screamed aloud and fell on their knees in a panic.

I had but one fear. The roar had scarcely died in low mutterings ere I had gained my room, and was looking from thence to Torrington.

Over to the north of the town arose a dull, red glow, into which bright sparks and blackest smoke poured and rushed as if from the mouth of a fiery mountain. Then, even as I gazed, the red light faded, and over Torrington there fell the gloom and silence of death itself.

As, spellbound by terror, I hung through my lattice, above the hubbub of those below I heard my lady's voice calling me.

Outside in the corridor I found her, her face as white as her wrapper, a light held in her shaking hand.

"Cousin," she cried, wide-eyed with terror, "what means this? The Horse went away to the fight an hour ago, and with them Sir Geoffrey"

Striving to calm her fears as best I could, I led her to her chamber, and presently, at her request, went below to seek for tidings.

But I had barely gained the hall when the outside doors opened with a clash, and into our midst rushed a man, his face blackened and blood-stained. For a space all hung back, aghast and speechless, whilst he, with red and lashless eyes, peered blindly upon us as an owl will blink in the sunlight. Then, staggering to a seat: "The church!" he cried with a groan; "'tis no more!" and swooned as he spoke.

A cry of consternation rose from all, for, though the face we had not recognised, the voice was Sir Geoffrey's.

The next moment Sir Geoffrey's henchman, pushing his way amidst the gaping crowd, rushed across the hall and fell on his knees beside his master.

"Now, Heaven be thanked!" he exclaimed, brokenly; "for never did I think to see him again alive. Hardly had I left him in the churchyard, when the church, in which we had placed the prisoners our party guarded, blew up. Never have I seen so fearsome a sight; all around us fell the lead, stones, and timber of the church, beneath the ruins of which I feared was my dear master, along with those malignants who have upheld the man Charles Stuart."

As, half stunned by his tidings I hastened hither and thither for restoratives for my lady, and dressing for Sir Geoffrey's burns—which latter proved happily not serious—my heart ached for those poor servants of the King who had thus perished so cruelly. Alas! for the issue of a fight that had commenced with so fatal a catastrophe. Well might hope dwindle in my breast. Nor had I long to wait for confirmation of my worst fears.

As I passed by the porch on my way to my chamber, a mud-bespattered dragooner flung himself from his panting horse outside, and entered.

Longing for, and yet dreading his tidings, I approached him, and asked how went the fight.

"Marry!" said he, with a grin at his own wit; "it goes as fast as horses' legs can carry it *out* of Torrington."

"They have lost!" I cried, starting back as if from a blow. And at my words he turned and stared at me curiously enough in the lamplight.

"Nay," said he, "for Fairfax hath gained the town, and the malignants fly for dear life in the darkness;" and leaving me standing at the foot of the staircase, he passed on into the hall, and I heard him cry his tidings to those within.

So the worst had happened. As I crept to my

room I heard a mighty cheering at the King's defeat go up from the base hearts below.

Sitting at my window disconsolate, I watched the grey dawn rise over the woods beyond. Twice a party of horse rode beneath my window on their way from the fight. Grim and set were their faces under their helmets. On such heavy looks one might have wagered a defeat, but truly indeed was it said that neither victory nor failure had power to alter the calm demeanour and steady discipline of this strange new army of fanatics.

So I thought, watching them, while over the land the day broke and the sun rose to be welcomed by the birds, which sang in the trees with a gladness that seemed like mockery to my heavy heart.

Later on, having breakfasted with my lady, who had recovered her usual high spirits, and spared me not in raillery concerning the fight, I went at her bidding on my way to the kitchen, where I had much trouble in accomplishing mine errand, so hard pressed were the servants in providing for the ever freshly arriving Roundheads.

Outside in the courtyard was a company of troopers, in the midst of which strutted my young cousin Hal, a pretty lad of seventeen summers, with such a fine conceit of himself that, had I been less sad, I could have found merriment in the sight.

But as I turned to leave the kitchen, being anxious to quit such company, he caught sight of me, and running in, would have snatched my arm. "Well, my pretty malignant!" cried he, drawing all attention to me; "we've settled thy friends out yonder!"

"Nay, that remains to be proved," said I, scornfully eluding his grasp.

"Hoity-toity! What a spitfire!" he laughed, mockingly. "They should have had thee at the fight out there! You might, perchance, have taught some of the conies not to run to their holes so soon."

The men round the fire, pleased at this sally, laughed loudly, and, gratified by the amusement he had created, my cousin turned to me.

"Not so fast!" he cried, stopping me as I strove to escape. "Gentlemen, may I present to you Mademoiselle Etienne Glanvil, a most unflattering kinswoman of mine, who would dub you traitors and see you all hanged if she could procure it! Now own, wouldst thou not?" and he pinched my cheek with such intolerable impertinence that I forgot all but the indignation I felt at such treatment, and cried out that hanging was too good for traitors.

And with hot cheeks I turned and fled through a side door that led to the rosary. But even here was sign of the times. Down the moss-grown paths a Roundhead sentry paced. His back was towards me, so with all haste I gained a door in the wall, half-hidden in a tangle of ivy and mosses, and passing through it, entered the shrubbery beyond.

For, indeed, I longed for solitude, where I might, free from mocking eyes, weep out unrestrainedly my poor heart's sorrow.

CHAPTER II.

THE KING'S LETTER.

NOW I knew a spot in the woods yonder which Nature in most sweet mood had fashioned to her liking. Here, through the tall trees' sheltering shade, the sunbeams never fell too fiercely, the wind in unkind manner never came. A little stream that flowed between high banks rippled o'er its rocky bed in measures most musical; while around a dell all carpeted with thickest moss grew ash sapling and drooping hazel, giving so soft a shelter to the woodland flowers, they deemed 'twas spring here when, outside, winter storms were raging, and in such pretty ignorance bloomed in safety.

Here might one sad at heart find comfort, and hither did I turn my steps. Having climbed the high bank that bordered my bower, I pushed aside the tangle of bramble and hazel boughs; then stood, arrested by sudden fear. For, at the sound of my approach, a man, who sat beneath, had started to his feet.

I saw his hand seek his sword; then, catching sight of me, where I stood looking down from the bank above, he swept his hat from his head with the most courtly grace in the world. The next instant he swayed before my eyes, and with a dull groan dropped like a log

So startled was I by this that I stood, as it were, rooted to the spot, looking down to where he lay so still beneath me.

It flashed on me then that perchance 'twas a foolish thing I had done, to come thus far alone, seeing the country was in such a state of strife and tumult, and so thinking would have gone as quickly as I had come, when on a sudden my eye caught, hanging about the stranger's neck, the medallion worn only by those gentlemen who served the King. As I noted this I forgot my alarm in fear for his safety.

Furtively, I glanced to right and left of me; then with trembling fingers did I disentangle the clinging briars from my gown, and in all haste scrambled down the high bank to where he lay motionless beneath the hazel boughs, the blood flowing from a wound in his throat. Slowly it

welled up over the lace at his neck, and down to the mossy bank upon which his head was pillowed.

Scarce daring to breathe, I crept with groping hands to his side, and with a shudder let my fingers glide above his heart. But they shook, and at first hope died within me—when 'neath my hand, I felt, feeble but true—the throb, throb, that told me he lived.

In all my life I ne'er had known more contentment. Oh, that I might save him! Full of new-found apprehension, I sprang to my feet and looked around. Though it was near the roadway, I remembered with joy how cunningly Nature's hand had screened this sweet place from view. Nay, but I would save him!

I bent and loosened his cravat, and with strips torn from my kerchief bound his wound. Alas, what maiden, in these troublous times, but had had occasion to learn such aid to the wounded? Yet still he lay as if death claimed him, not a quiver of the eyelid showing he lived.

Then my glance fell on his hat, which lay hard by, and, catching it up, I scrambled along the bank of the stream. But, as I stooped to fill the dusty beaver, there fell from it a packet that had been concealed somewhere beneath feathers or lining. With hasty hand I caught the missive ere it had time to touch the swirling waters, and, tucking it for safety in the bosom of my gown, contented myself by dipping the remainder of my kerchief into the water; and with this, having regained his side, did I bathe the stranger's face.

Soon, maybe, but to me the moments seemed hours, he opened his eyes and stared at me in feeble wonder.

I was bathing his forehead when he looked up, but I ceased on that instant, for, indeed, it appeared to me then an untoward thing for a maid to be doing to so perfect a stranger—though, as a Christian, surely I could not have done less.

Slowly he raised himself on his elbow and regarded me in bewilderment, and I noted then how goodly a man he was to look upon, and that, no longer a youth, he wore his better manhood with distinction. Then his hand went to his bandaged wound, and back came his eyes to my face where, as mine fell 'neath his gaze, the blushes were gathering.

"So," said he, smiling, "I have found a friend?" And gaining his feet, "Madam," said he, bowing, "I am almost persuaded that in Devon the fairies minister to poor mortals."

"Sir," I answered, "in Devon, as elsewhere, gentlewomen are ever ready to tend the sick when duty presses them to do so."

I spoke haughtily, as is the way of a maiden when confused, feeling I would fain excuse the service I had done him, and yet, withal, a secret content in my heart to think I had thus tended him.

Waiting his reply, I glanced up to find his gaze upon me. But no sooner did my glance meet his than, with the tenderest grace, he fell to apologise for such a freedom.

"You will, madam, I trust, pardon my wonderment," he said. "For the last two hours I have been closely pursued by two most persistent villains, who at length, lying in ambush in the narrow lane beyond, came upon me ere I was aware. After a short encounter the cowards made off, leaving me, however, a trifle wounded and bereft of my good horse, which, affrighted at the onset, hath galloped I know not whither. Thus, somewhat spent, I sought these woods for shelter, not without apprehension of meeting here further attack. Instead of such, I find, madam—I find yourself. 'Tis no small marvel my surprise is only out-balanced by my gratitude."

"Sir," I replied, blushing at such over-thanks, "'twas indeed nought," and pointing to the medallion at his neck, I added: "We would serve the same cause, I trow—my father wore the like."

"'Tis so? I could have sworn it," he cried joyfully, his blue eyes kindling. "Then am I indeed lucky to have thus fallen upon friends. Those villains did ill choose their place of attack."

But I held up a warning finger.

"Nay, sir," said I; "rather are they cunning villains. This place is a stronghold of the King's enemies."

"Enemies?" he echoed. "Nay, but you?"

"Sir," I replied, hanging my head at the shame of it, "my father died fighting for His Majesty, but nevertheless, I, his daughter, have no shelter but that offered me by the King's enemies; but be assured," I added, with my heart in my voice, "that were I a man I would sooner die than accept the like," and my lips quivered as I turned aside from him.

"Dear lady," said he, presently, in gentle tone, "these times are sad for all true souls, yet, methinks, a tender gentlewoman, so placed, who loves the cause, has harder lot than any."

Into the silence that fell between us, a little robin, perched on swaying twig athwart the stream, poured forth clear notes of gladness. I watched the sweet bird with tenderness, while all around there seemed to fall a strange, wild charm of joy and coming spring.

"So fair a spot," said he, and of a surety his voice had caught the same witchery that did enthral me, for all atune it was with running brook and

singing bird, "should listen but to words of hope, or else were heresy indeed. Dear lady, am I overbold to ask, to bear as favour of one who has so graciously ministered to my poor needs, the little posy of violets that nestles at thy throat? Trust me, it shall adorn no coward's beaver."

But I stood silent, with bowed head, before him, all in a new-born shyness that sorely puzzled me.

"Why," cried he at length, "will you not wish me at least God-speed? Must I away without a word?"

Then I looked up. "Nay, sir," I said, "that would I not, if word of mine be any contentment to thee." And, unfastening the posy, I placed it in his hands. "Indeed, sir," I said, "do I wish thee God-speed, and the King kindest fortune."

"Amen," he answered, softly, bending over my hand as he took it, and at that instant did I catch the sound of approaching horses. Startled, I looked to him, but he stood undisturbed at my side, in tender contemplation of the violets.

Without a word I sprang to the bank, and there, passing the bend not a quarter of a mile away, was a company of troopers coming slowly towards us.

The sight brought back all my fears for the Cavalier's safety, of which I could but deem him strangely callous, seeing he was cut off from all help. It was not unlike, I thought, that the villains of whom he had spoken had told of his whereabouts to the troopers at Stapleton, and even were it not so, the woods, I had no doubt, would ere long be searched for stragglers.

Truly there was no time to be lost! So springing down with all haste, "Sir," I said, shyly enough, "I know not thy mind, yet if thou hast knowledge which way my Lord Hopton hath retreated from Torrington——"

Here he broke in upon me with such a cry of amazement, I stopped and gazed astonished. "Come you not from the fight?" I questioned, a doubt for the first time crossing my mind.

"The fight?" he cried. "Nay, what tidings are these? I come from the King to Hopton at Torrington."

"Alas! sir," I answered; "then has ill fortune reached Torrington before thee! The fight there has raged the night through, and this morn Fairfax holds the town."

But he regarded me closely, incredulity in his glance.

"Torrington *fallen*—nay, lady," said he: "this is some rebel's boast."

"Alas! sir," I faltered, sorrowful enough to be the imparter of such ill-tidings, "'tis indeed but too true. There are those who say," I added, sadly, "that the brave Lord Hopton was most ill-supported by his foot soldiers, who decreased sadly by desertion as the fight waxed."

The words had scarce left my lips ere he uttered a cry of anguish, and throwing up his arms in despair, cried: "Torrington fallen!—Torrington lost!—then am I too late! The cowards! The cowards!" he cried; "they have undone us!"

Suddenly there came a sound that sent my heart to my mouth in fear. For someone was moving in the wood near us. I could hear distinctly the steps cautiously approaching through the fallen leaves with which the copse was strewn.

"Sir," I whispered, dismay in my voice, "they are searching the woods. Alack! sir," I cried, wringing my hands, "the Roundheads will take thee"

He raised his head and listened. Watching his face, I saw something like despair cross it. Then his hand flew to his sword, which he as quickly relinquished, and, turning to me with a glance at once stern and entreating,

"Madam," he said, "'tis not for myself I fear discovery, but for that which I carry, which, should I be taken, alive or dead, must not be found by these rebels."

As he uttered these words in earnest, hurried tones, there came to my mind the remembrance of the packet that had fallen from his beaver, which still lay in my bosom forgotten till this instant.

"Sir——" I cried, but the words I was about to speak froze on my lips, for standing close to my side, though partially concealed by the branches, was a man watching us.

The Cavalier, however, not seeing the cause of my hesitation, was hastily searching his beaver.

"The base traitors!" he muttered. "Marry! we will outwit them yet." The next moment, with a cry of consternation, he dropped the hat and looked around. "The letter——" he gasped, "Madam—the King's letter—it has gone!"

In vain I strove by glance and gesture to give him warning of the spy. Distracted by vexation at his loss, his eye was seeking eagerly each corner of the dell.

"The King's letter!" he cried. "It was but the moment before I caught sight of thee that I did assure myself of its safety!" he said, coming back to me in despair.

As he spoke he stopped suddenly, catching sight of my face, which was full of confusion: as I looked up at him I saw doubt creep into his eyes, and scorn—yes, scorn of *me*—wreathe his lips.

Reading his thoughts, I cried out in horror of so detestable a misjudgment, and at that moment

the spy broke through the bushes. As he did so, my scream rang out, for it was none other than Giles Harrison that confronted us, sword in hand.

"Why," cried he, his eyes glittering, "thou art indeed clever, mademoiselle!"

CHAPTER III.

'STEPHEN GALE.

THE Cavalier, whose sword had flashed from its scabbard with no less haste, would now have rushed upon him, but no more time had the two to glare with angry eyes at each other before an officer of dragooners appeared on the top of the bank by which I had entered the woods.

At sight of him and his men, who speedily followed, the Cavalier dropped his sword to his side, and with a bitter laugh addressed me:—

"Madam," he said, with quiet scorn, "'tis well planned!" and the Roundhead officer now calling on him to surrender, he did so with disdainful calmness.

Alas! though my heart cried out in protest, that I must let him depart thus misjudging me, yet, for the sake of the cause we both loved, I stood dumb before him, bitterly realising with what a nicety the garb of guilt fitted my late actions.

Giles Harrison, who had from the first sought the Roundhead officer's side, still remained with him in close converse, and in a tremble of fear and apprehension I leant against the mossy bank, with burning cheeks and fast-beating heart. Alas! I could but feel that my very attitude was giving the Cavalier confirmation of his worst suspicions, yet for the life of me I could not think of another method to save the despatch.

But as the party, with their prisoner in their midst, moved off, I ventured to look towards the Cavalier. Straight into his eyes I looked, imploringly, but, alack! of what avail is innocence if it be dumb? Set in contempt was the glance he returned me; and scorn clothed each feature, as, a captive and unarmed, yet the proudest and noblest figure of them all, he rode off.

Giles Harrison's voice broke harshly upon my sadness, and my heart gave a bound of fear. Why had he not also gone forward? Did he know or suspect what lay in my bosom?

"THOU ART INDEED CLEVER, MADEMOISELLE!"

"So," he said, "have we captured the King's messenger, but what of the King's letter, mademoiselle?"

I shot a hurried look to where he leant by a tree, his sidelong glance upon me, as he pulled the yellow catkins from a bough overhead, and tossed them into the stream. But nought could I guess from the mocking face he wore.

"To think," he cried, with angry insolence, "that the haughty mademoiselle should thus demean herself to entertain a gallant in the wood—and so well, mademoiselle, that after his meeting thee, my men, who were after him, have contrived to secure, unperceived by either of you, the dispatch this malignant carried in his beaver!"

What meant he? Was he fooling me? Looking to his face I found it working strangely, his eyes burning glance upon me.

"'Tis true," he said, his voice rising. "Has not this malignant himself confessed it? Did I not hear him assure thee, even in reproach, that the moment before he caught sight of thee the letter was safe in his keeping?"

So this was his reading of the riddle. I almost forgot my indignation at his presumption, in relief, seeing such saved me from his suspicion of possessing the dispatch.

"What a tale for my lady's ears!" he cried, mockingly. "Mademoiselle's bright eyes ensnaring the game for us—mademoiselle thus unwittingly befooling a King's messenger!"

Mine eyes flashed at his audacity, but I did not reply. In truth, what mattered *his* mockery if the missive escaped?

"Mademoiselle," he said, more softly, coming nearer to me, "do you not see how go the times? Think you this army of pretty gentlemen—day dreamers; disorganised by the ever changing policy of an inconstant, intriguing King—shall win the day? Nay! as the wheat before the sickle, so will the King fall, and all they who trust in him."

"Enough, sir!" I cried scornfully, but he confronted me, his head thrown back, his eyes glowing.

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, a strange ring in his voice; "a river flows between us truly, but the bridge may be crossed. Cross it, mademoiselle, now—now to the side that means safety—power—renown! You shall not repent it, for I will prevent that. Yes, I—I, mademoiselle, if thou wilt!"

"You!" I exclaimed in horror, starting from him. "Oh, that thou dost dare!"

"Dare!" he cried. "Have a care, mademoiselle! I am no longer the servant you despised. Yes, mademoiselle, yeoman's son though I am, yet have I turned the scales against a King and spoilt his army!"

My laugh of scorn rang through the dell. "Alas! Giles Harrison," I said, "a midsummer madness hath seized thee."

But he caught my wrist roughly. "Fool!" he cried. "'Tis true! Did I not by stratagem learn the King's mind was bent on a hasty retreat into Cornwall, and have not my creatures prevented yonder messenger from reaching Torrington in time to stop last night's battle?"

I started at his words, remembering the Cavalier's passionate assertion, that a hasty retreat would have saved destruction.

"You!" I gasped, incredulous. "'Tis not possible!"

But he laughed at my dismay. "Yes, I, mademoiselle!" he cried. And springing up the bank he left me with a backward glance of insolent triumph.

Such a shock was his news to me that I stood where he had left me, overcome by vexation and astonishment. To think that Giles Harrison had thus triumphed, and now made boast of his traitorous doings!

So far I thought in desperation, and then what did I do but laugh softly as my seeking fingers closed themselves upon the King's letter—the letter he imagined safe in his men's keeping, the presentation of which to the traitors was to bring him such coveted credit.

Ah, dear, but I laughed not long as I thought on all! For Giles Harrison would soon discover his men's failure, and then, I doubted not, I shou'd be suspected.

Sitting down to think, I remembered with what intent I had sought this place—to weep! Ah, me! time for that when despair was mine, but now—now to save the King's letter!

Alas, in all the ways my mind searched eagerly for help, I found no hope of assistance, so at last I courted chance and turned my steps homewards.

Returning the way I had come, by a hill steep and thickly wooded, I walked on in deep thought, my feet treading softly on a carpet of pine needles with which the wood was strewn, and so reached at last the heart of it.

Here, where the shadows and solitude were greatest, I came suddenly upon two men in angry converse. With all haste did I conceal myself behind a tree, alarmed to find myself in such ill company, in so lone a spot.

Peering forth fearfully, I saw that the elder of the two was a thick set, ill-favoured fellow, whilst the other was a man of slimmer build, with a beardless, boyish face.

"Coward!" cried the elder; "thou didst basely desert me this morning, letting me bear all the attack of that cursed malignant. Hadst thou kept faith with me, we would have completed the business." And in a mighty rage he shook the fellow, till the latter groaned and gasped in a manner fearful to hear.

Relaxing his hold for a second, his victim cried out:—

"Mercy brother! I have tidings that will

make thee, and can put thee on a regular hornet's nest of malignants in Torrington, for which information Giles Harrison will overlook this present failure."

"So!" exclaimed his brother, "this was thy intent, had I not overtaken thee, to save thyself and leave me in the lurch!"

And he bent over the other with such evil in his eyes that the latter, without further waiting, burst forth:—

"'Twas at the inn at South Moulton, where I did keep watch at the back lest the Cavalier should give us the slip—thyself watching at the front entrance. As I crouched in the hollow beneath the staircase a maid came flying up from the cellar below, and, plucking the malignant by the sleeve, drew him aside into the passage where I lay hid. 'Sir,' she whispered, 'my master is a villain, and lies to thee; no King's man is he! Be on thy guard, for about at the entrance yonder are two rascals with the intent of waylaying thee. Tarry not, and if thou hast need of a trusty soul in Torrington, forget not my brother, Stephen Gale—his house stands eighth in the lane to the right of the church—many a service hath he already done the King's men——'

"Much did I crane my neck and stretch mine ears to hear further, but though the wench spared not her tongue, not a word more could I catch because of the commotion that dolt of an innkeeper and the villagers were making in the taproom beyond. As it was, the closing of the door opposite startled me, and rushing from my hiding place, I reached the yard, just in time to see the malignant turn his horse with all speed into the roadway beyond. Thou dost remember with what haste I ran round to thee then, crying that our man had escaped us."

"This is a fine tale," growled the elder; "yet as I now have learned this news, I do prefer myself first to acquaint Giles Harrison with it."

But no sooner did he so speak, than the younger, having contrived under cover of his narrative to secure his brother's dagger, sprang up, knife in hand.

I waited to hear no more. Leaving them much occupied in reviling each other, cautiously I slipped from my shelter and ran unseen by them across the wood.

As with fast-beating heart I climbed the hill, I found myself repeating: "*Stephen Gale!*" "*Stephen Gale—a trusty soul!*" So this was where chance had led me, nay, rather had kind heaven guided my steps and discovered for me the only man who could now aid me. For I would seek this Stephen Gale, and that right speedily, before these villains had time to be on his track.

Thinking thus, hope rose within me, yet I went not without many a backward glance of alarm. The consciousness of what I carried in my bosom had brought with it ready fears—it was the King's messenger rather than I, Etienne Glanvil, who, with cautious steps, stole through the wood to the house.

For before I could hazard entering Torrington, must I return to my room, there to obtain money and some disguisement. The town, on such a day, strictly guarded as it would be, might be open for the country folks to gape at, but for me, cousin of Sir Geoffrey Stapleton, to be seen there alone, unattended, would be deemed an action so unaccountable, that if detected I had small chance of finding Stephen Gale.

But in a dark cloak and hood, with such a cap as the serving maids wore, to conceal my ringlets, I might hope to pass unsuspected.

Avoiding the front entrance, I sought a side door and re-entered the house unperceived by anyone.

As I passed along a corridor I looked down into the courtyard below, from whence arose a perfect babel of voices.

For gathered there were troopers, dragooners, and foot soldiers, who, one and all, clamoured of the recent fight.

A little apart from the rest, near the clock tower, guarded by a sentry with smoking match and ready musket, was a disconsolate crowd of weary-looking men, who, as they wore round their right arm a folded handkerchief—which I knew had been the badge of the Cavaliers in the recent fight—I adjudged to be the Royalist prisoners.

Not a sign could I see of the Cavalier, and much did I marvel where they had lodged him. Alas! though at remembrance of his misjudgment of me my heart sank, yet I had much comfort in the thought that the King's message, for the safety of which he cared far more than his life, had yet a chance of escape from falling into the hands of the rebels.

Stealing softly towards my chamber, I was to my discomfort hailed by my lady, who expressed herself vexed at my absence.

"All the morning long have I sought thee," she complained; "but a short while since came word from His Excellency that he doth intend in person to assure himself this noon of Sir Geoffrey's condition, and," said she, "I would have my hair dressed before these warriors arrive; these clever French fingers of thine shall invent some new device to ensnare their admiration."

Alas! nought was there but to do her bidding; and with an anxious heart I followed her into her chamber.

As I curled her flaxen tresses my thoughts flew fast, for, oh! much did I deplore this unlooked-for delay. Outside in the corridor already might Giles Harrison be waiting, and no comradeship could I expect of my lady, whose whole aim it would be now, I knew, to secure the favour of the victorious rebels.

Catching sight of my face in the glass, she cried out at my pale looks, saying such white cheeks would scare the most ardent admirer. "What matter?" cried I, with spirit, "seeing there are nought but rebels or rogues left in the countryside."

"Why, coz.!" laughed she; "despise not thy face; 'tis that and thy tender years alone which keep so outrageous a malignant as thyself from correction."

"I do verily believe," she said presently, as she rose, "that thou hast the heart to dare much hadst thou the chance to serve the King!"

"Indeed, cousin," I replied, firmly, "that I have; be not deceived!"

"Well, do thy worst, mademoiselle!" she cried. "We give thee leave. Oh, despair not," said she, airily, patting my cheek, "a mouse once helped a lion!" and, her hand just above the King's letter, she looked into my eyes and laughed with light insolence

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CHAPTER IV.

HIDE AND SEEK.

I LOST no time in seeking my chamber, though not without much apprehension.

But no one did I encounter, and I began to hope that duty had called Giles Harrison from Stapleton. As far as I could judge, my lady had heard nought of my adventure, and this would not have been the case had Giles Harrison been long in the house.

Still, it was not to be accounted on, for none knew better than I the extent of my lady's duplicity, and for aught I could affirm her latest bantering had been but to make my approaching failure the more galling.

Once in my room, I searched even its small dimensions for possible spy, then barring the door, I sat down and drew with eager fingers the precious packet from my bosom.

It was little one could hazard of its importance from the outside. Of written characters there were none, but it was both carefully and curiously sealed.

With tender care I replaced it, remembering, with a thrill of rapture, whose august hand had perchance penned it. And then commenced the preparations for my journey.

In the oaken chest before me were all my small possessions, and from these I presently selected a dark cloak and hood. Of money I took my all, a purse of gold pieces and a handful of silver. But no cap such as I needed could I find, nor aught that would serve for its substitute.

I was planning in my mind how best to procure one from the maids without arousing suspicion, when through the window I saw approaching the house the three people whom in all the world I had most wish to avoid—Giles Harrison and his two abominable spies.

As I noted them I stood appalled, for of surety the secret was out, and here was I caught like a mouse in a trap. For a second my heart failed me, then with hasty fingers I flung on my cloak and pulled the hood well over my head. Catching sight of myself in the mirror as I did so, from out my white face reflected therein there flashed at me the eyes of Latour.

For the first time I saw the likeness to my heroic grandfather of which my mother had so often spoken. Oh! for a little of the courage of Latour! So thinking, I unbarred the door and stepped out into the passage.

The corridor in which I slept had a door at either end, the one leading to my lady's and the chief guests' chambers, the other to the kitchen and servants' quarters. By one of these doors therefore would my enemies approach.

Breathless I stood and strained my ears for sound of their coming, but for some moments all was quiet; then a slight sound startled me, and glancing up I saw that the latch of the door which led to my lady's room was being lifted slowly and cautiously by someone without.

The very caution of the action roused my worst fears. Before the door had creaked on its hinges I had flown, not to my own room, where first they would seek me, but into one near at hand, the door of which stood ajar.

It was unoccupied. So much I saw with thankfulness, when with dismay came the conviction that this room in which I had taken refuge was none other than that occupied by Giles Harrison when engaged at his secretarial duties to Sir Geoffrey.

Alas! there was no going back, steps were already sounding in the corridor. In desperation I looked round for shelter, and observing that a cupboard filled one corner of the room, into this I hurried, pulling the door to upon me as best I could.

For a few seconds I was too alarmed to be fully conscious of what was going on around. Then from the passage did I hear a light tapping, above which rose my lady's voice, importuning for admission to my chamber. Another moment,

without further warning, someone crossed the threshold of the room in which I stood.

Looking furtively from my hiding place I saw it was Giles Harrison. My lady quickly followed him.

with a pout, "in thus for ever watching her."

"Vanity!" he cried in irritable tones. "Is this a time to talk of petty womanisms! If you wish for my aid in the future, my lady, seek mademoi-

"WELL?" SAID HE, RUDELY, "YOU SEE SHE IS NOT HERE!"

"Well?" said he rudely, "you see she is not here!"

"Oh, Giles!" laughed her ladyship. "What a man art thou to see a mountain in a mole-heap! You flatter mademoiselle's vanity," she added

selle and detain her, yes, by force if necessary, but detain her."

But he had gone too far even for my lady.

"Mercy me!" she cried, in much indignation; "art mad? What a coil about a white-faced

wench! How has the fool crossed Giles Harrison's path, I wonder!" and flouncing, she hurried in much wrath from the room.

No sooner was she away than Giles Harrison, going to the door, called out into the corridor, and the next moment he was joined by the two Roundhead spies.

They closed the door behind them, and thus I found myself closeted with three of the most disreputable rogues in the kingdom. Giles Harrison was the first to speak.

"The girl has gone!" he cried, giving vent to the ill humour that was shaking him. "Henceforth, I tell ye, I will do my work myself, and trust no such cowardly, lying, slipshod fools with my errands. Had I not thought the missive safe in your hands, the girl would not thus have cozened me.

"To think," cried he, hastily pacing the room, "that she had it upon her, and I let her go—a plague on her French cunning that did deceive me."

"If, as you say," remarked the younger spy in cringing tones, "this malignant, seeing the plight he was in, did confide the letter to this lady, think you that she has gone to this Stephen Gale of whom we have told thee?"

Giles Harrison jumped round as if a musket shot had struck him. "Zounds!" cried he, "for once thou speakest truth, and thither hath she been sent by him of certes, while we but waste the time in argument," and with that he strode from the room in no little excitement, his men exchanging glances of satisfaction as they followed him.

Left thus, though I could not but feel discomfited at the correct surmise the base spy had formed of my intents, yet I stayed not myself on that account. It was in truth a contest between those abominable traitors and myself who would first find Stephen Gale, and I vowed that no dallying should make me the loser.

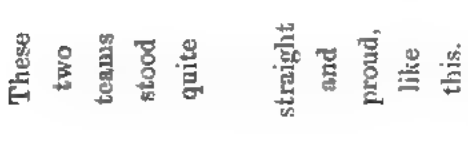
So minding me of a private entrance to the courtyard in the clock tower, known only to members of the household, I hurried there with all speed. But I had in mine haste forgot how ill were the time for such journeyings, for scarce had I pushed my way through the screen of ivy which concealed the secret doorway from all outer view, than I stumbled upon a soldier who slept beneath.

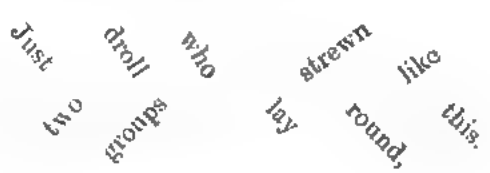
(To be continued.)

A TUG OF WAR.

The Loyal Thumpers *v.* The Bold Busters.

COMRADES in arms, but rivals keen at games,
The "Loyal Thumpers" came to test the claims
Of the "Bold Busters"—in the Tug of War
For championship—by just one tussle more;
'Midst laugh and chaff the opponents forward strolled,
Yet with a hint of martial emphasis,
Till face to face, all men of stalwart mould,
They gripped the rope . . . "Boys, are you ready, say?"
All heard the words, "Ay, ay, sir!" answered they;
"Then HAUL, my hearties," was the brisk command.
They pulled and strove with muscle, foot, and hand;
But neither gave—still, still they tugged and strained;
One mightier effort, full of fire and vis,
Snap went the rope! Great Scot! and what remained?—





"Villains."

Some Essays by "Captain" Readers. Sketches by Walker Hodgson.

"SHYLOCK."

By Elsie Simmons.

THE tendency of these days is to seek to excuse Shylock. Nevertheless, after giving all due recognition to his devotion to his nation and his wife's memory, and making allowance for all his wrongs, which were neither few nor small, there is enough of evil left to justify our calling him a villain of the deepest dye. Otherwise, how could he have

"SHYLOCK."

planned the murder of a fellow-merchant under the semblance of friendship? His hypocritical words, "I would be friends with you, and have your love," etc., show a depth of cunning that renders the meditated crime ten times more repulsive. In him the quality of patriotism had degenerated into a narrow grudge against all who were not of his own nation—the love of soil into mere avarice. The words, "I did dream of moneybags to-night," give the key to Shylock's character. His daughter's desertion touched him only as it meant the loss of gold. He would gladly see her dead at his feet if only the jewels and ducats were in the coffin. Of parental affection he seems utterly devoid. Home was to Shylock's daughter Jessica, "hell," and this from the lips of a Jewess—a member of a race among whom domestic ties are held so sacred—is no mean testimony.

It is true that Shylock takes his stand on the letter of the law in claiming the bond, but no one could make this the ground of his vindication. Implacable hatred, and not a sense of justice, governs his actions. Portia puts forth all her eloquence in hope of touching his heart, and not till she sees the utter uselessness of further argument or persuasion does she pronounce sentence. At the end of the trial we may see the bowed figure of a man defeated and alone. Shylock's words at the close of the trial are inexpressibly sad: "Let me go hence"—not home. He has a house, but a dwelling without love is not home.

The lust of revenge and avarice were his sole motives in urging his claim, yet when these were defeated, we cannot withhold a tribute of admiration to his strength of purpose and self-reliance.

"URIAH HEEP."

By W. Griffiths.

Charles Dickens portrays in intensified form the various characteristics of mankind, and, as his characters are primarily intended to show one trait only in excessive development, it is to his works we most readily turn for an outstanding instance of the personification of any quality. From Dickens' wonderful gallery of exaggerated types of characters we are, in glancing over the villains, at once attracted (to use a paradoxical phrase) by the very repulsiveness of Uriah Heep. Heep is a villain of the worst type, whose villainy is intensified by his hypocrisy.

Most villains have some redeeming point, or

there is recorded in their favour some action that we cannot but admire. Heep has nothing to plead in extenuation. From his first appearance as a "'umble" person, a feeling of contempt for him grows upon the reader until, near the close of his black career, one can agree with Micawber in his frenzied yet honest, denouncement of the arch-fiend Heep. Many men, no matter how debased otherwise, are not without gratitude. Uriah Heep, after being brought up and cared for by Mr. Wickfield, turned round and robbed, and then tried to bring dishonour upon his philanthropic master, covering his dishonest actions with a mask of hypocrisy not easy of penetration.

"URIAH HEEP."

As regards his love for Agnes, one cannot help comparing the two to Beauty and the Beast—Agnes, the personification of all that is true and beautiful in woman, and her grovelling admirer a beast in the most hideous sense of the word. When David Copperfield struck him in righteous indignation on hearing from his own lips of his love, he suffered the pain with provoking calmness, preferring, like all cowards of his type, to wreak his revenge with less personal risk. The whole character is one that cannot be detested too much. The clammy hands, ill-formed figure, shifty glance, and insinuating, abject, self-abnegating manner of the man are such that one experiences an exceptional feeling of repulsiveness on reading of him and his villainy. Surely the something for which Micawber had waited so long turned up when he was enabled to denounce the iniquitous Heep, and bring joy once more to the Wickfield family.

"FAGIN."

By John Petrie.

For the making of a villain three things—so far as may be judged from the most popular of English authors—are necessary. He should be, above all things, a superlative liar; he should be entirely unrepentant—for remorse is an emotion unworthy of any eminent villain, in fiction or out of it; and he should be possessed of a genuine thirst for blood. As possessing all three to a perfectly atrocious extent, and as a person who stands out lucidly from all competitors in the profession of infamy, my predilections are all for Fagin, of "Oliver Twist."

Fagin is a type, exaggerated perhaps, of the man born without any sense of moral principle, and oblivious to any consciousness of right or wrong. When there was a right thing to be done and a wrong thing to be done, it was as natural for him to do the latter as it would be for the individual of even ordinary honesty to do the former. He sinned instinctively, and against the promptings of his instinct his conscience was absolutely powerless. Probably it had become atrophied by disuse long before we meet him in his house of horrors, schooling young thieves and betraying worn-out ones to the gallows.

For the sturdy villain who can take hold of his courage with both his hands, and risk his life openly to obtain the gratification of anointing his path with blood, we are apt to have some sneaking respect, but to a man of the Fagin type, who, possessing an absolute contempt for human life and a vulture-like craving for blood which he dare not gratify, from mere physical fear, even this is denied—thereby giving proof of being immeasurably the greater villain, whilst possessing what I have mentioned as the third attribute of villainy to the greatest degree. That Fagin was a liar, ingenious and plausible, there is evidence in every page in which he figures, for he lies throughout the book, from the time he helps to beguile Oliver into his

"FAGIN."

den by lies, to the time he shrieks with fear, and makes his last efforts at deception in the condemned cell. That he was unrepentant is patent abundantly, for there is not one word to show with any degree of conviction that, had life been granted to him even at the last moment, by some strange miscarriage of justice, his remaining years would not have been passed as villainously, if more cautiously, and in this unrepentance he displays himself as, in my opinion, the greatest scoundrel in fiction or in history.

"PROFESSOR MORIARTY."

By William Vaughan.

It is somewhat difficult to decide upon a character in which are adequately displayed the qualities a person must possess in order to occupy the position of being a distinguished villain. First of all, villains may be divided into two classes—violent or brutal villains being assigned to one, intellectual or clever villains to the other; and obviously in the latter class the greatest villain will be found.

"PROFESSOR MORIARTY."

The villain who, in my opinion, is the greatest I have read of is Professor Moriarty, the person who brought the career of Sherlock Holmes, when in its zenith, to an abrupt and deplorable end. A character such as is depicted in the last of those fascinating "Memoirs" forms really a splendid end to an entrancing series of absorbing tales, the only fault of which is that this character might have been developed a little more, and have been the centre of other adventures.

Professor Moriarty was an extraordinary man, being naturally clever and with great faculties, and it was only to be expected that the education he received should have developed them and have qualified him for the highest position in whatever career he followed.

However, when we find in him hereditary tendencies to crime, the diabolicalness of which increased as his mental powers were unfolded and extended, he becomes an object capable of the most fearful transgressions of all that is right or lawful.

His career is indeed difficult to describe, since he was never the actor in the crimes he planned, but was the centre of numerous agencies, upon whom, if the crime were unravelled, the punishment was visited.

Until the investigations and marvellous powers of Sherlock Holmes were brought to bear upon the matter, the existence of such a person as this professor was never thought of, which shows his genius. He is compared to a spider in its web, the numerous quivers and vibrations of which are each known and understood by that insect: but a more appropriate comparison is, I think, formed in likening him to the brain of a man; like that he was unseen, unheard, and, in fact, unknown, until the actions of his many agents denoted, like the actions of the various parts of the body show, that there must exist a central governing force, and in this force we find the greatest villain in fiction—Professor Moriarty.

"SQUEERS."

By Charles Murray.

Wackford Squeers, a character in Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby," was one of those scoundrels whom, we hope, have long been exterminated from Britain. He kept a private school, which he called Dotheboys Hall, in Yorkshire, into which

"SQUEERS."

he admitted little boys at a charge of twenty guineas annually.

Squeers was most unprepossessing in appearance. He was under medium height, his only eye was of a greenish grey, and he squinted. At the commencement of the story he was over fifty.

Dickens says that when Squeers tried to laugh 'his expression bordered closely on the villainous." He truly was a villain. The manner in which he treated his pupils was fearful. He lashed them with canes until they were mad with terror, and starved them (unknown to their parents) until they were half dead. Breakfast at Dotheboys Hall was a thick mixture of bran and sawdust (by mistake called porridge). It was taken with a small piece of black bread, which did service as a spoon and then as dessert. The dinner, administered to the unfortunates by Mrs. Squeers with "the school spoon," was a thick compound of treacle and brimstone. Squeers admitted to Nickleby, his assistant, that it was given with a double purpose—"to purify their young bloods," and "for cheap and effectual nourishment."

Squeers' educational system was unique. He would ask a pupil to spell "winder" (window).

"W i—n—d—e—r."

"Quite right; go and clean one."

One boy, named Smike, was treated with especial cruelty. This lad knew of no relatives, and the cost of his keep at Dotheboys Hall was supposed fully to equal the worth of his services, so he got no salary. The poor fellow was at last so cruelly treated that he ran away. After much searching he was found and brought back. Squeers was just beginning to thrash him unmercifully when Nicholas Nickleby interfered, and, after much provocation, gave the brutal schoolmaster a severe hiding.

Squeers was ultimately apprehended on a charge of theft, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Soon after the sentence his Dotheboys Hall pupils rebelled against Mrs. Squeers, then sole manager, and the school had to be broken up lest the authorities should make unpleasant inquiries. Squeers, most appropriately, died in gaol.

ALL HOLLOW.

I stood beneath a hollow tree, the blast it hollow blew;
I thought upon the hollow world, and all its hollow crew,
Ambition and its hollow schemes, the hollow hopes we follow;
Imagination's hollow dreams—all hollow, hollow, hollow!

A crown it is a hollow thing, and hollow heads oft bear it;
The hollow title of a king, what hollow hearts oft bear it!
No hollow wiles, nor honey'd smiles, of ladies fair I follow;
For beauty sweet still hides deceit—'tis hollow, hollow, hollow!

The hollow leader but betrays the hollow dupes who heed him;
The hollow critic vends his praise to hollow fools who feed him;
The hollow friend who takes your hand is but a summer swallow;
What'er I see is like this tree—all hollow, hollow, hollow!

HAROLD H. CUDMORE.

Tales of the Trenches

THE AUTHOR OF THIS TALE IS THE SOLDIER WITH THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF.
From a snapshot by C. R. Prince, B.H

Illustrated by George Soper.

V.—HOW THEY PULLED THROUGH.

THE Long 'Un, Macnamara, and a strange officer of Light Horse lay in a narrow donga, down the middle of which an ever-widening streamlet of muddy water trickled. They were as wretched and dilapidated a trio as could well be found, for it was the fourth day of the great fight, and during that time they had never once unlaced a boot, drank other than the dirtiest of surface water scooped up by the help of an old jam tin, and eaten nothing save one biscuit and a half of sawdust-like nutriment.

Of course they had neither washed nor shaved, and were covered with blood-coloured mire from head to foot.

The only one of the three who was not wounded was Macnamara, and that resourceful individual was enjoying a most excellent opportunity of working off his superfluous energy. He had to make his way down the donga every fifteen minutes or so to wake up the three dead-tired and famished men who kept the squadron horses from breaking out at the far end, and then come back to prop up the Long 'Un, who, in addition to having been shot through the shoulder, had also become delirious by a recurrence of the fever that of late had been hanging about him. The officer simply lay back with half-closed eyes in a state of apathy. His left arm was in a sling which the thirsty one had ingeniously constructed from one of his puttees. The latter deepened the channel between the two by means of his hands, and then climbed up and peered over the bank, which in no place was more than 1aft. high.

"Sorrow be on them!" he exclaimed aloud. "Shure, an' thim Boers be jest punishin' our bhoys. It's nothin' but shrapnel an' solid shot from daylight till dark, an' every toime as they cocks an eye over the sides av their trenches it's as much as their lives are worth. If they 'tacks us again to-night, faith! an' I wouldn't like to lay the odds on our chances av pullin' through."

The boys he spoke of were Ours and the Cape Mounted Rifles, who held a semi-circular, low, and broken ridge some three or four hundred yards distant. The Boers had grown tired of trying to drop their shells into our narrow donga, and thus killing or stampeding the horses, and, instead, had turned their attention to pounding our men by a heavy big-gun cross fire. The Boers outnumbered us by six to one, and if the reliefs did not soon arrive we knew it would be a case of blowing up our guns and wagons, and fighting our way out. We had made up our minds not to hoist the white flag.

Just at that moment a feeble voice hailed Macnamara from below. It was the officer, who seemed to have roused himself from his apathy, and was fumbling in one of his side-pockets with his uninjured hand.

"An' what is it I can be doin' for ye, captin?" asked the Irishman, stepping up to him.

"I'm afraid I'm a great nuisance to you, Macnamara," replied the officer, "but if you could fish out my pipe and tobacco from this pocket for me, and start them going, I'd be obliged. It's the first time I've fancied a smoke since I was winged two days ago, and struck your hospitable donga. Are you sure that despatch was taken to the right quarter?"

"Shure an' I tuk it meself, captin. It's yer moind ye can be makin' aisy about that. Faix, an' nearly kilt I was in the doin' av it. 'Tis glad I am to see ye bucking up; but it's dhivil a scrap av baccy I can find in yer pockets; an' it so scarce whatsomever."

Macnamara's face lengthened, for his search had been thorough and fruitless.

"Oh, well, never mind; and thanks all the same," said the officer, again closing his eyes. "It was just a fancy I took, but I can do without. Do you know, Macnamara, this is the anniversary of my wedding-day?—just three years ago to-day."

"It's half baccy and half tay, sorr," remarked Macnamara irrelevantly as he filled the officer's pipe from a slender store tied up carefully in the corner of a pocket-handkerchief.

"Tea! Great Scott!" ejaculated the officer, "have we got down to that?" To in any way hurt the generous one's feelings was the last thing the officer would have dreamt of, but the words had slipped from him unthinkingly.

"Well, I'll not be sayin', sorr, it's 'zactly what you've been accustomed to shmoke, but it's many an officer would be only too glad to get a fill av that same at the prisint moment, and it's wonderful, altogether, how it aises the shmoke-hunger. Just thry it, yer hanour."

Macnamara handed the pipe to the officer, and abstracting a match from a tiny bottle, held it until his superior had lit up. The latter wisely refrained from making matters worse by trying to mend them.

Just at that moment the Long 'Un groaned and moved uneasily. Like the other two, his sodden garments clung to his skin, but a little stream of water, tributary to the main channel, and unseen by the faithful Irishman, had wormed its way under his back, causing an unpleasant chilliness in the neighbourhood of the spine.

The Irishman broke down a portion of the bank, and dragged the Long 'Un on to the comparatively dry earth. The latter for the moment seemed somewhat to regain his wandering senses.

"Where's the sun, Mac?" he asked, wearily, "and is it never going to stop raining? It seems as if I'd been lying in this confounded grave for years and years!"

"Only three days, me bhoy, but it's not many more ye'll be here, for the reliefs'll be comin' up imaygit. An' how is the head av ye, me bould bhoy?"

"Feels as if the top were coming off, Mac. Splitting's no name for it. Suppose it's the awful row those big guns and shells make—they never seem to let up for a minute. Almost wish one would drop in here and put an end to it all. Give us a drink, Mac."

But by the time Macnamara had scooped up some water that was comparatively free from mud in the faithful jam tin, the Long 'Un had wandered back into the land of dreams and shadows, and would not touch it. He declared it was the blood of dead men.

"Take it away—take it away!" he cried, with an impatient gesture. "There's blood on the clay, blood on our clothes; it's raining blood—there's nothing but blood everywhere. The sight of it's making me sick," and he shuddered as he turned over on his face.

"It strikes me our friend's in a bad way," remarked the officer in an aside to Macnamara. The smoke was evidently doing him good.

"He'll be worse before he's bether, I'm afraid," observed the Irishman, with a sober look on his face. "If there was only somethin' we cud do fur him!"

But there was nothing they could do, and they knew it. Their position was squalid and miserable in the extreme. The sky had become overcast, the cold rain pattered down on their dirty, sodden khaki, and their stomachs craved for nourishment or a hot drink of any kind, but craved in vain. Lower down, the wretched horses, some of them with ugly bullet wounds, and still saddled and bridled, pulled great bunches of hair from each other's manes and tails in sheer hunger, just as sheep crop the wool off one another's backs when caught in a snowdrift; and, to cap all, there was about an inch of water in the donga, which was of a significantly reddish brown hue. The uncertainty of their existences was rather a thing to contemplate with satisfaction just then. The officer alone seemed to derive some consolation from his pipe of tea and tobacco. It actually seemed to have given him new life.

"Macnamara," he remarked, after a long pause, "this is the grandest smoke I've had for many a long day. I've heard of fellows at a pinch smoking all sorts of stuff, but I'm blest if ever I knew that tobacco and tea made such an excellent mixture!"

Macnamara blushed with pride at such commendation.

"Shure, sorr, an' I'm thinkin' meself there's worse than that same. Pull hard at it, yer hanour, pull hard, an' there's another fill where that comes from."

"Thanks, Macnamara, thanks. This will last me till to-morrow, when, perhaps, we'll be able to get a little more ship-shape."

He was more like a scarecrow than an officer, with a five days' stubble upon his chin, and bedraggled clothes clinging to emaciated limbs.

"It's gettin' down to the Red Cross tint ye should be, sorr, when it gits dark. It's but a sorry place this, an' if it rains much more we'll be flooded out. Besides, ye'd get looked to, an' get a bite or a sup an' dhry blankit, an' that's more than ye can git here."

"No good, Macnamara. I passed it the other day when on my way to the Cape Mounted Rifles. Such a shambles I never saw. Poor fellows lying round about on the ground, three or four deep, waiting to be operated on, ten times worse than myself. No, I'd only be in the way. The surgeons are worked to death. I'd rather stay here with you. Hilloa! Was that big guns in the distance, or thunder?"

The besieging Boers had stopped firing with the approaching dusk; but far off, many, many miles away, they could hear a hollow rumbling.

"I've heard that off and on this last half hour," commented the Irishman, "but can't quite make it out. If it's the reliefs, shure an' I wish they'd hurry up, or we'll be all kilt or die from lack of nourishment entoirely. But, Heaven save us all, sorr, fwhat's tuk now wid the Long 'Un?"

The Long 'Un's head was evidently not sore now, for he had raised himself into a sitting position, and in a feeble, quavering voice was singing as if to an imaginary audience. He was hatless, and the wet streamed down his sun-browned cheeks, one of which was smeared with the clay on which it had rested. Only his eyes were ominously bright. The right sleeve of his tunic had been cut off close to the shoulder, showing the wrapping of blood-stained bandages. He was the ghost of his former self—altogether a pitiful object.

"Shure now, me bould bhoy," said the Irishman, coaxingly, "an' that *is* a powerful foine song. Do you think it's a dhrink av wather ye cud be doin' now, an' then p'rhaps ye'd be able to lie down an' get some slape, for it's the want av it that's troublin' ye?"

But the Long 'Un seemed to have neither eyes nor ears for anyone in the flesh. He had his own audience, which was visible only to himself. It stood to him in the light of a ghostly father confessor, and in the quickly falling night, when nothing but his face and the stained white of the bandages on his shoulder showed dimly through the grey, he rehearsed aloud what he had kept to himself for many a weary day.

"I say, Macnamara," remarked the officer, "do you know I feel mean listening to this! It's something he wouldn't tell us for the world if he were in his right senses. Can't you stop him? It would be hardly safe to leave him."

The Long 'Un had been addressing someone who was evidently a woman, and what he was saying to her was part of that old, old story—as old as the hills themselves.

"By Jove!" the officer ejaculated, a few minutes later, "he must have been pretty hard hit and sweet upon that girl! Poor chap! And she seems to have cared for him after a fashion! Dorothy he calls her. That's the name of my wife, and I've been thinking about her all day."

And farther into the land of phantasies the Long 'Un strayed, but his were something more than mere imaginings. They were the very real scenes he had rehearsed to himself again and again in the silences.

Yes, there could have been no mistake about his love for her, but very likely he had not sufficiently realised that she was young and inexperienced, and had perhaps mistaken a strong liking and admiration for something that was more potent still. While he had been engaged to her it had been a fool's paradise, and latterly he had been wilfully blind, for she had told him that she had not understood herself, and that they had better be as they had been before—good friends only. He had said then, as so many men have said, trying to save themselves—and to deceive themselves—like drowning persons catching at straws that it does not matter if the love were only on one side, that the rest would come through time. Yes, he might have known better, and perhaps he did know better, but that was only what millions of poor mortals had done before him. And then there came that day when she told him that the mistake which she had made had now come home to her. She told him of the man who had come into her life and struck the right chord in her being. But it was not until she had come, with all honesty of purpose, to tell him once and for all that the past was dead and done with, that she had promised to become the wife of this other man. No, he could not blame her. She had always been perfectly straightforward with him, but she had not known her own heart in time to save him from the after-suffering.

But he had not given way, and perhaps he was the better man now for what had happened.

And there was the fighting. Yes, that was good. There was no place on earth where one could forget so well as on the battlefield.

It had grown dark now, and only the three-quarter moon shone fitfully through the moisture-laden clouds. The two listeners moved uneasily when the Long 'Un's voice sank into an inarticulate whisper. For a minute neither of them spoke. It was the officer who at last broke the silence.

"What is your comrade's name?" he asked, in a strangely quiet voice.

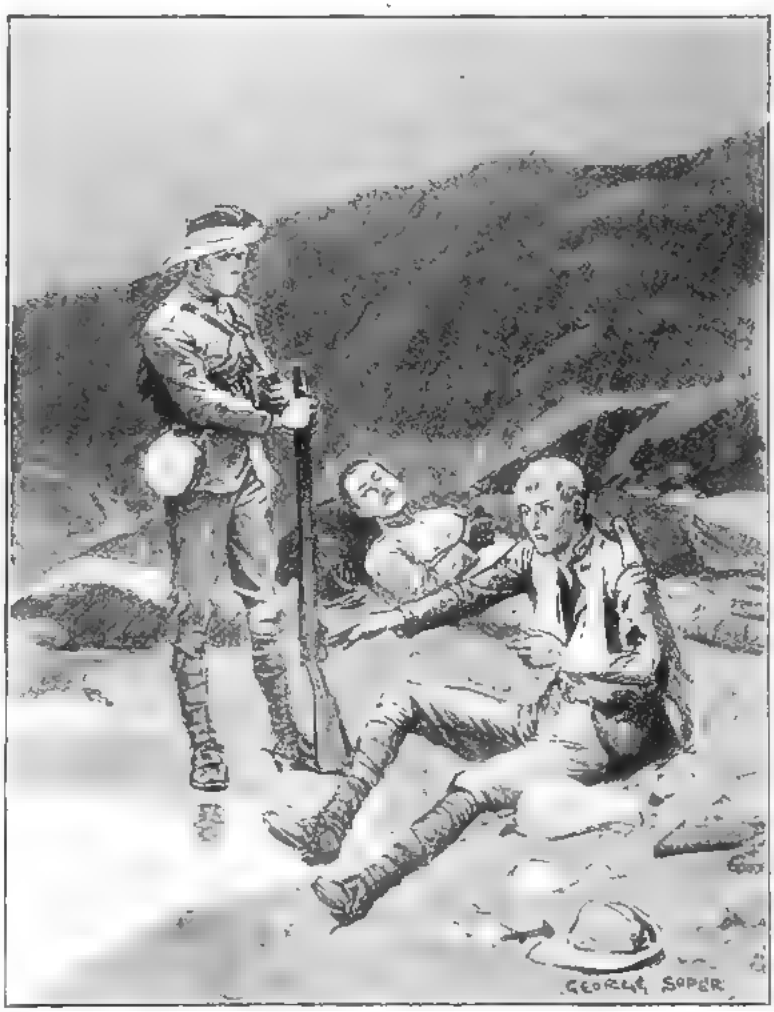
"We calls him the Long 'Un," was the reply, "but Fenton — Jack Fenton — was the name I'm told that he 'listed undher — an' a bether an' a squarer man shure ye'll not meet in a day's march."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the officer, "and to think that we should meet for the first time like this!"

But Macnamara had gone to refill the jam tin with surface water, and therefore was not in a position to add two and two together.

Suddenly there came the sharp crackle of rifle-fire from the ridge where the Cape Mounted Rifles lay. It grew fiercer and fiercer; within a few minutes there was a deafening fusillade rolling along the ghastly stony ridges. It was evident that the Boers, being now aware that the reliefs were approaching, were making a last determined effort to break down the defence and take the position. The officer rose, and moved impatiently about. It was galling to be laid on the shelf while his men were face to face with the enemy.

As for Macnamara, he told himself it was just like his luck to be cooped up in a donga with famished horses and wounded men, where one was liable to be blown into little pieces by the enemy's shells at any moment, without being able to participate in the sport. But there was his comrade, the Long 'Un, and this strange officer to look after; he was glad to think that he could be of some service to them. It was significant to note how the Long 'Un's comrades always treated him as if he were of superior rank to themselves.



AND FARTHER INTO THE LAND OF PHANTASIES THE LONG 'UN STRAYED, BUT HIS WERE SOMETHING MORE THAN MERE IMAGININGS.

But the two had not long to chafe, for, with but little warning, a great thunderstorm came up from the south, and, drowning the sharp crackle of the Mausers and the Lee-Metfords, broke over the encompassing hosts. It came in the form of a vast whirling column, black as ink, from which shot jagged tongues of fire. Nearer and nearer it came, until there was one continual

blaze of light. The edge of the great storm struck the position, and men had to lie flat on their faces to prevent themselves from being carried away. The Red Cross tents were caught up like litter on the breath of a whirlwind, and carried high into the air. The long-suffering wounded who lay on the ground cowered and shivered as the great rain-drops began to patter down faster, and ever faster, upon their scantily clad bodies and writhing limbs. The windows of heaven were opened and the rain literally descended in great sheets. It hissed and seethed, and lashed itself into snow-white foam, while the lightning played fantastically upon its ghostly face. The gods in their anger drove their chariots furiously over the echoing roof of the world. It was as if the end of all things had come, and armed men, who faced each other in deadly strife, cowered to earth with a paralysing terror at their hearts.

In the donga a wild and indescribable scene was in progress. The torrential rains poured in on every hand. It was as if a waterspout had burst at its head, for the tawny-crested flood came down it like a shoreward rolling wave, hissing, boiling, and eddying as it rounded the sharp bends.

Macnamara showed a ready presence of mind. He threw their rifles and slight impedimenta upon the bank, and, catching the Long 'Un under the armpits, sang out to the officer :—

"Give us a hand here, sorr. It's dhrowned like rats in a dhrain we'll all be if we don't get out av this. Let's up to the place where they bruk the banks down to git the big guns acrost—it's only a few yards."

Half carrying and half dragging the Long 'Un they negociated the knee-deep flood and laid him on the veldt in a horse-shoe bend overlooking the donga. The officer leant over his body as if to shield it from the stinging rain, and Macnamara ran back again to help the men get the horses out of the death-trap. Better that the poor terrified brutes should stampede over the veldt, and into the enemies' lines, than that they should trample one another to death and be drowned in that gruesome ditch.

The Irishman ran down the donga to where the three troopers were, and jumped in beside them. He shouted into their ears as best he could, and then began the work of getting the horses out. By this time they were up to their waists in water, and it took them all their time to prevent themselves from being carried off their feet. The horses, poor brutes, were mad with fear, and it was very dangerous work trying to save them. They crushed in on one another, and some were borne to the ground and trampled under foot until they were drowned in the pitiless flood. Some of the saddles shifted and got under their bellies, and frantic was the plunging and kicking to get rid of them. Some managed to rear, and were forced backwards on top of the other horses. It was a scene of the wildest confusion. The Irishman, at the imminent risk of his life, dived in amongst them, and by vigorous action tried to separate and move them one by one down the gully. At last he succeeded in getting two or three to leave the densely packed mass, and the horrible stampede began.

"Catch a horse apiece," he yelled to the men, "and head them down to where the donga gits shallow, an' thry an' kape them widin the lines, but don't lave them whatever yer do."

Macnamara himself showed them the way, and the men followed his lead. The terrified, frenzied mob surged along the swiftly rushing mill-race, and about two hundred yards farther down, where the banks were low, and the brown waters coursed into the vlei,* they leapt out on to the veldt.

While this was going on, the Long 'Un was lying in a couple of inches of ice-cold rain-water, and the officer was bending over him, trying to shield him from the drifting rain. The prostrate man lay with closed eyes, as if asleep. He, at least, seemed utterly oblivious to everything around him. Suddenly he opened his eyes and stared hard at the officer. The lightning flashes made one continuous blaze. The officer noted that the insane light of fever had left the sick man's face. In a pause between the thunder-claps, the Long 'Un put his hand to his head, and asked :—

"Have I been very mad?"

"You've been a little feverish, Fenton. I wish to goodness we could get you out of this to where you could have some proper treatment."

The Long 'Un looked keenly at him, but he did not seem to notice the stars upon the shoulders. If he had seen them, perhaps it would have made no difference.

"You look as if you wanted looking after as much as I do," he remarked, quietly. "But you know my name—might I ask yours?"

"Dalrymple, of the Fifth," was the reply, "and I'm sorry to have found you somewhat down on your luck—as we both are now.

* A small lake.

BY THE FITFUL FLASHES OF FIRE THE ENEMY NOW BECAME AWARE OF THE REAL STATE OF AFFAIRS, AND THE MAUSERS BEGAN TO RING OUT AGAIN.

Google

My wife always had the greatest respect for you, and hoped I'd meet you out here."

The Long 'Un was about to say something when a trooper who had been sent down from the trenches came towards them. He brought an order from the commanding officer to the non-com. in charge of the squadron horses. But the non-com. had been killed, and the Long 'Un, being next in seniority, was responsible. The squadron horses had to be run off somewhere to where there was grass, otherwise they must perish by shot or by hunger. It was just possible that if they were driven westward, between the river and the flat-topped kopje, they would manage to pass safely through the Boer lines and on into those of the relief column. It was, indeed, a hazardous undertaking, but there was nothing else for it.

To the officer's surprise, the Long 'Un staggered to his feet. But he had known men to rally unexpectedly like this on occasions, and do wonderful things just before collapsing utterly. By this time the men had succeeded in checking the rush of the frightened animals, and had rounded them up in one of the links of the donga. He went forward to the group, and caught a horse for himself.

"Now strip everything off the others," he said to the men.

"You don't mean to say you're going to attempt to run the blockade!" exclaimed the officer. "You haven't got the strength, and you're wounded as it is. It's madness, anyhow."

"It's madness to stay here, and you can do anything when you've made up your mind to it," was the reply.

"Then I'll go with you."

"I'm sorry you can't, sir. There's someone whom you've got to think of. As for me, it doesn't matter a pin-point whatever happens."

In spite of the officer's protestations, the Long 'Un scrambled into the saddle and briefly explained the situation to the men.

"Now, who goes with me?" he cried.

"Ivery mother's son av us!" exclaimed the Irishman.

"Sorry I can't shake hands with you with this arm in a sling," said the Long 'Un to the officer. "But I hope we'll meet again."

In another minute they were driving the horses towards the flat-topped kopje in lee of the long ridge. Sometimes, when the lightning flashes ceased, it was so dark that they could hardly see the ground beneath them. Still they kept on in their wild, headlong course. Doubtless the Boers, as the officer commanding had rightly suspected, had sought the shelter of the steep ridges, and left the flat country comparatively unguarded for them to pass through. In twenty minutes more they had reached it, and it was just a toss-up whether or not they would all be shot down or taken prisoners. But, fortunately, the lightning flashes had ceased, and they rushed on for several minutes in cover of the darkness. The gradually diminishing rumble of the thunder as it rolled away to the east drowned the drumming of the horses' hoofs. They charged helter-skelter right into a large herd of Boer horses, which, seized with sudden panic, broke away and rushed on with them. The two or three frightened horse-guards, seeing, as they thought, a regiment of cavalry charging down on them, fled for their lives. By the fitful flashes of fire the enemy now became aware of the real state of affairs, and the Mausers began to ring out again. But their aim was wild in that uncertain light, and, moreover, they were too late. The worst of it all was, the "verdomt Britishers" had run off with one of their best herds of horses.

The Long 'Un, now that the excitement of the last hour had somewhat waned, began to feel the reaction, and swayed in his saddle. But they had struck a good, broad road, which they knew led right in the direction of the relief column, and the travelling became easier. At last they passed out of the storm zone altogether; the rain ceased, and the three-quarter moon came out again. In another half hour they knew they were out of danger, but still they urged on the now quietened horses ahead of them. A sickly, watery dawnlight stole into the grey heavens, and the stars began to go out one by one like the lights of a great city before the sun gets up. It looked a very wet and weary world indeed.

"I can't go another yard, Macnamara," cried the Long 'Un, as they rode side by side. "The fever has left me as weak as a kitten. I'll go to sleep in the saddle and fall off and break my neck if you don't stop!"

Then, as they crossed a little rise, they suddenly ran into one of the outposts of the relief column.

"Heaven be praised! We've saved the squadron horses and got a few remounts besides!" exclaimed the Irishman, as he reined up and lifted the swaying man from the saddle. "An' now, me bhoy, you'll be sound aslape betwane dhry blankets before you can say Jack Robinson."

And it was as Macnamara said.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY EDWARD J. NANKIVELL.

THE STAMPS OF BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA.

AS a country for the beginner, British South Africa has many attractions. It is a comparatively new stamp issuing state; most of its stamps are within the range of the moderate collector, if we except, as we may, the highest values of the first issue, which run up to £10. Its issues are all well defined and straightforward; and they are particularly interesting in design. In addition to all this, there is the interest which attaches to the territory itself, its legendary past, its interesting present, and its very problematical future.

To begin with, it is reputed to be the land of the Ophir of the Bible, and for that reason there are those who believe it will some day be the great gold-producing country of the world. In British colonisation it is regarded as a great experiment. Its acquisition is due to a British lad who, after a short career at Oxford, was advised to go to South Africa to strengthen, if possible, an extremely delicate constitution. South Africa thenceforward became his home. At first it was a struggle, but he eventually amassed a large fortune in the Kimberley diamond mines. Then he plunged into politics, and rose to be prime minister of Cape Colony. Believing in the gold-producing possibilities of the country to the north of the Transvaal, he was instrumental, in 1889, in securing a royal charter for a British South Africa Company to develop those territories which now stretch from the Transvaal on the south to the Zambezi on the north, and from the Portuguese possessions on the east coast, across the continent to Damaraland on the west. All this vast territory, as yet but little known, is administered by the British South Africa Company, under imperial supremacy.

We stamp collectors call it "British South Africa" because its stamps bear only the designation of the company, but the map-makers and people locally and generally are already naming it Rhodesia, after its astute and ambitious founder, Cecil Rhodes; and there is little doubt that Rhodesia will be the name of the future. Some day the Chartered Company, having done its work as a pioneer, will, like other chartered companies, give place to imperial rule, and the stamps will then be the stamps of Rhodesia. Till that final stage of Colonial development is reached, the stamps of the British South Africa Company must possess a peculiar interest, for they are marking the stages of our imperial growth, and for the lad who studies his stamps they are pages in the history of our empire.

The British South Africa Company got its charter in October, 1899, and in December of the following year the first postage stamps of the company were issued.

The design is said to have been the subject of much discussion, but in the end heraldic ideas carried the day, rather than the usual stamp portraiture.

If some Yankee stamp manufacturer had been entrusted with the work of designing the stamps, we should probably have had portraits of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and Lobengula.

Instead, the first stamps bear an heraldic design which is a veritable *multum in parvo*. There are gold discs, representing the gold to come; there are ears of wheat foretelling the agricultural development of the country; the oxen refer to the necessary beasts of burden, the wavy lines typify the broad rivers of the Zambezi, the Limpopo, and others that traverse this South African Canaan, and the galleys the shipping that will be employed thereon; the frisky-looking creatures on either side of the shield represent the wild animals of the country; the lion is, of course, of the British dominion variety, and other portions indicate a reference to the heraldic bearings of the Duke of Abercorn, the first president of the company.

1890.—The first stamps were engraved and printed by Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson & Co., of London, on what is termed bank wove paper. This paper was watermarked "W.C.S. & Co.," the initials of the paper maker, and the words, "Pure linen wove bank." This will explain any peculiar watermarks which you may find on these stamps. As the watermark is not a Government watermark, we collectors do not catalogue it or pay any attention to it, and I only mention it to explain what may otherwise puzzle the young collector. In all there were twelve values, ranging from 1d. to £10. The high values were required for legal documents, etc., but some have been used for postal purposes,

and as they are available for postage they are essentially postage stamps. In gold-producing countries high values are frequently used for transmitting parcels of gold, hence the postal use of the high values in British South Africa, for there are already several mines at work searching for such gold as may not have been cleared out by the Queen of Sheba and those of other days.

The 1d. to 10s. values are all of Type 1, and the pound values of the larger size of Type 2. The perforation is uniformly 14.

TYPE 1.

TYPE 2.

I append the ruling catalogue prices for the information of CAPTAIN collectors :—

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1d., black ...	0 4	0 4
6d., ultramarine	2 6	1 6
6d., deep blue...	2 6	0 9
1s., grey brown.	3 6	2 0
2s., vermilion .	7 6	5 0
2s. 6d., purple .	12 6	15 0
5s., yellow ...	17 6	10 0
10s., deep green	35 0	17 6
£1, deep blue...	50 0	30 0
£2, rose red ...	—	—
£5, sage green .	—	—
£10, brown ...	—	—

1891.—In the early part of this year the local authorities urged the directors at home to issue more low values, as they were urgently needed. In the first series it will be noted the 1d. and 6d. were the only representatives of the usual low values. In order to supply immediate requirements quantities of the 6d. ultramarine were surcharged in black ½d., 2d., and 4d.; and some 1s. brown were surcharged 8d. in large bold figures covering nearly half the stamp. These provisionals were much sought after by collectors, and for years they were retailed at 20s. the set, but now that the dealers have exhausted the stocks they laid by, prices have gone up enormously. Used copies are extremely scarce.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
½d. on 6d. ultramarine	7 6	20 0
2d. ,, ,, ...	60 0	—
4d. ,, ,, ...	50 0	—
8d. on 1s. brown	35 0	—

1891-4.—As soon as the provisionals were despatched, permanent low values were at once prepared for issue. The same design was used for this purpose, the original value was removed, and in the blank thus left there was printed whatever value was needed. The printing of the value was separately done in a different colour from the rest of the stamp. In addition to the low values, 3s. and 4s. values were subsequently added. Perf. 14.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
½d. deep blue, value in vermilion ...	0 1	0 2
2d. sea green, value in vermilion ...	0 4	0 4
3d. grey black, value in green ...	0 6	1 0
4d. chestnut, value in black	0 8	0 6
8d. rose lake, value in ultramarine ...	1 6	2 6
3s. brown, value in green	6 0	7 0
4s. grey black, value in vermilion ...	17 6	20 0

1895.—In this year the pretty little stamps of the first issue were replaced by a larger stamp of bolder design, printed in two colours. It will be seen from our illustration (Type 3) that the same heraldic features are preserved, and to the inscriptions are added the words, "Incorporated by Royal Charter." The effect of printing such a design in two colours, and in such extraordinary combinations, is anything but pleasing, and the further combination of two colours printed on coloured paper added to their ugliness. The engraving and printing is the work of Messrs. Perkins, Bacon & Co., who engraved and printed the first English penny stamps. In the printing the figures and words of value were worked in one colour, and the centre and rest of the design in another colour. In the case of the earlier stamps, it was complained that the bank paper did not stick well. Consequently, this new series was printed on ordinary and thicker paper, and more strongly gummed. The series comprised no less than fourteen values, and this, too, without going beyond 10s. in high values. The stamps were all of one uniform size, and perf. 12½.

TYPE 3

NOTE: This is distinguished by ribbon crossing leg of supporter.

Centre in first colour. Perf. 12½.	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
½d. slate and violet	0 2	0 2
1d. scarlet and emerald	0 6	0 4
2d. grey brown and mauve	0 5	0 4
3d. chocolate and ultramarine	0 6	0 6
4d. ultramarine and mauve	0 8	0 6
6d. purple and pink	1 0	0 9
8d. olive green and violet on buff paper ...	2 6	2 6
1s. od. green and blue	2 0	0 9
2s. od. indigo and green on buff paper ...	2 9	2 6
2s. 6d. brown and purple on yellow paper ..	3 3	3 0
3s. od. green and mauve on blue paper ..	4 0	3 6
4s. od. red and dark blue on green paper ...	5 0	5 0
5s. od. chestnut and green	6 6	3 0
10s. od. slate and vermilion on rose paper ..	12 0	10 0

1896.—But before the stamps of the new design just enumerated could reach Buluwayo, the Matabele War had broken out, and the commercial centre of Buluwayo was cut off from Salisbury, the seat of government in the northern territory. The new stamps reached Salisbury, but got no farther till the back of the rebellion was broken. Meanwhile, Buluwayo had run short of 1d. and 3d. stamps. To provide these values, 1,200 of the 3s. value of the first issue, and 1,200 of the 4s. value of the same issue, were surcharged in black "One Penny" in one line, and the original value at the foot was cancelled. Three thousand of the 5s. value were also surcharged in black with three bars, "Three Pence" in two lines. These stamps were soon snapped up despite the endeavours of the postal authorities to keep voracious stamp collectors at a distance. Thereupon, considerable quantities of Cape of Good Hope stamps were obtained, and overprinted "British South Africa" in small sans serif type, in three lines.

SURCHARGED ON STAMPS OF THE FIRST ISSUE.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1d. on 3s.	—.	85 0
1d. on 4s.	70 0	70 0
3d. on 5s.	20 0	25 0

CAPE STAMPS SURCHARGED "BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA."

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
½d. black	0 9	1 6
1d. rose	1 0	2 0
2d. brown	1 6	1 6
3d. claret	3 6	4 6
4d. blue	3 0	4 6
6d. violet	3 0	5 0
1s. yellow ochre	17 6	8 6

1897.—In this year the low-value stamps, up to and including the 8d. and the £1 of the Perkins-Bacon series, were re-engraved by Waterlow & Sons. The design was slightly modified, and generally improved. The work of the two engravers may easily be distinguished, but most clearly by the ends of the ribbon over the words "Justice" and "Freedom." In the Perkins-Bacon engraving the ribbon crosses the leg of the animal above, and in the Waterlow re-engraving it does not cross the leg, but is curled up between the two legs of the animal. Whilst the extraordinary ugly combinations of colour are preserved in the re-engraved series, they are considerably softened in tone.

TYPE 4.

NOTE: This block is distinguished by ribbon *not* crossing leg of supporter.

Centre in first colour.	Unused. s. d.	Used s. d.
½d. olive, black, and violet	0 2	0 1
1d. scarlet and emerald	0 6	0 9
2d. grey brown and mauve	0 6	1 0
3d. red brown and ultramarine ...	0 5	0 5
4d. ultramarine and mauve... ...	0 6	0 6
6d. purple and pink	1 0	0 9
8d. olive and violet, on buff paper...	1 0	—
£1 black and red brown on green paper	35 0	—

1898.—The unsatisfactory bi-coloured series is now being supplanted by a more pleasing design, still preserving the same heraldic features, and very closely resembling the design of the first issue, so closely, in fact, as to be almost a re-drawing in some of the low values. Figures of value are added in the upper corners, and the stamp is slightly larger than the first issue, and therefore considerably smaller than the ugly Perkins-Bacon series. The stamps of this new series are being issued as the stock of the previous issue is being used up. The perforation is now 14½, but as the Waterlow stamps show great variations in perforations, other gauges will probably be found. Up to date eight values have appeared. The pence values are all of Type 5, the shillings of Type 6, and the pounds of Type 7.

TYPE 5.

TYPE 6.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
½d. green	0 1	0 1
1d. rose	0 2	0 2
2d. bistre	0 3	0 3
4d. olive green ...	0 6	—
6d. mauve ...	0 8	—

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1s. ochre	1 3	—
5s. orange brown	—	—
£1 dull lilac ...	—	—
£5 dark blue ...	—	—
£10 blue lilac ...	—	—

A word in conclusion as to buying the current stamps of this most interesting British possession I hope my good friends, the dealers, will forgive me for putting CAPTAIN boys in London up to a wrinkle. It is not generally known, but it is a fact all the same, that all current stamps of British South Africa may be purchased at face value at the offices of the company, 15, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C. Availing themselves of this knowledge, a few shrewd collectors, who got wind of the issue in

TYPE 7.

time, bought at the office at face value sets of the rare provisionals of 1891. The sets then cost them 1s. 2½d. They now catalogue up to £7 12s. 6d., and yet some good people say don't waste your money buying new issues. Of course, windfalls of this sort are not frequent, but this instance by no means stands alone. Anyway, pence put into new issues of interesting postage stamps pay boys better in the long run than if invested in lollypops and ginger-beer.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

We have a few gorgeous novelties to chronicle since our last number went to press, but there is still a dearth of new issues generally. There is no sign yet of King's Head stamps, though there are plenty of rumours as to what we may expect.

BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE.—The current English halfpenny stamp is reported to have been surcharged in the same style as the ½d. vermilion for use in this Protectorate.

CHILI.—A 30c. stamp has been added to the current set of the Waterlow design, with the large head of Columbus.

PORTUGAL (Nyassa).—I am indebted to Messrs. Bright & Son for a full set of new and pleasing design for this Portuguese colony. There are thirteen values in all. The 2½r. to

NYASSA

2½r.	centre	red-brown,	frame	grey-black.
5r.	,,	violet	,,	,,
10r.	,,	myrtle green	,,	,,
15r.	,,	chestnut	,,	,,
20r.	,,	scarlet	,,	,,
25r.	,,	orange	,,	,,
50r.	,,	slate-blue	,,	,,
75r.	,,	lake	,,	,,
80r.	,,	purple	,,	,,
100r.	,,	brown	,,	,,
150r.	,,	orange-brown	,,	,,
200r.	,,	blue-green	,,	,,
300r.	,,	grass-green	,,	,,

50r., inclusive, are all of the giraffe type, and the 75r. to 300r., inclusive, of the dromedary type. All are printed in two colours, the frame being in every case a grey-black. The perforation is about fifteen, but is best described as irregular. The effectiveness of the design and the irregularity of the perforation point to the work being that of Messrs. Waterlow.

VICTORIA.—In the June number of THE CAPTAIN we gave details of a new series for this colony, which consisted mostly of old plates brought into use to replace the stamps bearing the words "Stamp Duty," as those latter stamps were to be relegated to fiscal use exclusively. Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. now send us news and samples of some further changes. All the old plates that were brought into use which did not bear the word "postage" have had it added to the inscriptions on the design. The stamps requiring alteration are the ½d., 2d., 3d., 4d., 6d., 1s., 2s., and 5s. Whitfield King & Co. send us the ½d., 3d., 6d., 1s., and 2s., but I presume the 2d., 4d., and 5s. will be similarly treated. However, for the present, I must list only those which are known:—

CURRENT SERIES, WITH POSTAGE ADDED.

½d. emerald green, design of 1873.
2½d. brown on yellow paper, design of 1878.
3d. orange brown, design of 1866.
4d. bistre, design of 1881.
6d. emerald green, design of 1865.
1s. orange, design of 1873.
2s. blue on rose paper, design of 1881.

I am indebted to Mr. E. L. Browne, Melbourne, a reader of THE CAPTAIN, for a specimen of the lately current 1d. rose "Stamp Duty," printed in olive green. It was available, and was used, for postage as well as fiscal purposes, till June 30th, after which it was available for fiscal purposes only.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pidnem.—Only the practised eye can tell the difference between typographed and lithographed stamps. The typographed are printed from plates, the lithographed from lithographic stones. *Pelure paper* is a very thin silky paper; *Ribbed paper* shows ridges like corrugated iron roofing in miniature; *Batonné paper* is paper ruled in small squares, such as foreign notepaper; *Laid Batonné* has the little squares filled in with laid lines; *Wove paper* shows no lines of any kind, the texture being perfectly plain; *Tête-bêche* means that one stamp in a sheet is printed upside down; *Percé en arc* is a method of perforation in small arch-like cuts; *Percés en scie* perforation is like the teeth of a saw; *Grille* is a design of points or dots in a square embossed on a stamp. **C. J. M.** (EAST MOLESEY).—The Surrey Philatelic Society (secretary, Mr. C. J. James, Cyprus Villa, Sutton) runs an exchange packet, which should answer your purpose. The subscription is 2s. 6d. **E. W. H.**—Your label is not a postage stamp, but one of many private carrier stamps in use in Germany. **R. L. Wingate** (SEATTLE).—It is impossible to say what your English stamps are worth without seeing them. You do not even mention the values. Send a sample of each. **Leslie G.**—Your Sudan 2m. is catalogued at 1d., and the 8m. at 2d. The kreuzer stamp is an Austrian. For the rest you had better get Whitfield King's catalogue, price 1s. 8d. post free; address Ipswich.

HOW WE GOT THE HONEY

A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

By Henry Kenilworth.

FIRST of all, where was it, and how did we find it? Well, it happened we were spending a summer holiday in Yorkshire, the East Riding, about eight miles from the coast, where farm lands and purple moors contend which shall hold sway, and end by shaking hands and interlacing in a friendly way. We were walking down one afternoon from the moors to the farm along a road with deep ruts and grass between, by the side of the fields, and here and there in the hedgerows were some old and gnarled oaks, twisted by the winds of many a winter, and stooping, like old men, towards the ground. Suddenly one of us, named Paulo, stopped and said, "Listen!" His ear, quick to catch the slightest unusual sound, had noticed a low humming, which probably would have escaped the rest of us. We all stood still, and then he said again, "Listen—and look out!" We scarcely knew what to look out for, but before we had time to ask, Paulo said:—

"By Jove! there they are, and they must be wild bees. This is capital! I've never found a nest in England before."

We instinctively followed the direction of his eyes, and there, about ten yards in front of us, near the top of one of the worn old oaks, we saw a steady stream of the little black-looking labourers passing to and from a small round hole in the trunk of the tree.

"Capital!" he said again, in the tone of a delighted boy, as if we had all just landed for the first time on Crusoe's island, and were going to begin hunting for our food for the rest of our natural lives. "We mustn't hurt the bees, but if we don't get a good share of the honey, my name's not Paulo."

"Well, how shall you set about it?" inquired a member of the party. "The tree is not by any means dead; the trunk is only hollow in the middle, and as sound and hard as a wall all round; and look at the hole—it's not more than an inch and a half wide. What could you get into it?"

"Never you mind; we'll do it," said Paulo; "only we must consider possibilities. I wonder how long they've been here? It looks like a strong nest, and the tree's a pretty big one, and old. If there's much space inside there may be any quantity of honey. We must look round and see if there is another hole anywhere, and how thick the wood is."

He proceeded to examine the tree carefully, and lay his ear to the trunk in different places, and gently give it a tap here and there with his stick.

"By Jove, hark at them!" he said, as there seemed to be an extra hum when he tapped the tree. "There must be tons inside!"

Having satisfied himself that there was no other hole except the one at the top, he said to the rest of us:—

"Come along! We must go down to the wheelwright's. I've a plan in my head, but it may take us more than one day to carry it out. But it's well worth our while!"

"And so say all of us!" I cried, for by now we all saw we were in for a good thing, and should have rare times before the end.

Our party consisted of Paulo, his son Mark, his nephew Alick—both about fifteen—an older nephew, Bernard; his sister Hilda, a lively girl of twenty; and myself.

When we got to the wheelwright's we all stood round the door, where several great waggon-wheels

leaned up against the wall; and Paulo went in to see if the man had what he wanted.

"Can you lend me a large auger, about 2ft. long, to make a hole an inch across?" he said.

"Yes," said the man. "But what might you want it for?"

"Just to bore some holes in some wood. How much will it be? And shall I pay now, or when I bring it back?"

"Oh, it will do when you bring it back. If you don't damage it I sha'n't charge you much. But how long do you want it for?"

"Two days, about."

"And what wood are you going to use it on?"

"Oak."

"Well, all right. Bring it back when you've done with it, and we can settle then how much it will be."

"But I would rather have some idea," said Paulo, with a twinkle in the direction of the door.

"Well, sixpence, if it's all right when you bring it back."

"That will do, thank you. Good-day."

We returned to the farm where we were staying, and after tea Paulo produced from his ordinary resources a small saw, about 1ft. 6ins. long, and only 1¼ins. wide at the handle, tapering to a point at the other end of the sort known as a tenon saw. Then he told us to come round among the farm buildings and find a cart-rope and eight or nine nails—the biggest we could lay hands on. By this time it was getting towards evening, and when it was approaching dusk we set off again for the tree, which was about a mile away from the farm.

"What are you going to do?" I said to Paulo.

"You'll see when we get there," he said, for he rather loved to nurse his projects in his own mind till the time for their execution.

When we arrived at the place there were still a few bees going in, but not many, and we knew they would soon all have settled down for the night. When the last one seemed to have disappeared, Paulo quickly scrambled up into the tree, which was not very high, taking with him a clod of turf, which he gently placed over the hole where the bees had entered, and gave it a friendly thump.

"Now we can get to business," he said, and called to one of us to throw up the rope, which he proceeded to fasten round a sturdy bough near the little hole. Then he made a running noose, so that he could sit in it and pull himself up or down the trunk, and told us to give him the big auger.

With this he began to bore holes in the tree, first in one place and then in another, carefully examining the point of the tool after each operation.

I can see the look of the white shreds of wood as they fell on the ground, to this day.

He had bored four or five holes, and was just saying that the thickness of the sound part of the trunk seemed to be about 7ins., when all at once we saw the tool go right in up to the handle, and Paulo said quietly, "I'm into something now."

And as quickly as he could do it he began turning the auger the reverse way, and at length pulled it out, and immediately stopped up the hole, as he had stopped all the others, with some wet earth.

"By Jove, it's a mass of honey!" he said. And, sure enough, we saw the steel was sticky and covered with dry bits of bark and rotten wood and pieces of the honeycomb itself; and we smelt the goodly smell, and hardly knew where we were, whether in the land of Canaan or on Crusoe's island, or with the Swiss Family Robinson, or Masterman Ready.

"Do you think there is much?" I said to Paulo.

"Much? Can't you see? Why, there are tons, of course. Look at the thing; it has been a foot and a half into pure honey, and there are at least 3ft. between the hole and the top where the bees go in—that is, 3ft. by 1½ft. of solid honey. Just listen!"

We obeyed him, and by this time we could all hear what was one of the most curious sounds I ever heard in my life. It seemed as if the whole sturdy old tree was one big humming top. Not a bee could get out, and the whole huge swarm was by this time aware that something unusual had happened. The auger had gone right into the middle of the comb, and a hundred sentinels had reported the fact not only to head-quarters, but to every cell in the enormous fortress. The occupants must have been puzzled how to account for it and what to do. However, they could not get out, so we were able to consider the situation at our leisure.

We were still almost as puzzled as the bees themselves, for we could not see what Paulo's plan was. There was the tree full of bees and full of honey, and there was the little hole at the top, and a number of still smaller ones made by the boring; but how the honey was to be got at and the bees subdued was still a perplexity to us.

However, Paulo knew his own line, and he did not keep us waiting long before he showed what it was to be.

When he had rested long enough from the hard work of turning the auger in the green wood, he proceeded to mark two other places for holes, so that the three holes would be the points of a triangle, of which the three sides would be about 6ins. each in length.

As soon as he had finished the third hole, which

was the topmost one of the three, instead of stopping it with clay he called to us to hand him the small thin saw, and, putting the point into the hole as far as he could get it, he began sawing downwards, towards one of the other holes.

It took a long time to get through even a single inch; for, as he said, the wood was 7ins. inwards and full of sap, and the position he had to work in was by no means easy. We had some doubt as to whether any bees would make their way through the hole where the saw was working, but happily they made no attempt to do so, and very probably there was no room. When we saw the narrow slit gradually making its way downwards we began to understand what the plan was. Paulo meant to saw round the whole triangle, and so make a fair-sized block that would come bodily out of the side of the tree opposite the honey, and leave an opening large enough to cut out as much as he wanted. Still, there was the problem of the bees themselves, which rather exercised us, though we had seen him deal with an ordinary wasps' nest, and guessed he would have some scheme such as he had used on occasions of that kind.

When the saw had been at work for an hour and a half there were still only two sides of the triangle cut through — the right-hand side and the base —and then Paulo said, "We will leave the last side till to-morrow night, and then we can finish the whole thing together; we must bring down at least three or four buckets, and I hope we shall use them all."

He then got the rope and tools ready to take away, and after stopping up the places where he had been sawing, he said, "They may as well do another good day's work, and put a little more into the hive"; and with that he removed the turf from the bees' original entrance and left them to enjoy a quiet night, and then we all went back to the farm with great expectations as to what the morrow would bring forth.

A COMMISSION OF INQUIRY: "ALL QUIET!"
Photograph by Mark Draper.

It was a fine September morning, and in the course of it we went down to look at the scene of our operations, and see how the bees were going on. They appeared to be none the worse for that one long thrust of the auger, and were as busy as ever, flying in and out in an incessant stream.

"I hope they will keep at it," said Paulo. "They will want all they can get to carry them through the winter when we have taken our share."

The marks of the boring and the saw scarcely showed at all in the rough bark of the tree, but to us they meant a great deal, especially the two narrow slits made by the saw. The third one would take about half an hour to accomplish, and then the solid little block would move and be readily drawn out from its place, and then——!

It was like the moment just before the launch of a ship, when you expect to see what has stood so still all its life suddenly move forward.

We got through the day somehow, and, arming ourselves with three large buckets and the rest of our equipment, we set off about sundown for the fifth act. As soon as we had seen the last little honey-maker go in Paulo cut another turf and proceeded to seal him safe in with all his swarthy host, and at once began the final sawing operation. It was a thrilling moment when he got down to the left-hand bottom corner of the triangle. Before he cut through he took a large gimlet from his pocket, and bored it into the centre of the block, "just for a handle," as he explained to us.

Then, with the thinnest possible remainder of wood still uncut, he came down from his perch and went through another interesting preparation, which at once showed how he meant to deal with the bees.

He took from his capacious pocket an old-fashioned gunpowder flask, which he had preserved from the days of his boyhood, and,

pressing back the spring with his thumb, he poured out nearly as much powder as filled the palm of his left hand. Then he mixed a little water with it from the ditch, and with his knife kneaded it up into a large fuse, about the size and shape of an artichoke, through the middle of which he arranged a thin piece of stick like a match.

He took great pains to get this fuse to the right consistency, so as not to be too wet or too dry, and the last thing in the process was to tightly roll it in some dry powder in his hand, especially at the end where he meant to light it, so that it might get a good start.

He then made another exactly like the first, "in case of accidents," and it was not long before we had good reason to value his foresight, and appreciate his use of it.

When all was in readiness—the rope hung properly, the gimlet standing with inviting ease to lay hold of, and the big nails fixed like steps so that he could quickly get up to the bees' main entrance, he took the saw and went to work on the last thin remnant of the left-hand side, which he had purposely left to keep the block firm.

It was a breathless moment when we watched the saw come right down and the two openings meet. The front ends met first, and there was still a second or two before the saw cut finally through, but then in a moment our straining eyes saw what they had been expecting. The whole triangle gave a little move, the solid three-cornered block, which had been standing firm and immovable in that stout old oak for perhaps three hundred years, gave the smallest possible drop downwards, closing up the bottom slit, and making the two side ones look a shade wider than before.

"It's all right," said Paulo, handing the saw down, and at once taking hold of the gimlet. "Now, you look!" and for a second he boldly pulled the block out, and then replaced it as quickly as a photographer handles his shutter on a sunny morning. All that actually happened was that the humming top for an instant sounded louder, and Paulo and the rest of us in the dusky light just saw that we had struck the very centre of the mass of honeycomb, which looked dark and rich and heathery to our plunderous gaze. For that brief minute we knew some of the sensations of the primitive man, the child of the forest, and thought his life had its compensations, to say the very least.

Paulo replaced the block and pressed it inwards, so that it remained firm, and then told us to pass him one of the fuses.

He took it, and then climbed by means of the nails to the top of the tree, where the bees went in. He sat down (for the trunk was quite thick enough, and not many boughs were left), and then took a match from his pocket and held it to the end of the fuse; there was a sputter and flare, and in a second Paulo lifted up the piece of turf, pushed the burning fuse into the hole, and clapped the turf on again. "Hush!" he said. "Be quite still."

We stood motionless and listened, and could hear the fuse burning itself away merrily.

The sound was something more solid than hissing—almost a muffled roar—and we knew the amount of condensed smoke inside that old tree must be prodigious. Presently "it ceased upon the midnight with no pain," and the silence was wonderful.

"That will give them a good sleep," said Paulo, "but it won't hurt them—they can resume their operations to-morrow. Now for ours."

He came down a few feet, and got into the loop of the rope, opposite the gimlet.

"Get the buckets ready," he said; and then, making himself as steady as the rope permitted, he suddenly pulled out the block and handed it to me, saying, "Stand where you can reach me, and hold on to that."

A little cloud of smoke came out of the hole, but less than you would expect. In the minute or so which Paulo left after the fuse stopped burning, it seemed to have become absorbed into nowhere.

As soon as Paulo's right hand was free he thrust it straight into the hole, and brought out a large piece of deliciously fragrant honeycomb. There were a number of drowsy bees on it which seemed quite still and motionless, and Paulo carefully and lightly brushed them off into the hole again, and then passed the comb down, telling us to put it into one of the buckets and cover the top over with paper. Then, as quick as lightning, in went his hand once more.

But to our great surprise it was not withdrawn, and we became aware that there was something stopping him.

"What's wrong?" I asked anxiously.

"Why, there's a loose piece of wood fallen from somewhere, and it's got between my hand and the opening, against my wrist, and I'm wedged—I can't move!"

"The dickens!" I said. "But you must. The bees will all be alive again in a few minutes, and then——"

It was only too true. There he was, his hand jammed in the hole, the air getting in and beginning to revive the swarms of stingers, and no possibility of our being able to give him the slightest help.

"Keep cool," said Paulo. "Our heads must

save us—don't let's lose them. It's all right. I know what to do!"

As he spoke he managed to get his hand on the top side of the piece of wood, and, giving an immense shove down with his strong wrist, he succeeded in pushing it by main force right into the lower part of the honeycomb, where it remained embedded. At the same moment we heard the sound of an ominous hum rising within the tree, and growing rapidly louder.

"Give me the block and gimlet—quick!" he said.

"Here you are." And in a moment it was back in its place and everything sealed up again.

"Now then, the other fuse—look sharp!"

We handed it up, and in less than a minute Paulo had it alight and into the top hole, and the turf over it once more.

The humming died away as the fuse roared; then silence a minute; then Paulo was back at the triangle, and presently pulled it out of its place again and handed it down.

"Are you going at it again?" I said.

"Yes, of course. But I hope to goodness there won't be another block!"

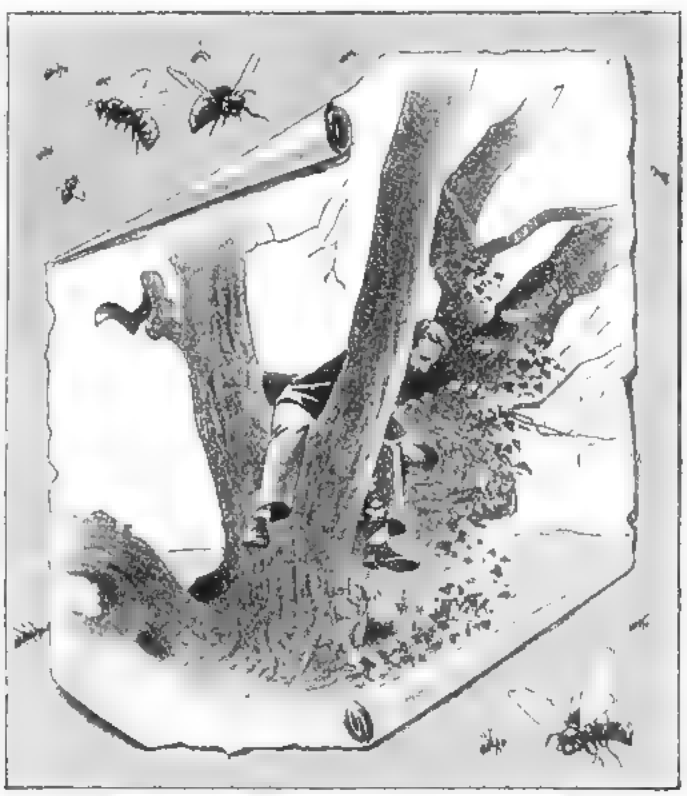
And, fortunately, there was not. Again, and again, and many times again, as if he were unloading some big ship, did Paulo hand out great pieces of dripping honeycomb, hurriedly brushing off the still sleeping bees, and saying every time, "Put that in, and that, and that, and that," until at last our three buckets were filled.

"Is there any more?" I said.

"Yes, tons; but we've got our share—we'll leave the rest for the original collectors. Give me the block."

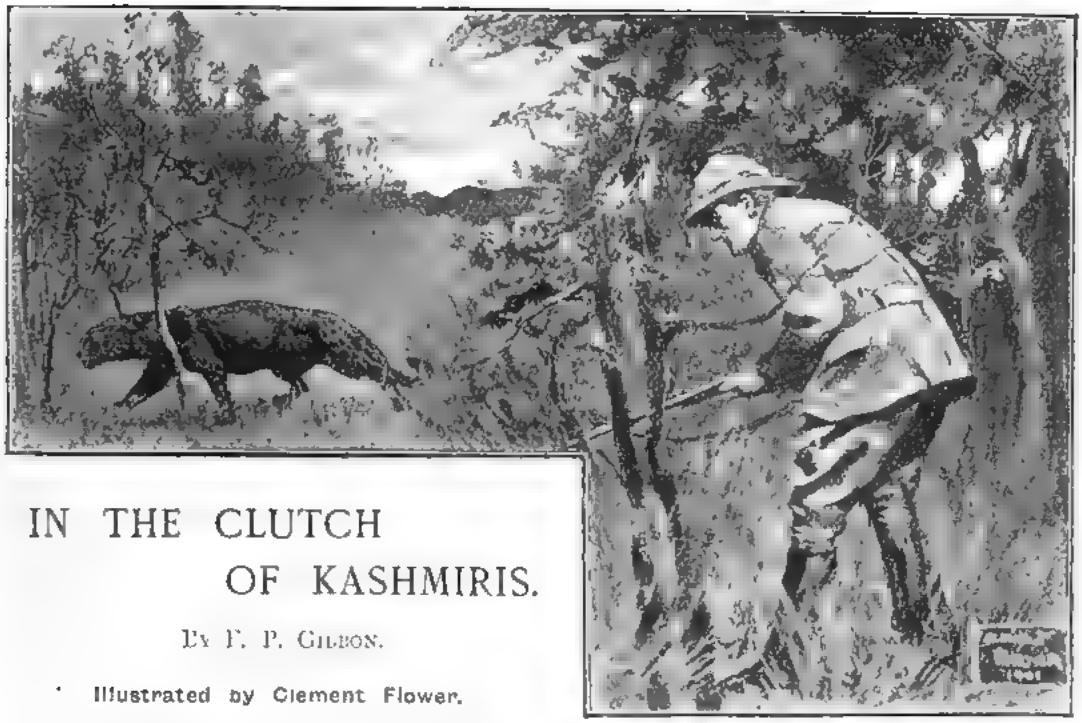
He took it, put it back in its place, unscrewed the gimlet, and then gave the triangle a huge thump to make it stick. Then he went up, unloosed the rope, threw away the turf, so as to leave the hole open, and quietly came down by the nails.

"Come on," he said. "We may as well get home. Three buckets full. Now for home!"



WHERE THE FUSE WENT IN AND WHERE THE HONEY CAME OUT.

From a photograph by Mark Draper.



IN THE CLUTCH OF KASHMIRIS.

By F. P. Gibbon.

Illustrated by Clement Flower.

I HAD a rather uncommon experience over in Kashmir last spring. Since I left India as a kid I had only seen my father two or three times, so between leaving school and going up for Sandhurst he arranged for me to pay him a six months' visit. He's Commissioner of a district in the Punjab.

When I'd been out there a month or two he got a few weeks' leave, and we had some decent shooting in Kashmir with Captain Gresham of one of the Sikh regiments. Kashmir is a half-independent kingdom, under native rule; the scenery is grand, and there's first-rate shooting in the more remote districts. We hadn't time to go right up into the big mountains where the best sport is, but still, we had some good fun. One day we'd been rather unlucky, and had nothing to show. As we turned back towards our dak bungalow near the village of Zarkhan, my bootlace broke.

You wouldn't think there was anything wildly exciting about that, but it was the cause of as much excitement as I want to have. I happened to be a few yards behind my father and Captain Gresham, and the *shikharris* were in front, but they never noticed that I'd stopped. The lace had broken right in the middle, so I had to take my boot off to patch it up, and as I rose I saw something move in the undergrowth some little distance away. In the excitement I didn't observe that the others were out of sight. The country was hilly and well wooded, easy to get lost in, and I behaved like a silly lunatic. You see, I wanted to have something to my own gun for once, and I thought this might be big game, so I followed.

Whatever the animal was, it was in no hurry, and when we came to a more open place I caught a glimpse of him; he was a black panther. I was pretty well scared then, for they're about as bad as tigers; but somehow I seemed fascinated, and so I kept on stalking him. He hadn't seen me yet, but he evidently knew someone was about. As he seemed inclined to make for some dense undergrowth, I let fly, fearing he'd be lost. I missed, and he turned, saw me, and came straight for me. I had time to slip another cartridge in. My word! Talk about a big, black, bounding beggar! By the time I got the rifle to my shoulder and was trying to find the sights, there seemed to be a few hundred black demons coming for me with gaping red jaws and bared teeth and claws. I was funked above a bit, and I just remembered wishing that bootlace hadn't broken when I pulled the trigger, and somehow I managed to hit him full in the chest. Before he could spring, I let fly with the second, and jumped to

one side. This time the bullet caught him under the eye and did for him, for he rolled over a few yards from where I stood.

He was a magnificent animal, and I was jolly lucky to get off scot-free, for I was anything but steady when I fired.

The others evidently didn't hear the reports, for they must have been a good way off, and the wind was blowing strongly from them. I started to run after them, hoping to be able to get the skin, and of course took the wrong direction, being a trifle flustered. It seemed to go right at first, but after a bit it began to twist about up and down, and at last it led into a narrow, wooded valley, with a kind of cart track — or what they'd call one in Kashmir, where there are no roads to speak of, except the road to Srinagar and Gilgit—high up above the river-side. I had been running for a good time, and I must have been miles wrong.

After a time I passed a rope-bridge over the ravine. This *jula*, as they call them, was badly in want of repair, the hand-ropes made of twisted birch twigs being broken in places, and so was the foot-rope. It looked as if it would collapse all together under a dog's weight. Further on I caught up with a couple of cultivators, father and son—great, well-built Kashmiris with faces I didn't take to. The Kashmiris are a rather handsome lot, and generally peaceable and friendly, but they're beggars for cheating you. Captain Gresham was always running them down because he thought they were such a waste of good material—that such big men ought to be first-class soldiers like his Sikhs. Knowing that the average Kashmiri would never dream of doing anything worse to a sahib than cheat him, I wasn't afraid, though I didn't altogether like their looks, so I asked the way to Zarkhan.

I spoke English on the chance of their understanding. I can make out their lingo a bit, because we used to have a man from Kashmir when I was a kid, and as one of our *shikharris* on this trip was a Kashmiri, the dialect came back to me. But all the same, I could hardly speak it.

The younger man understood, and he replied civilly enough that I was quite out of the course. I then asked if they could give me anything to eat, and guide me back, saying I'd pay them well. They agreed, and said that they lived not far away, and there I could rest and have some food. It was getting dark, but I was very hungry, and I went with them, and we soon came to a collection of huts.

Being Mohammedans, there wasn't such a fuss about meals as with Hindus, and I was soon walking into some grub. One or two of their friends popped in to have a look at the lost sahib, and I gathered that they were all related to one another. They asked me a few questions, but I shook my head, and didn't let on that I understood their *bat*, and I could see they kept glancing at my rifle in the corner. It was double-barrelled, and a real beauty. I was a fool not to have kept it to hand, though that would have seemed beastly ungrateful while I was eating their food.

Soon I began to understand that they were discussing its value, and, of course, up there a rifle like that is worth its weight in gold. One of them remarked that probably the young sahib had much money. I felt queer. For some time I could not catch what was said, but presently the oldest man there—brother of Hashim Beg, the first old man—observed, in a loud tone, that if there were bloodshed in his village he would be held responsible, and he would not allow it. They all looked quickly at me as he said this, but I managed to go on eating as if I'd no interest in their talk, and feeling safe they went on. They were between me and the rifle, or I'd have taken the risk and gone for it.

"If only we could lose him again, so that he'd never be able to get back," said Hashim Beg, "then his blood would not be on our heads."

"You are a fool," said his brother.

They sat thinking for a few moments, and, you may guess, I was doing a little thinking too, but they had most success.

"Listen," said Akhmad, the chap who spoke English, "could we not take him to the broken *jula*, and tell him the way lay across that, and make him go first? He would surely be killed, and his body washed down by the river, so that no blame could reach us."

"But how if he refused to cross?" another objected.

"We could give him his choice between a knife and the *jula*. He is an Englishman, and would prefer to risk the *jula*."

"That is a good plan," said Hashim Beg. "For we need not shed his blood."

I had broken into a cold sweat. They rose, and Akhmad said:—

"Come, sahib, we will show you the way."

I stood up, trembling, and made a step to snatch at the rifle, but Akhmad was too smart for me. He reached out, and said politely:—

"The sahib is tired. I will be his *shikharri*, and carry his rifle."

I declared that I was not tired; but he insisted, and I did not dare show that I was suspicious. So, still seeming very friendly, they

closed round me, and we set out. I heard Hashim Beg say to his son:—

"Do not bring the rifle, lest we be seen with it. It must be buried until the search is over."

So Akhmad dropped behind and hid the rifle. But I saw this, and thought it time to make a stand. We had gone about five hundred yards when Akhmad rejoined us, and I said:—

"You've forgotten my rifle."

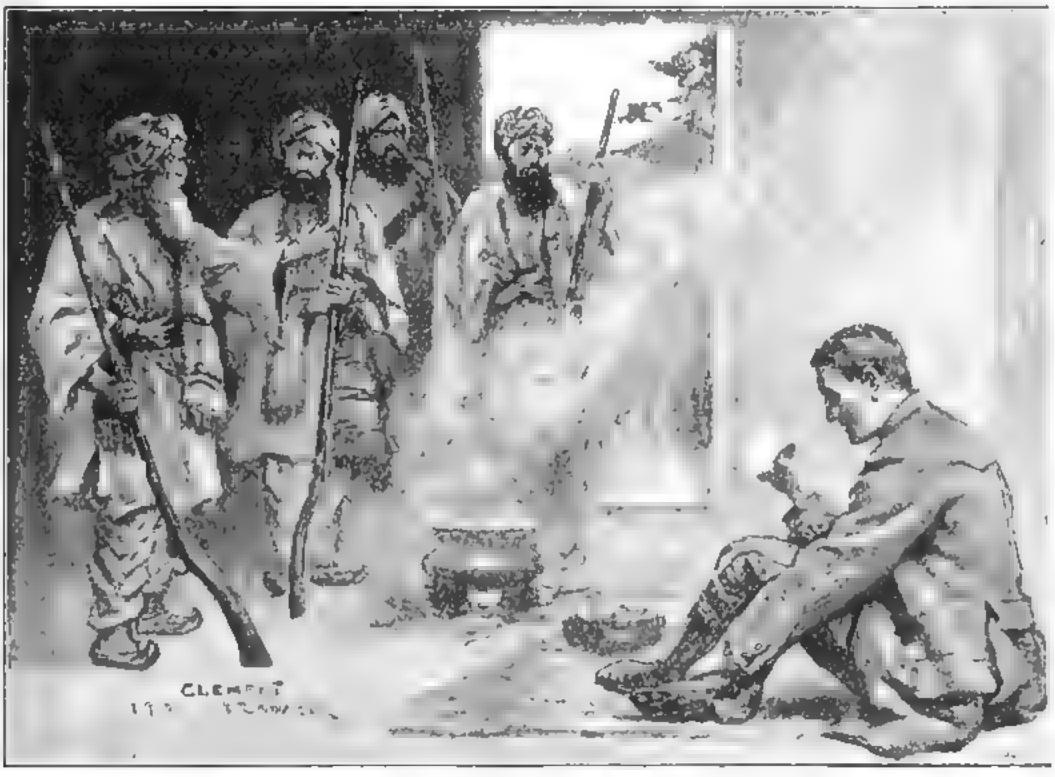
The scoundrel pretended to be quite astonished.

"Sahib, I am a fool. I have indeed forgotten it. But we have a long journey before us, and must not turn back. We shall send it to you to-morrow, and doubtless the sahib's honoured father will reward us."

But I wouldn't budge. So Akhmad and his vile old dad said they'd go back for it. The other three had matchlocks and knives, and explained that they carried arms because there were many thieves in the district. I thought they were not far wrong this time, but said nothing. I was thinking of risking it, and making a dash, when the two ruffians came back. And what, pray, do you think they'd brought instead of the rifle? A *pheran*, one of those long woollen gowns the Kashmiris wear!

Dropping all pretence, two of them held me, whilst they slipped this over me and fastened a woman's veil across my face, so that if anyone met us they wouldn't notice that anything was wrong. They'd just slip it off when they meant to make me cross the *jula*, so that it would look as if I'd been killed by accident. They were downy birds, these five. I think some of their ancestors must have had Black Mountain blood in them—not Kashmiri.

Akhmad placed his knife against the small of my back, and the others fingered their match locks, so I had to go on; and presently we came to the rope-bridge.



I MANAGED TO GO ON EATING AS IF I'D NO INTEREST IN THEIR TALK.

"Your road lies over there," said Akhmad.

"Lead the way," I said.

"We cannot cross; we are much heavier than you."

"Then I shan't go."

"Then we shall slay you. We give you the chance of crossing in safety."

Precious small chance it was; in fact, it

meant certain death. Still, they'd guessed right. I'd try it rather than be knifed; and if, by a miracle, I got across, they'd know about it later. There'd be a row in that village.

"Off with the *pheran*," said Hashim Beg, "and take his money."

And my heart sank again.

"*Khabardar! Khabardar!*" one of them whispered excitedly, meaning: "Look out! Be careful!"

They glanced up the road, and my heart gave a jump. For, by the faint moonlight, we could see two small men coming along with quick little steps. Akhmad and another ruffian made me sit down between them, and each gripped an arm, and Akhmad held his knife against my heart underneath the robe, whispering that he'd do for me if I spoke a word.

"They are Gurkhas of the Bodyguard," Hashim Beg whispered. "They are returning to their regiment after leave, and have not their rifles."

You may imagine what I felt like. The strangers could not pass without noticing us, but I and my two guards were in the shade, and they would not detect anything wrong unless I shouted. It was my last chance, but dare I do it with that knife against my breast! Besides, it was like clutching at a straw, for they were only two little fellows practically unarmed, and was it likely that they would be willing to tackle five big, strong ruffians, armed with matchlocks as well as knives? Also, the Gurkhas, being men who had enlisted in the Kashmir Imperial Service troops under British officers, were strangers and foreigners, and would have the whole countryside against them in case of a fight.

Well, they stopped to pass the time of day with old Hashim, and I had a good look at them. They looked jolly little fellows; it seemed hard to believe that these were the famous and terrible Gurkhas. Their faces were smooth and round, and they were larking and laughing no end as they came down the road; altogether, they looked like a couple of lads in knickers, except that they wore turbans with tassels instead of the round caps that our Gurkhas always wear. They carried no rifles, but wore the *kukri* on their right hip. This knife is the Gurkha national weapon which all our Gurkhas are allowed to carry, and they can do wonders with it.

At last the Johnnies—as Tommy Atkins calls the Gurkhas—said "Good-day," and began to move off. And then my blood ran cold! I felt Akhmad's knife quivering whilst the soldiers were there, and I knew that he was frightened of them, and I could see that the others were, and that gave me courage. I said to him. "They'll kill you if you hurt me," and then I risked the knife, and yelled, "*Help! Help! I'm an Englishman!*"

I wrenched my left hand free as I shouted, and clutched Akhmad's wrist. The brute was scared, and the knife only slit my jacket as I knocked it down. The Gurkhas had spun round like a shot, and I saw the shimmer of their drawn *kukris* as the moonlight caught the steel. They meant fight, and the little beggars looked as keen as terriers at a rat-hole. There wasn't a sign of fear on their honest, round mugs, though outnumbered five to two, and each of the five about as big as both Gurkhas.

I wrenched myself free from the cowards who held me, and, throwing off the *pheran*, placed myself beside the soldiers, as they ran towards us.

"They mean to murder me," I said, panting.

"What? Murder an Englishman — those *sheep*?" cried one. "Shall we kill them all, sahib?"

Akhmad gave a howl at this, and fled up the hill-side. A Gurkha dashed after him, and soon I heard an awful yell that made my blood run cold.

"It's all up with Akhmad," I said to myself.

But he hadn't killed him. He'd just knocked him down, and presently came back dragging him through the bushes and along the road. As soon as the one Gurkha had started off, however, old Hashim Beg, who had a bit more pluck than the others, yelled:—

"We are four to two! Shoot them—shoot them!" And he swung his gun round, and was just about to pull the trigger when the other Johnny ran at him and slashed at his head with his *kukri*. At the same time I flew at the nearest chap to me, and gave him a left-hander over the nose and another in the eye, wrenching his musket from him before he could recover. The other two just rolled on the ground, shrieking for mercy. I looked at Hashim Beg, expecting to see a sickening sight, but the little man had changed his stroke just in time, and had caught him on the temple with the horn handle of the *kukri*, instead of with the razor-like blade, and the old scoundrel lay stunned.

The Gurkha stood over him, threatening the others with his up-lifted weapon, but they'd had enough. They hadn't the pluck to use their fire-arms, for that *kukri* just filled them with terror. They couldn't have been more frightened if there'd been a whole regiment, so there they lay screaming, "*Marf karo, sahibs, marf karo!*" meaning, "Have mercy, have mercy!" I could hardly help laughing, for you couldn't imagine such abject cowards as those three big ruffians

howling in terror, and begging for mercy from that brave little man.

I collected all their weapons, and when the younger Gurkha, Rannu Thapa, thought he'd swept the ground enough with my friend Akhmad, he hurled him beside the others, and I spun my yarn.

"I speak English," said Judbir Thapa, with a bit of a swagger. He was a man of about thirty, Rannu being nearer twenty. "I've served my time in the 5th Gurkhas."

When I'd finished, they glared at the five Kashmiris until they started howling again. They were more than a bit frightened of those Johnnies.

"Make them all cross the broken *jula*," Rannu suggested, and both laughed gleefully at the idea, but I wouldn't allow this, and asked them if they could guide me to Zarkhan. They replied that they could not, but they would jolly soon make the Kashmiris guide us, so they ordered the five to get up and set off, and they didn't dare disobey.

"But where's your rifle, sahib?" Judbir Thapa asked.

"Oh, never mind that," I said. "I want to get back."

But the little beggars were aghast at the idea of leaving a breech-loader behind; it was as bad to them as artillery deserting their guns. So Rannu Thapa, taking one of the muskets, made Akhmad trot back to the village with him—and that was above a bit plucky, when you remember that he didn't know how many of Akhmad's interesting relatives mightn't be there; and what's more, he didn't care! He'd weighed up the family better than I had done. But I believe Rannu would have gone just the same even if they had been Yusufzais. The rest of us stayed by the *jula* until they returned with the rifle, and then we all set off.

We reached the dak bungalow about two o'clock, and found that my father and the captain were still searching the district with a large party. We locked the Kashmiris up, and sent messages to the search party. We then learnt that as soon as I had been missed they had turned back, but had been unable to find any trace of me, I had run away so quickly. They found the panther and secured the skin, however.

I FLEW AT THE NEAREST CHAP AND GAVE HIM A LEFT-HANDER OVER THE NOSE.

Next morning the prisoners were handed over to the authorities, and, giving the Gurkhas a good reward, my father sent them off, laughing and singing, and jolly as could be, in an *ekka* to Srinagar, with a letter of recommendation to their officer at Gilgit, who chanced to be a chum of his.

The five Kashmiris were sentenced to a good term of imprisonment.

Probably you want to know why Kashmiris are such awful cowards? Well, these five were uncommonly venturesome for Kashmiris. You see, they've had their spirit broken. Hundreds of years ago, Akbar, the Grand Mogul, ordered all Kashmiris to wear the *pheran* — a woman's garment — in order to destroy their manliness. They were Hindus, then, and were so persecuted that most of them turned Moslems. Then, as we foolishly gave Kashmir—one of the finest countries in the world—to a Dogra chief fifty years ago, instead of a money reward, and as the Dogras are Hindus, the poor beggars were persecuted still worse. So they've suffered both ways, and been ground down terribly until we began to interfere a few years ago. Now they've a better chance, with a few British officials looking after their interests.

I sent a couple of good sporting rifles to Rannu and Judbir Thapa, as they told me they were great hunters, and you bet I am going to try for a Gurkha Regiment, if only I can get into the Indian Staff Corps.

OUR WINTER GAME.

By D. McColl, Jun.

Glorious pastime that beguiles
Strife of strength and skill;
Game that stirs our sea-girt isles
To their furthest frill!

Welcome winter weather cold!
Welcome dullest days!
Let the bounding leather hold
All our sympathies.

Players fleet, and sure of eye,
Steady, firm, and cool;
Moving with swift strategy,
Of devices full.

Playing all as gentlemen—
Strong, but always fair;
Playing for an honest win—
Sportsmen, heel to hair!

Forwards passing man to man,
Sure as a machine;
Centre always in the van,
Dodging in between.

Outside dashing on the wing—
Dribbling straight and fast;
See him shoot with deadly sting.
Saved, the danger's past!

Try again with heart and soul;
Combination tells.
Hip hurrah! A leading goal!
Loud the cheering swells.

Myriad faces massed in rows—
Eager every eye!
Keener still the contest grows;
Plaudits burst and die.

Will they equalise at last?
Minutes drag like days.
Hark! The whistle's final blast,
Doubt at length allays.

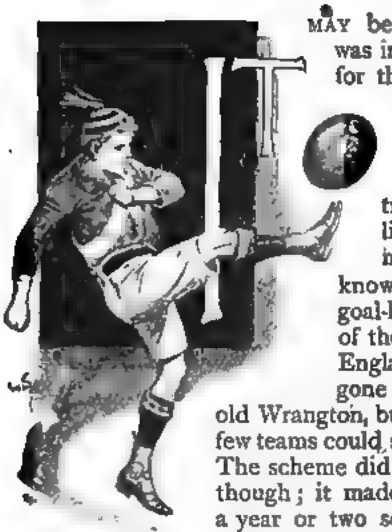
Blood runs faster as the fight
Stirs our British souls.
Playful strife the way may light
On to other goals.

Flourish still our winter game,
Still extend its sway!
Learn we union, effort, aim,
From the field of play.

A MATTER OF LUCK.

By D. Lechmere Anderson, *Author of "Lucius Sully," etc.*

Sketches by Rex Osborne.



MAY be that my star was in the ascendant, for the scheme conceived in order to render me a laughing stock turned out trumps for me, literally tossing me from an unknown junior into goal-keeper of one of the finest clubs in England. Times have gone hard with the old Wrangton, but ten years ago few teams could stand against it. The scheme did more than that, though; it made Nell my wife a year or two sooner than she otherwise would have been, for I was barely out of my apprenticeship, had little affection for my trade, and a liking that practically amounted to a passion for football. Time after time I resolved to break it off—each new season was to be my last—after it was ended I would settle down to work and make a home for Nell; but football was in my blood, and even love seemed powerless to drive it out. The day came when I had to choose between them.

No man followed the fortunes of the little village club to which I then belonged more closely than Nell's father, but he it was who bade me make my choice.

"I like you, Jack," he said, "and Nell loves you, but I can't give my lass to one who makes his play his work. If you wish to win her you must give up socker; that's so, and there's my hand upon it to show I mean my words."

"Needless to ask my choice," I replied, grasping his outstretched hand.

"You mean Nell?" he said, almost patnetically. "Oh! Jack, the game will never be the same to me. Where will the C—— find another man to keep goal like you?" and the sigh that followed his words came from his heart.

"It is your own fault," I answered, laughing, "but my place will soon be filled; Ridgeway has hankered after it for many a day."

"Ridgeway!" he exclaimed, disdainfully. "There's another place you occupy which Fred Ridgeway would like to win, and that's Nell's heart. 'Tis a pity, lad, you are not as rich as he; then you would not have to give up the game, but there's no use fretting, 'twon't make you richer; the only course for you is to keep your word as I keep mine, for, mark you, Jack, break it and I go over to Ridgeway's side. I won't have my lass throw herself away on a man who does not think her worth the working for."

That night I tendered my resignation to the club, and in some way my reason for it must have leaked out, for, save Ridgeway, none of the fellows bothered me to play. At last even he appeared to realise I meant to keep my word.

The fever of the game was on me, but I thought of Nell, and resolutely, each evening, turned my feet away from our practice ground. No one, except a drunkard striving to escape from the fiend that masters him, can understand the torture that I suffered.

I thought that I had conquered it, when a letter came to me that brought back the old desire with redoubled strength. The writing swam before my eyes as I read, for what it contained meant, not only the game to me, but Nell.

The letter was from the secretary of the Wrangtons. I remember each word of it:—

Dear Sneaton,—Having heard a great deal of your skill in goal, it is the desire of the Committee that your services should be at the disposal of the Wrangtons as understudy to Ford, our goal-keeper. If the proposal meets with your approval, I shall be pleased if you will meet me at Screwtown on Saturday week, where we play the "Cherubs." All necessary formalities can be arranged then; in the meantime keep yourself in practice, as you may be required to give an exhibition of your skill. Don't trouble to answer this, as I shall be away from home.

My breath came quick and short as I finished reading. My chance had come—come when it was all but too late; already my four weeks' rest must have made me stiff and rusty. Bitterly I regretted the days I had frittered away in work. Not to lose further time, I seized my clubs and commenced to practise.

"Understudy to Ford——" my clubs swung to the words.

"Understudy to Ford——" my muscles grew firm and pliant, the heavy clubs flew circling through the air. Tiring of them, I turned to the punch-ball suspended near a corner of the room. Straight from the shoulder my arm shot, as the ball rebounded I headed it away—back

wards, forwards, I drove it, hither, thither, my blood glowing savagely beneath the blows it dealt me, as now and then I missed my mark.

"Understudy to Ford——" I muttered, savagely, as twice in succession the ball proved master.

A laugh behind me caused me to hesitate, and, on the instant, the globe struck me full upon the cheek. Hot with anger I turned to see Ridgeway regarding me complacently.

"Glad to see you still keep yourself in practice," he said, with a covert smile upon his lips. "Some day I shall have to give you your place again."

It was upon my lips to tell him that the place I hoped to fill was between the Wrangtons' sticks, but I never liked him, and his presence at that moment irritated me. If I was to tell my good fortune to anyone it should not be to him. His coming had put a chill upon my ardour. For the first time the possibility of failure occurred to me. I grew sick at the very thought of it, and then and there I determined to say nothing of the offer, not even to Nell, until success had attended my application, or failure had sent me back to work again.

"What did you want with me?" I asked coldly, for I resented his having entered my room unbidden.

"The fact is, Smeaton, we have a cup-tie match on Saturday, and the boys thought, for the sake of old times, you might give us a hand. After what I have seen," and he glanced towards the punch-ball, "I won't take no for an answer. We begin practice to-morrow; even you will not be the worse for it."

His words, meant to be gracious, irritated me still more.

"You know why I gave up football," I said, hotly.

"I certainly have heard a rumour," he stammered, "but surely you do not mean to give in to a whim——"

"GLAD TO SEE YOU STILL KEEP YOURSELF IN PRACTICE," HE SAID, WITH A COVERT SMILE.

"You want me to play," I interrupted, "so that I may break my word. Do you think I am blind? The man who has coveted my place in the team these three past seasons would not be willing to give it up for love of me, but he might for hate. I know your secret. I know why you wish me to break my word."

His face grew pale.

"What do you know?" he asked, faintly.

"That were I to play you would be the first to tell the news—at Manor Farm," I added, for I was unwilling to bring Nell's name into our argument.

"You wrong me," he replied, with a tone of relief in his voice that I failed to understand, "as you will see when you put me to the test."

"That will be never."

"You will think differently to-morrow," he retorted as he turned to leave the room; "a man does not practise as you were doing if he has given up the game."

His words made my determination the stronger. Had it not been for them I might have gone to

Nell's father and sought release from the promise I had given. That he would have granted it willingly I had little doubt, but the desire to say nothing prevailed, and, rightly or wrongly, I made up my mind to abstain from all play until the fateful day.

Screwtown, where the match between the Wrangtons and the Cherubs was to be played, is only ten miles from where I lived, and every footballer in the little village talked of the great event.

The match was only a friendly one, but in the League matches between the teams both issues had been drawn, and feeling, in consequence, ran high as to which would prove the victor in the coming struggle. Needless to say, my sympathies were all with Wrangton.

When at last the day came, three-fourths of the inhabitants of the village seemed to have journeyed to Screwtown. Nell and her father accompanied me. My heart throbbed high with pride as we entered the spacious park and saw the vast concourse of spectators. The field was perfect, level as a billiard table—but until my errand was accomplished I could think of nothing else. Making a rambling excuse I left Nell under her father's care, and set off towards the great pavilion.

Occupied as my mind was with my own thoughts, I could not help noticing that something was wrong. Groups of men wearing the Wrangton colours stood talking in excited whispers.

Wondering what was amiss I entered the pavilion and asked for the secretary.

His face was clouded as I approached, the letter in my hand.

"What is it?" he asked curtly.

"You asked me to meet you here," I stammered; "my name is Smeaton of the C——."

"Smeaton of the C——" he repeated after me; "I must apologise, but I don't think I ever heard your name before."

"Then you did not write this?" I gasped, and I thrust the letter into his hand.

He glanced at it carelessly, then his face flushed with anger.

"Certainly it is on the club paper, but it is a forgery; someone has been making a fool of you."

I felt my lips tremble, but, pulling myself together, I answered, firmly, "I am sorry to have troubled you."

"Stay!" he cried, as I was about to leave the room, and coming towards me he placed his hand upon my arm.

"Hard as nails," he said, his colour rising; then, almost anxiously, "Any speed?"

"A hundred in ten and a quarter seconds."

"You mean it, and you can play?" he cried excitedly.

"Try me," I answered, my voice sounding strange in my own ears.

"Stay here," he said, and without a word of explanation he left the room, to return a minute later with one I recognised as Tatwell, captain of the Wrangtons.

They were talking earnestly as they entered, but seeing me their voices fell away.

In silence Tatwell examined me. Suddenly his face lightened. "So far as training goes the man is perfect," he cried.

"You think he'll do?" asked the secretary.

"Training is not everything. Can you play, lad?" and before I knew what he was about to do he threw a ball at me. Involuntarily my hand shot out and drove it hard against the opposite wall. It rebounded to his feet. With a cry to watch my goal, he shot it hard to my left, but I was ready, and catching it in my hands was about to punt it with all my force. My right foot was drawn back.

"Stop!" he cried, laughing; "you'll bring the house about our ears."

My spirits bounded, for his tone told me he was pleased with my performance. Still he was not satisfied, for, taking the ball with him, he retired to the further wall of the long room, and throwing it on the floor, ran dribbling it before him.

I kept my eye on his and tried to read his purpose, yet he took me unawares, for, instead of shooting with his right, he sent the leather flying with his left. I nearly lost it, but managed to touch it with my fingers and just stop it in its course. For a second it lay within ten inches of the wall. With a bound he leapt towards it, but I was before him, and, stooping down, I succeeded in hurling it past his side, then, driven by his weight, I crashed against the wall. He caught me by the arm and saved me from falling.

"You'll do," he cried.

I could not trust myself to speak.

"I was sure of it," cried the secretary, with a sigh that bespoke intense relief.

"It is fortunate it is only a friendly," continued Tatwell, "but although it is, he had better sign on at once. It may prevent disagreement; you can arrange terms afterwards."

I listened in amazement; my limbs shook under me.

"You do not mean that I am to play to-day! Before them all?" I asked, pointing to the open window, from whence the murmur of thousands sounded like thunder in my ears.

"Certainly. Don't you know why?"

My face showed that I was ignorant.

"Ford has broken his leg. Got out of the train before it stopped, and slipped between footboard and platform. Poor Ford, I doubt if he will play again," and a shadow passed across his face, "but hurry—it is time that you were dressed."

I was in a dream. Of how I got into my togs, or how I was introduced to the boys who were to become my lifelong friends, I remember nothing, nothing at all until I found myself leaning sick and dizzy against one of the sticks.

One of the backs kicked the ball towards me; I hardly knew which way it came. Stiffly and uncertainly I tried to stop it. It curled past my nerveless fingers and rolled into the net.

"I shall disgrace you all," I cried. "It is impossible for me to play."

"Nonsense," said the back, encouragingly. "Think of it as a game at home."

"If only I could," I answered, with deep dejection, when my glance happened to fall upon one of the spectators. Even at the distance I recognised him as Nell's father. He had risen to his feet and was staring in my direction, then with excited gestures he pointed me out to Nell. I laughed aloud at the thought of his astonishment; then my gaze fell on my sweetheart, and at the thought of her all trace of nervousness left me.

I waved my hand towards them. The flutter of her handkerchief showed that she had seen and recognised me.

"Someone you know?" asked the back.

"My sweetheart," I answered, proudly.

"I'd be ashamed not to play well if my girl was watching," he cried, as he hurried to his place, for the whistle had sounded and the ball was off.

THEN, DRIVEN BY HIS WEIGHT, I CRASHED AGAINST THE WALL.

Fortunately for me the Cherubs did not give me time to think; from the first minute of the game up to the close, the ball was constantly within the Wrangton ground. Again and again I had to defend my goal. Whether the shots were difficult I cannot say, but the Cherubs won the English Cup that year. Again and again I managed to clear my goal. Nell tells me how the spectators cheered and cheered again, but to my ears we played in silence.

Although I believed Ridgeway had written the fateful letter, I was too elated to harbour malice against the man who had been the means of bringing success to me. A month or two later my suspicions were confirmed. Coming across an old acquaintance in Wrangton he hailed me with the words, "By the way, Smeaton, I hope there was nothing underhand about a letter Ridgeway sent here for me to post to you not long ago?"

"Nothing," I answered, drily; "it merely offered me my post."

"I don't understand," he answered.

"No? The next time you see Ridgeway tell him what I said; perhaps he will give you the clue."

Of course, Ridgeway had hoped the temptation to practise would make me break my word, and that, unable to keep the secret, I would brag about the offer I had received, and so make myself a laughing stock in Nell's eyes.

Probably he believed the letter had gone astray, and what his feelings must have been when he saw me between the sticks I leave my readers to imagine

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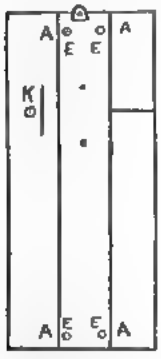
HOW TO MAKE A CHEAP CLOCK.

AN INGENIOUS and inexpensive timekeeper may be made by any boy for a few pence and a little labour. Buy a sheet of millboard — the thicker the better — size 27ins. by 22ins. Cut off a strip 10ins. by 27ins., and shape it as in Fig. 1, the top part to be 10ins. square, and the lower 17ins. by 4ins. Next, mark off the remainder of the millboard into three equal parts of 4ins. each, as shown in Fig. 2, then, with a straight edge and a sharp knife, cut half through the lines AA. This will form the two sides and back of the case. The funnel (B) should be made of tin, with a square top to fit over the millboard, and have a very small aperture at the point; any tinman will make this for 3d. or 4d. The spindle (C) must be 3¼ins. long, 3½ins. deep in front, diminishing to 2ins. at back, have a screw-shaped groove from end to end, and work on a small axle, projecting 1in. in front for the hand to be connected to, and ½in. at rear. If the young horologist has not a lathe at his disposal, the spindle can be obtained from a turner for a few pence. The weight may be made of an empty stone ink-bottle, from the neck of which the cord passes over the bar (C), round the grooves of the spindle, and out of the hole (K). A small weight, such as a bullet, must be fastened to the other end. A piece of canvas should be glued round the edges of the case, and the whole painted with a good coating of Brunswick black, over which any design may be made either with gold lines, coloured pictures, etc.

Fig I



II

The dial should be of white paper, 7ins. in diameter, and the hands cut out of the spare millboard and then gilded. Four small reels (E), such as are used for silk, should be glued on the back, to keep the case from the wall, and a ring fastened to the top to hang it by.

It is now ready for the motive power, which is obtained by the falling of sand, as in the hour-glass. The sand must be first well washed, dried, and sifted, to remove all stones, then poured through the case-top to within 2ins. of the cross-bar (C), the weight resting on the surface. As the sand runs through the funnel point the weight will descend with it at the rate of 1in. per hour.*

A gallon of sand will be more than sufficient to fill the case, and as it falls it should be caught in a vase placed beneath for that purpose. In winding up the clock the inside weight must be raised to the cross-bar by pulling down the bullet end of the cord, and the sand poured through a paper funnel into the top of the case, care being taken to set the hand to the right hour. A clock of the dimensions here given will work for about twelve hours, but by lengthening the sand-box, the working hours will be increased in proportion. It will save time and trouble to have a double supply of sand and two vases, and use them alternately.

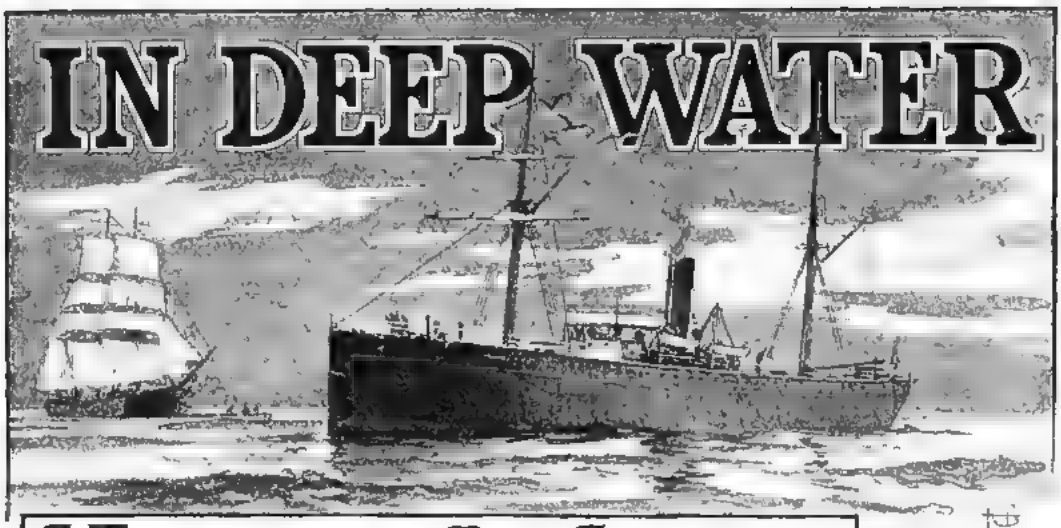
JAMES HARRISON.

III

IV

* NOTE. The flow of sand will be perfectly equable from the time the case is filled until it is nearly empty, which is explained by the fact that the sand lies in a succession of conical heaps, only the *first* of which presses on the bottom, the others throwing their weight on the sides of the case.

IN DEEP WATER



A Tale of the Mid-Atlantic.

By Stacey Blake and W. E. Hodgson.

CHAPTER I

BREAKFAST, SHIPS, AND A SECOND MATE.

"HAM done to a turn, eggs boiled to a second, the morning paper creased down at the shipping news, and myself to look upon when you lift your eyes! What more could any man want?"

John Channing raised his grey old eyes from the column he was scanning; and as he met his niece's laughing glance it occurred to him that he was the happiest old man alive.

"My dear, you are very good to me," he said, simply, as he surveyed her laughing blue eyes—which, indeed, were all one could see at first, for they compelled the gaze, so that her oval face, firm yet delicate mouth, arched eye-brows, and wealth of wavy, rebellious hair were not observed till afterwards. When the magic of her eyes was removed from the beholder, it became possible to observe, for the rest, that Edith Hopewell was a beautiful girl.

"Well then, uncle, be nice to me," she answered, pouring out a cup of tea for herself from a small china teapot, which was her special property at breakfast, "and just read out the shipping to me instead of grumpily absorbing it in silence like that."

"There's nothing of interest this morning, dear," he said, "except that there is no news of the *Mary's* arrival at Rio. She is a week over-due. We shall have to pay extra rates on her after mid-day to-day."

"Last week's storm," said Edith, speaking with the authority that is born of knowledge, "would sufficiently account for her losing three days; then she must have met bad weather out of the Channel. She is not a flyer."

"No! I'm not afraid of her, though. She is as sound an old tank as we have. She was launched the week your dear mother died. That's why I changed her name and, instead of the *Petrel*, which she was to have been named, I christened her the *Mary*, after your mother. That was eighteen years ago, my dear."

"Which is quite old, as ships go now."

"Yes, but the *Mary* was *built*. Bless me, they hammer 'em together on the Tyne by the mile now, and cut 'em off in lengths as they want 'em! Yes, sir—the *Mary* is stuff, good stuff. She was *built*, sir."

It was often his way to address her as "sir" when they talked business. It was one of his curious habits. He had talked business with men for half a century, and in his old-fashioned way he called every man "sir."

No woman had come into this old man's life before. He would have been lonely but for Edith Hopewell.

"Yes, sir, the *Mary* was *built*," he murmured again.

His thoughts ran back for a moment to bygone days, when freights were good and the name of Grimm, Channing & Grimm stood in the shipping market as the very synonym of all that was safe and reliable. Things had altered now somewhat, perhaps more than he was aware. The repute of Grimm, Channing & Grimm was no longer what it was, and the vessels that were of yore sought out eagerly by the foremost shippers were now relegated to the second and third-rate carrying trade.

In the eyes of seamen, too, it used to be considered a stroke of good luck to be shipped on board one of the firm's vessels, for none were so well founded, none so honestly provisioned; but that was in the time of old Thomas Grimm, when he and John Channing founded the firm that was called Grimm & Channing, but which became Grimm, Channing & Grimm when the former's son came into it.

The old man died, and John Channing became senior partner, but the firm still retained its old name, if not its old reputation.

As Mr. Channing advanced in years, the management of the business fell more upon the shoulders of Martin Grimm, till practically from the offices in Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, E.C., he came to direct the whole fleet of steamers that bore "G. C. & G." on their funnels, while Mr. Channing maintained but a passive interest in the firm's operations from his home at Hampstead.

"Why, isn't the *Creole* due to sail to-night?" Edith said, as if the thought had just struck her. "And the second officer—have you found anyone for that berth?"

There was just a little eagerness in her tone, but when the old man looked up she was gravely tapping the top of an egg with a spoon. She had begun to pick off the bits of shell before her uncle replied.

"Yes, I have a little surprise for you," he answered, watching her. "Who do you think is going as second mate of the *Creole*?"

"I cannot tell. I have had two days' holiday," she answered, carefully picking off a morsel of egg-shell from the cloth. "How could I know what indiscretion you may have been guilty of in my absence? Let me see! It is Burkes. No, you will want him for the *Sultan*. Perhaps young Thompson—he might be good enough; or the young man who came here last week with the sealing-wax still hot on his papers."

"All wrong. It is Grant Heath. Isn't that a surprise for you?"

"Uncle! you darling!"

Then she stopped short and frowned. "Yes, she said, with a judicial poising of her tea-spoon, and a critical frown creasing her forehead, "I should think Mr. Heath is a good man, though he has not been in steam before. Has he gone yet?"

"He went last night."

It was in her mind to wonder why Grant Heath had not come to say "Good-bye" to her. She experienced a momentary thrill of disappointment, then felt ashamed of having betrayed any interest in him. She remained silent.

And the old man opposite, so wise in other things, so simple in all that pertained to a woman, read nothing of the meaning of her tightened lips nor of her silence. How shall an old man read the heart of a woman?

Few women can read their own hearts, quite. Edith Hopewell was conscious of a vague little feeling of annoyance; there was a little chill of an indefinite sadness in the thought that Grant Heath had gone away without a word. That was all.

"Yes, I am glad to be able to give him a chance," continued Mr. Channing, after a pause. "When I sent him up to Grimm with my letter I told him that he must thank you for the berth."

"You didn't tell him so!" she exclaimed.

"Why, yes. I am not sure that I should have taken him, considering that he had only been behind canvas before, but for your emphatic belief in him."

"I don't know that I had any particular belief in him," she answered, crisply. "His sister asked me to put a word in for him."

"Really! That's how you impose on your poor uncle!"

"*Impose?* Uncle, how dare you! You have not a better seaman among all your skippers than Mr. Heath."

"I know it, dear," answered the old man, with a gesture of repentance. "Just pass me one of Mrs. Simmons's cakes."

"They are not Mrs. Simmons's at all. I made them myself, but you don't deserve one."

"Made them yourself?" he repeated, with ponderous surprise. "Is my little girl learning to cook?"

"Yes, and I am going to unlearn all I know about your horrid ships," she returned, petulantly.

Martin Grimm had once facetiously said that she knew more about ships, Board of Trade laws, freightages and harbour dues, than any two clerks in his office, and this remark, placed amid the drawing-room generalities and the usual insults to the feminine comprehension called compliments, that the junior partner largely affected, made her, with strange perversity, hate her familiarity with things maritime, in the acquisi-

tion of which all other feminine accomplishments had suffered, and she had secretly resolved to take a serious course in the respective arts of cooking and needlework, not to mention sundry other domestic accomplishments.

"No, no, dear—you mustn't do that," he said, looking at her affectionately. "What should I do without you? Don't I write with your hands? Don't I see with your eyes? I am getting very old."

After breakfast they went to the room that was called the study, where letters were written, skippers interviewed, and other business matters conducted. Over his after-breakfast pipe he dictated several letters, which Edith took down and wrote out at length. Among them was one addressed to Martin Grimm.

"This is rather important," he said, weighing it in his hand. "It ought to be in Grimm's hands before mid-day. I can't depend on the post."

"Suppose I run up to the City with it, uncle?"

"Yes, dear, if you would."

So, presently, Edith Hopewell was on her way to the offices of Grimm, Channing & Grimm, in Great St. Helens, E.C., little knowing what was to follow, or what she was about to learn; never dreaming that she was on the threshold of an event so terrible that her womanhood and courage would be tried to the last ounce.

When she arrived at the office, she learned from the pale-faced clerk, who had grovelled so long before his employer that his servility forbade his ever glancing up honestly while he spoke, that Mr. Martin Grimm had gone to lunch, but would be back shortly. Pending the junior partner's arrival, she was shown into an ante-room which led from Martin Grimm's private office.

Presently, upon the entrance of another clerk, the white-faced servile creature left, neglecting, in his hurry to get away, to tell the new arrival of Miss Hopewell's presence in the ante-room.

CHAPTER II.

THE TEMPTER.

"WELL, now, Hudson, we can talk here."

Martin Grimm sat down in his office chair and swung round to his desk to pick up a pen. It was a little trick he had, to play with a pen while he talked. Not a few skippers were familiar with the habit. He usually gave his orders with a tap of his pen, whose movements varied according to the nature of the orders. When matters pleased him, he tapped daintily. When he took to stabbing his blotting-pad as he talked, the wise ship-master who knew Mr. Martin Grimm usually looked out for squalls. In person, the junior partner was small and not too broad, with a narrow face and clean, straight features. He had dark eyes, set, perhaps, a little too closely together to be quite honest, and they had a way of shrinking behind their eyelids which sometimes gave him a sleepy look—or, perhaps, there was something of cunning in their half-veiled glances.

"Yes!" answered his companion, in a husky voice that was of the sea, "I reckon we can talk here as well as anywhere else."

There was not quite as much respect in his voice and gesture, when he dropped into a chair and let his cap fall to the floor, as is common between ship-master and owner.

Death and danger are said to level men, but villainy does as well.

Captain Hudson of the *Creole* was a lank, bony-framed man with a power of black, stubbly whisker sticking fiercely and rigidly from under his chin, and a skin like tanned leather from exposure to wind and sunshine and dirt in every part of the world. He was dressed in very creased shore-going clothes that had the brand "ready-made" writ large upon them, and before speaking again, to show that he was perfectly at ease in his owner's office, he took out a gaudy silk handkerchief, breathed into its colour the fragrance of his oft-moistened lips, and then cast it dexterously down on the top of his cap.

"You wanted to say a few words to me, Mister Grimm," he said, watching the other beat a tattoo with his pen on the desk.

"I was wondering what you thought of the *Creole* as a ship," answered Grimm, thoughtfully.

Hudson looked up, but did not meet the other's eyes. "Depends on the point o' view. She's sound enough in a way, but she's got a few rusty spots, and the engines—well, they're holy terrors. She ain't a liner, ain't the *Creole*."

"What do you mean by 'the point of view'?"

Hudson paused a moment, and looked down at his silk handkerchief for inspiration.

"F'rinstance, the underwriter, who, looking at the *Creole* on paper had insured her for a big sum, wouldn't, in my hopinion, 'ave got such a soft thing on as, say, the howner of the vessel."

"The *Creole* and her cargo are insured fully at ordinary rates for this voyage."

"Oh!" murmured Hudson. Then he paused and blinked at the silk handkerchief, and, as an afterthought, added: "In case I was asked, I should say as you wouldn't get them terms again."

The pen beat a stealthy tattoo on the desk.

"Of course, I don't want to lose the *Creole*," said Grimm, softly.

He tapped his pen delicately, with insidious

softness. He lifted his eyes, and saw the ship-master furtively watching him. They looked into each other's eyes, and they saw that they each looked into the eyes of a rogue.

"And to you."

Hudson expressed no surprise. It may have been that he half guessed what was coming, or that the idea was familiar to him. He took out

"YET SHE'D BE WORTH MORE TO YOU AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC THAN IF SHE SAILED HOME ALL SNUG," SAID HUDSON

"Yet she'd be worth more to you at the bottom of the Atlantic than if she sailed home all snug," said Hudson, not removing his eyes from the other's gaze.

one of those little laced pouches of red and black leather, which are got up the Gulf of Finland, and, taking from it an ample portion of tobacco, thrust the plug into his mouth ere attempting to

Google

reply. Martin Grimm, in the interval, lighted a cigarette, and waited while the succulent tobacco stimulated the ship-master into speech.

"No," said Hudson, "I don't think I'm on for the job. Scuttling a ship ain't no prize-packet. The risks is great to begin with. It's easy enough getting rid of a ship, but it ain't so easy gettin' out on her safely. Some of the crew is sure to be lost men, and I might be one on 'em. Again, if 'arf a whisper of the business leaked out, it's good-bye ter my ticket, ter say the least of it."

"Scuttle the ship? Captain Hudson, you mistake my meaning altogether. I should hesitate before I thought of imperilling the lives of your crew and yourself. What I intended to convey was that in case the *Creole* did not come back it would not only be profit to me, but of considerable advantage to you."

"Which seems ter me ter amount ter the same thing."

"No, no; there are subtle differences," answered Grimm, puffing out his cigarette smoke in a thin stream, and tapping briskly with his pen-holder. "Of course, in case you think there is no chance of the *Creole* striking a rock or meeting with any misfortune, then, I suppose, instead of being worth £2,000 and independent of the sea for the rest of your life, you will continue to command some rotten tramp till you die."

"Is that the price you are willin' to pay?" asked Hudson, under his breath.

"That is what it would be worth to you."

"You would put that on paper?"

The pen beat cautiously; the cigarette smoke came in rings.

"I hardly think that is necessary between men of—between men knowing each other."

"Then I don't see wot 'old I should 'ave on you. No, it's no bargain, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"It's money down."

"I will pay you half down." There was a momentary look of black cunning in Martin Grimm's veiled eyes as he spoke.

"You will? And the other half?" gasped Hudson, with a gleam in his eyes.

"When the job is completed."

Hudson nodded his head in approbation. "Them terms'll do. What about the old man—Mr. Channing, I mean? Is he in this?"

"Well, what do you think?" said Grimm, with a contemptuous little laugh.

Since he had come into the principal management he had severely altered a few of the old-fashioned methods prevailing in the firm, and he quickly made it clear in the offices of Grimm, Channing & Grimm that an ill-provisioned under-manned ship brought greater profit than one in which an ample crew and sound food ran away with the expense.

"Mr. Channing" he continued, "is somewhat old-fashioned in matters of business."

"Yes; I've 'eard say that in 'is time," returned Hudson, with a little chuckle which seemed to indicate that he was about to venture on some humorous effort, "the f'reastle 'ands used ter be fed like ladies: plum-duff twice a week, an' soft bread when they was in port."

"They don't get it now," said Grimm, viciously stabbing the blotter with his pen point. "But there is another matter to consider. Do you know your new second officer?"

"I've heard that 'e ain't been in steam before—that's all. Name's Heath, isn't it?"

"That's it. Grant Heath. He's a friend of Mr. Channing's."

"The dooce 'e is! A kid-gloved swab, I'll be bound."

Martin Grimm showed his teeth a moment. "With as many airs and snuffling virtues as a sky-pilot."

"Is that so?" snorted Hudson, sticking out his hairy chin aggressively. "A friend o' the old guv'nor's, eh? 'E's no friend of yours, I 'opes," he added, with a leer.

The look that flitted across Martin Grimm's face was sufficient indication of what nature the reply would have been had he completely voiced it.

"No," he said, with curious emphasis. "Grant Heath is no friend of mine, and he is going to be a thorn in your side. You can bet your last half-penny that if he gets wind of the business, even the slightest suspicion, he will do his best to mess up the whole affair."

"Friend o' the howner's, eh?" murmured Hudson, as if the idea stuck in his mouth with a nasty taste. "If any mealy-mouthed, kid-gloved son of a blue-eyed preacher comes doing the gentleman on my ship—my stars, sir, I'll give him a dog's life!"

Mr. Grimm nodded sympathetically. "What should you do if he found out?"

"But 'e won't find out."

"No, no, of course." He was again tapping his pen with a curiously stealthy movement. "But accidents do happen at sea, don't they?"

Hudson was watching him with strange intentness, as if the other's craft took him all his time to fathom.

"And" continued Grimm, "accidents sometimes make ship-masters rich."

"Look 'ere, sir—wot are yer gettin' at?" asked Hudson, hoarsely, only half guessing his employer's idea.

"I mean," said Grimm, snapping his teeth so that some of his words ended in a little hiss, "that Grant Heath must be got rid of."

The ship-master stooped and picked up his silk handkerchief. "I'll risk pilin' up the old *Creole*," he said, in a husky whisper, "but I draws the line at mur——"

"Hush, you fool! I spoke of accidents. Sometimes men are blown overboard on dark nights, Mr. Hudson, and sometimes—particularly if the crew happens to be a mixed one—a few dagoes among them, for instance—when the men get drunk, as they will sometimes in spite of all discipline, officers who remonstrate with them are not looked upon favourably. A mate was stabbed to death, Mr. Hudson, a day out of Lisbon, not long ago, because he got into the forecastle with a drunken crew and tried to enforce obedience. The crew aboard the *Creole* is——?"

"Mixed—very mixed—dock-sweepings most of 'em."

"I think we understand each other, captain. You would like that two thousand made into three?"

"Is that what it means?" gasped the man; "another thousand if he don't come back?"

And hesitated. Sam Hudson was a bad man, and his record had been black enough. But no man is as bad as his worst crime, even as no man's virtue rises to the level of his best act. He had not stopped at deeds of violence before, but there was something different in this. It was one thing to take money for scuttling a ship, it was another to——

"No, I'll not promise the other," he said, hoarsely; "I'll give no promise."

Martin Grimm was making out a cheque to "Bearer," upon a West London bank. He wrote all but his own signature in a round, clerkly hand. His signature he wrote with another pen and different ink, adopting his usual hand.

"There is your money," he said, pushing over the slip of paper. "I have paid you half. The other part you can claim when the job is complete."

"You've made it out f'r fifteen hundred," faltered Hudson, glaring at the cheque.

"Yes. Aren't you going to earn the third thousand?"

Hudson gripped the paper awhile; he sat rigidly in his chair. There is some little possibility of good in every man. That little possibility in Sam Hudson had tried hard to push itself to the surface a moment ago, before he saw those figures. Once he made a move to hand the cheque back, but greed held his fingers tight.

"This ain't like the usual cheques, Mr. Grimm," he said, as his fingers were clumsily folding it.

"No; it's on my private account," answered Martin Grimm, softly.

Hudson put the cheque in his pocket.

"There's no more instructions?" he asked, in his husky voice.

"No more," replied the other, rising.

They went out by a way that did not lead through the clerks' office.

"You've cut the time rather short," said Grimm, looking at his watch. "You've just fifty minutes to catch the 2.40 from Euston."

"I shan't have too much time in Cardiff, either. I land twenty minutes before the dock gates open."

And then he went.

Martin Grimm saw him disappear round the corner. Then he smiled.

"So you want your money beforehand, do you, my lad? Good! Mine is the first trick."

He walked to the nearest telegraph office and wired the following to his bank:—

"*Have lost signed open cheque. Pay nothing from my account till advised.*

"*Martin Grimm.*"

And Hudson, before catching the train, knowing that he would have no opportunity of cashing the cheque himself, slipped it into an envelope and posted it to his wife, who lived in a gloomy little house in Greenwich, bidding her get the money and make herself comfortable with it, for here was this bad man's one virtue, his love and unbounded respect for the faded woman who bore his name. He did not know that the slip of paper was valueless as the spoken promises of the man who had written those opulent figures upon it.

———

CHAPTER III.

CHECK!

THERE are very few varieties of that ancient remark as to there being a multitude of mischances between the drinking vessel and the drinker, which is a pity; for, not only in the imaginary scenes which mimic or distort life—according to the skill of the dramatist—are the slips between cup and lip made to produce dramatic moments, but when Fate and Chance set the stage and scenes, and the play is real life, the same circumstances are made to work effect. For the slip between cup and lip is one of life's favourite situations. It is growing a little hackneyed now, but it is always dramatic, for the time-worn actors pass off the stage and the new ones come, and each gives his fresher personality to the old situation.

At the very moment of Martin Grimm's triumph, when the first trick of the game was almost in his

hands, an unseen player was waiting to play a trump card.

It was the veriest chance that brought Edith Hopewell to the office that morning. She came sometimes, but seldom alone. The gallantries of Martin Grimm were too pronounced to be anything but avoided by her.

From the ante-room where the dutiful clerk had placed her, she had unwittingly heard every word that passed between Grimm and Hudson.

Upon becoming aware of Grimm's presence, it had been her first impulse to go out and hand him the letter she had brought; then there was another voice—the voice of the man whom she heard Grimm address as "Hudson." She knew the skipper of the *Creole* was called Hudson. From their tone it would seem that urgent business was under discussion, so rather than interrupt—for full well she knew the importance of every minute to a ship-master about to sail—she sat down and waited till, as she judged, Hudson had received his final sailing orders. In no sense could her overhearing any business discussion of the firm be considered eavesdropping, since she was for the most part, as her uncle's secretary, perfectly familiar with the affairs of Grimm, Channing & Grimm.

But this business was of a different character. She had listened with little or no interest to the opening remarks, nor did the insidious suggestions of Grimm when he was trying to probe the extent of the other's scoundrelism fall upon her ears with any sinister import. It was only bit by bit, as the voices reached her, that she realised the nature of the plot. Even then, though her ears heard the uttered words, her mind refused at first to believe. Yet, as she listened, almost breathless with horror, the fearsome truth was forced upon her whether she would or no.

She was constrained to rush out and confront the villains; then she was persuaded that cunning must be met by cunning, so she held back and listened again with growing horror and fear. As she heard the whole dark compact, she was almost too stunned to think or act. She sat limp, nerveless, incapable of coherent thought.

They were plotting to sink the *Creole*, and, if she understood aright, to get rid of Grant Heath.

Then suddenly she shook off the paralysis that had seized her, and, with no definite purpose in her mind, she opened the unlatched door and stepped into the outer office. It was empty. They had gone.

She waited a moment, turning over in her brain what her immediate action must be. Should she stay now and face Grimm? or would it not be better to go and seek her uncle's advice? She determined on the latter immediately. She flung down on the desk the letter she had brought for Martin Grimm, and then passed out into the street. Whatever she did would have to be done before the sailing of the *Creole*. There were but few hours left. So at the moment Captain Hudson was making his way, on a metropolitan 'bus, in the direction of Euston, and Martin Grimm was pencilling a wire to his bank, Edith Hopewell was hastening in a hansom cab with all speed towards Hampstead.

The heavy responsibility of the knowledge she held, the awful possibilities of disaster and death that one little failure on her part might entail, the dread that while John Channing's honour (for it was the honour of Grimm, Channing & Grimm that had been bartered away) was imperilled, and the very life of Grant Heath in utmost danger, she alone could move to save, weighed upon her like a ghastly terrorism.

It was as if she had lived years since morning. It seemed that the great change which had suddenly come upon her by reason of the dreadful thing she had learned, could only have happened by lapse of great time.

At the end of an apparently interminable period, she reached Hampstead. She ran into the house, feeling strong and more hopeful. In the hall she was met by the housekeeper, Mrs. Simmons, who, in low tones, with grave face, was talking to a grey-haired gentleman, who, as he conversed, brushed his hat with great precision. The housekeeper looked up as Edith entered.

"This is Miss Hopewell, Mr. Channing's niece," she said, and then she stepped back as if she would leave the other to speak.

"I am Dr. Snell," he said, mournfully regarding her, still smoothing his hat assiduously, as though his profession demanded such exceeding shininess in his head-wear. "I am sorry to say that your uncle has been taken seriously ill—a stroke, in point of fact, with a touch of brain fever." He paused, then said, as an after-thought: "But we must hope for the best."

Edith stood like a statue. Her tongue was changed to dry wood. Her lips, slightly parted, were colourless.

"Yes, he was taken very suddenly this morning after you went," murmured Mrs. Simmons. "He is unconscious now."

"Take me to him," said Edith, in a voice that she scarcely knew for her own, yet with no tears, no other signs of emotion.

The old housekeeper raised her eyes to the doctor for orders or advice, but that individual was busy on his hat, sadly smoothing it, as if the quantity and quality of his patients depended upon its brightness; so she mounted the stairs, and Edith followed.

"Yes, sir, the 'Creole' is a good ship, well-manned, with a trustworthy skipper."

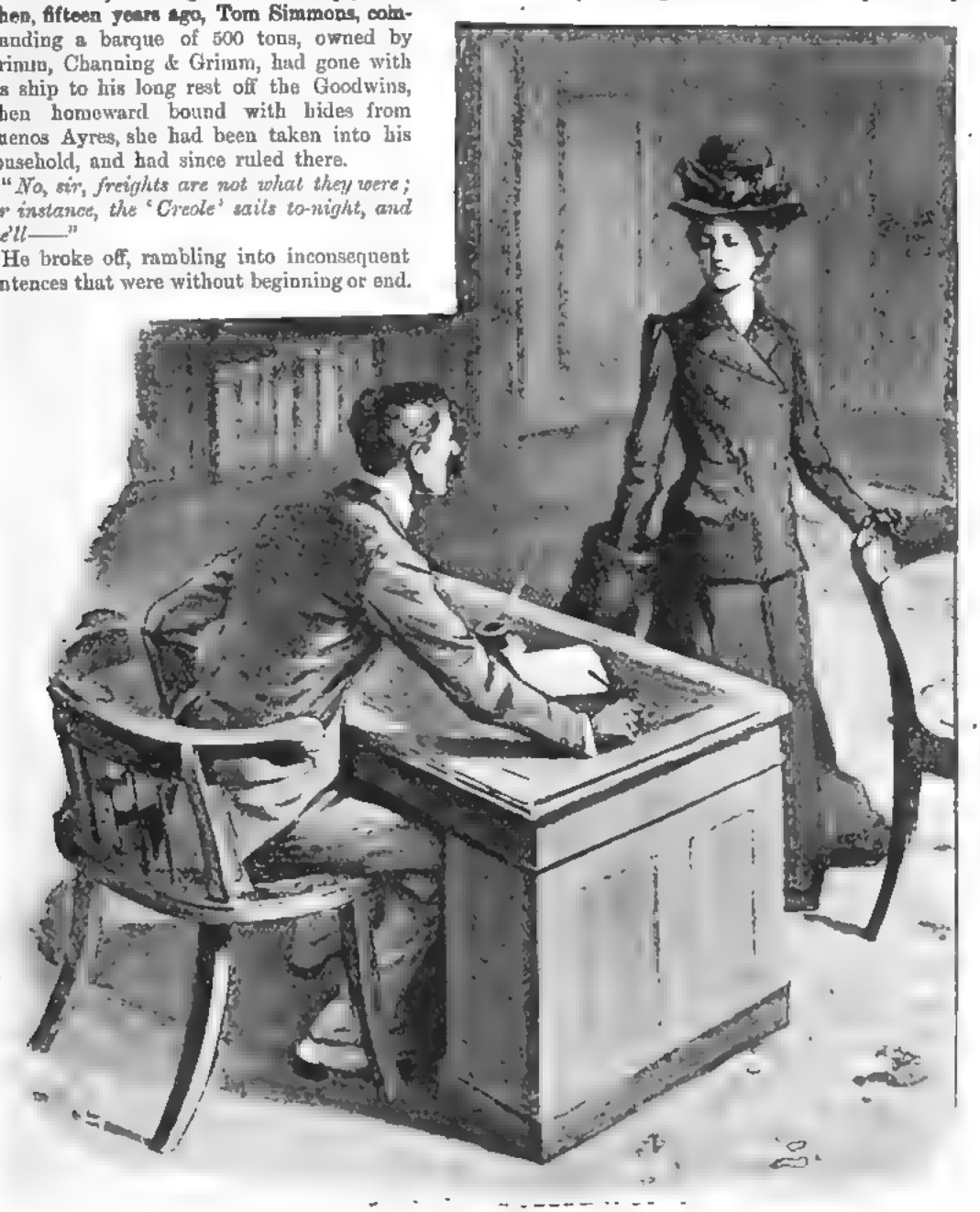
"He is delirious," murmured Mrs. Simmons, and she knelt down by the bedside and sobbed softly from her heart. She had reason to know the goodness of this old man who lay there, with fevered brain, babbling about his ships, for since when, fifteen years ago, Tom Simmons, commanding a barque of 500 tons, owned by Grimm, Channing & Grimm, had gone with his ship to his long rest off the Goodwins, when homeward bound with hides from Buenos Ayres, she had been taken into his household, and had since ruled there.

"No, sir, freights are not what they were; for instance, the 'Creole' sails to-night, and she'll——"

He broke off, rambling into inconsequent sentences that were without beginning or end.

Edith looked at him. This old man with the broken brain could not be made to understand. He could not know that the good name of Grimm, Channing & Grimm had been bartered away, and that in a few hours it would be too late to save it.

Perhaps strength comes with responsibility.



"I MEAN THAT I KNOW EVERY DETAIL OF THE INFAMOUS COMPACT BETWEEN YOU AND CAPTAIN HUDSON."

There was no uncertainty in Edith Hopewell's mind as to the course she must pursue. It lay plain before her. There was her uncle's honour and Grant Heath's life to be saved.

She entered the offices of Grimm, Channing & Grimm at a quarter to four in the afternoon. Martin Grimm was busy dictating letters, but when he learned that Miss Hopewell awaited his pleasure, he dismissed his clerk and gave instructions for the lady to be shown in. The intervening moments he spent in putting a little comb through his moustache, and in twisting the ends to an alluring angle. He was bent over his desk as the door opened, but as she entered he smilingly arose.

"My dear Miss Hopewell, I am charmed to see you," he exclaimed, holding out his hand, which she calmly ignored.

He looked at her in surprise. Her face was pale and set. There was something about her mouth that he had not seen before.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with softened voice. "Are you not well?"

"I am well," she answered, with cold composure, "but I can dispense with the pleasure of shaking hands with you."

"Ha, really!" he replied, a little disconcerted. His assiduous advances had never been received with anything but coldness, but he was not prepared for discourtesy. "It is my loss. What is my loss is gain to somebody—and who? Surely not the young seaman who—ha, I forgot, he is promoted!—let me see, second mate, isn't it? I do hope he will get on well in his profession. He may be a first mate in six or seven years, when he will receive quite £8 a month."

"You are referring to——"

"Your friend Mr. Heath," he replied, with exquisite politeness, while he watched her out of his veiled eyes.

"*My* friend Mr. Heath?" she repeated slowly, with hesitation. She was reminded that Grant Heath had gone away without a word to her—her friend? But she caught the sneer on Martin Grimm's face, and she replied: "Yes, my friend Mr. Heath; you seem interested in him."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"*You* are interested in him, Miss Hopewell. Is it not enough to say that I necessarily am likewise? He sails on one of our ships, the *Creole*, to-night. In your multifarious knowledge of our ships and our business, Miss Hopewell, I suppose there is no need to tell you anything about the *Creole*, her tonnage, cargo, crew, or destination?"

He spoke banteringly.

"Yes, I know about her destination," she said, keeping her eyes upon him.

"Which is?"

"The bottom of the Atlantic."

He started back with amazed fear on his face. His lips went pallid—a grey shadow seemed to come under his eyes.

"What do you mean, Miss Hopewell?" he said, in a husky voice that seemed all out of control. "You are joking, eh?" he added, with a mirthless little laugh.

"I mean," she interrupted almost fiercely, "that I know every detail of the infamous compact between you and Captain Hudson. I was in that room behind you all the time you talked. I heard every word."

He turned to her with his cool, polite manner. The effort cost him much. His hands trembled, and the shadows under his eyes seemed to grow deeper, but his voice was firm, and he forced a little sneer into its tone. It was necessary to find out what she knew. He was too cunning to commit himself without need.

"So you have been eavesdropping, eh? Yes, we have been discussing business, Captain Hudson and I. You have probably overheard some terms, which, not understanding, you may have misconstrued. Captain Hudson's conversation is—ahem!—a little technical. Ha! ha!"

The girl looked at him contemptuously.

"Mr. Grimm, you insult my intelligence," she said. "It does not require much knowledge of the technicalities of seafaring to understand what an owner means when he bribes a skipper to scuttle his over-insured ship, and further pays him blood-money for——"

"Hush!" gasped Grimm, hoarsely. "What are you going to say?"

"That you have conspired to murder Grant Heath, and that you have agreed to pay Hudson an extra £1,000 to do the deed."

He went swiftly to the door and locked it. "You have no proofs," he hissed.

"The bank will have proof that you paid Captain Hudson a cheque for £1,500."

He gave a hard little laugh.

"I am not so great a fool," he said. "The only writing on the cheque that can be considered mine is the signature. The figures and the rest are written in a different hand. I have wired to the bank, warning them that I have lost a signed open cheque, and instructing them to stop any cheque that may be presented. They will think that Hudson, if he presents it, has either found or stolen it, and filled in the name and amount himself."

"So there is no honour among thieves," she said, with fine contempt, "and you have begun by duping your accomplice. But what does it matter? You gave it to him. I heard every word you spoke, and see, I am here to foil you!"

She stood there with flashing eyes and heaving bosom, her whole body quivering with fury.

"I am here to save the man you would destroy," she cried, all her polite repose gone, and Martin Grimm knew now, what she did not know herself, that this woman loved Grant Heath, and he himself hated Heath the more now that he knew of her love.

"And what will you do?" he asked, fencing desperately. "You can prove nothing."

"I can go to the underwriters and tell them that this is the last voyage of the *Creole*—that she is not intended to return—that you have paid her skipper to scuttle her!"

"No, you must not," he whispered hoarsely, all his bravado gone. "What would you have me do?"

"You will wire at once to the *Creole*, instructing Hudson that all your special orders are to be cancelled."

"I will do so," he said.

He wrote something on a telegraph-form and handed it to her. She read:—

"*Hudson, s.s. 'Creole,' Bute Dock, Cardiff. Consider all special instructions given you to-day cancelled.—Grimm.*"

She nodded.

He rang his bell for a clerk, and handed the form to him. "Stay," he said, "here is a letter for you to post at the same time." He hastily wrote across the envelope, stamped it, and handed it to the clerk. It was the white-faced servile creature. When he got outside he saw the writing on the envelope of the letter, and saw that it was no address at all. It was simply a written order for himself, and it said:—

"Go to the telegraph office, but do not dispatch this telegram. In a few minutes come back and say you have sent it."

The clerk was used to these peculiar ways of Mr. Grimm. He lighted a cigarette, and, after a short time had elapsed, went back to the office and told the lie as he had been instructed.

"But there is another thing," said Edith. "You will write down more fully the same on paper, sign it, and give it to me. I shall go to Cardiff and hand it to Captain Hudson myself."

He hesitated a moment, then he shrugged his shoulders and took up a pen. After all, the *Creole* would have left before she could get there. A few non-committing words on paper would be nothing. He only wanted this girl's silence for the time being. Afterwards did not matter.

"*To Captain Hudson, s.s. 'Creole,'*" she dictated. "*In confirmation of my wire of this afternoon, please take this letter as final with regard to the matter we arranged this morning. The special instructions I gave you are to be cancelled. Owing to difficult and unforeseen circumstances, our arrangements cannot be carried out.*

"*Martin Grimm.*"

She folded the paper and put it carefully in an envelope; then went out of the office without a word.

It was dark when she arrived at Cardiff. She made her way down to the unlovely docks with the precious paper in her pocket, and there she learned with bitter disappointment that the *Creole* had passed through the dock-gates at six o'clock that evening.

Sad, and sick at heart with the brooding fear of coming evil on her, she returned to London by a night train.

What could she do? The *Creole* would touch at the Azores, but dare she entrust her precious letter to the post? She felt the risk was too great, and she plainly saw there was only one thing to do. The letter must be taken by hand to Fayal, where the *Creole* touched, and there delivered to Hudson. A mail steamer would go faster than the old *Creole*, and, providing one were sailing within a short time, it would, no doubt, be possible to reach the Azores before the doomed ship. If a trusty messenger could only be found to take the letter! And yet, as she thought, the impossibility of finding such an one struck her. She might have gone herself—that is, the journey was nothing to her, for she had been familiar with ships and travelling since girlhood—but her uncle was lying there ill, unconscious, perhaps dying. Yet, again, she thought, it was to save his honour—and to save Grant Heath, and by the time she reached home very early in the morning a sort of half resolve had come into her mind.

"He is still unconscious," said Mrs. Simmons, "but no worse. The doctor has hopes. I have been anxious about you, dear."

She looked very tired and weary. She had been sitting up the whole night with the sick man.

"I have been to Cardiff. Something dreadful has happened. I do not know what to do."

She sank down with a despairing gesture, and told her whole story, while the ship-master's widow listened with quiet understanding.

"Do you know, dear, what you must do?" she said, when the other had finished. "You must go to Fayal yourself."

"But my uncle——"

"It is the firm's honour—and that is his own—which is at stake. You will be serving him better by going. He cannot help himself. If this dastardly thing is accomplished, his name will be sullied while it lasts. You can save him, and it is your duty. And there is Grant Heath."

Edith Hopewell rose up, the light of resolution in her eyes. "I will go," she said.

Within twenty-four hours the Mexican liner *Tabasco* was ploughing her way down channel for the West Indies *vid* the Azores; and Edith Hopewell was a passenger on her.

CHAPTER IV.

ON BOARD THE "CREOLE."

Over the unlovely environment of the Cardiff Bute East Dock, the slushy, grimy night had fallen, hiding all the ugliness of crane, coal-tip, and shed in wet gloom. A light here and there streaked the blackness, and though the hour was late, from somewhere in the immediate darkness there came the sound of a clattering crane at work unloading ore from a dingy tramp fresh in from Bilbao, and, from the gloom beyond, the sullen rattle and roar of a coal-spout filling up the bunkers of some vessel about to sail.

Unmindful of the slanting rain, picking their way over the maze of railway lines, between sheds, alleys of merchandise, and all the litter of the dockyard, went two men. The first one carried a portmanteau of ample size, while the latter bore on his back a well-corded box, which, to judge from his laboured breathing, was of no light weight.

"Wot was the ship you wanted, sir?" he gasped. "The *Creole*, did you say? I think that's 'er under the spout."

The other turned. He was a young man, something over middle height, and squarely built.

"I think, my lad, that box will be getting you down," he said. "Just pull up under this shed a minute while I go forward and explore. I'll leave my portmanteau with you, too."

The gentleman carrying the box dumped it down under the shed against a bale of hemp, sat down upon it, cushioned his back against the hemp, and with great deliberation felt in his right waistcoat pocket for a plug of tobacco which rested there.

"A nice young feller," he muttered; "well spoken, but I should think a bit too much kid-gloved for the *Creole*. The old man ain't much use for 'is sort," after which observation he got to chewing out the divine flavour of the weed which required all his soul to appreciate. He had carried officers' luggage down to the docks for three-and-twenty years, and he was wont to mark their individualities and contemplate thereon.

Meanwhile, Grant Heath felt his way forward, guided by the roar of the restless coal-spout filling up the bowels of the ship whose black form he could see blotted vaguely against a big, white-painted, timber-carrying brig from the Baltic, which lay behind.

The ship was in darkness. No watchman was visible. The decks, he could see, were a chaos of coal, odd stores, and wire cables, lying hither and thither in the utmost confusion, and over all came the filthy drizzle, making black mud of the coal-dust, turning the whole scene into one of squalid misery.

"*Creole*, ahoy!"

The newcomer shouted loudly enough, but his voice was drowned in the fearful roar of the coal being shot down the iron spout. He could hear the shouts of the coal-trimmers from somewhere within the ship, and occasionally a gleam of light from their candles showed for a moment out of the narrow hatchway of the starboard bunkers, but there were no other signs of life. Either the crew were all ashore spending their advance-notes, after the fashion of their kind, or they were, consistent with the British seaman's rooted objection to working in port—notwithstanding that after signing on, he gets charged against him, double pay for every day's work he doesn't do—sleeping or carousing down below.

The new second officer of the *Creole* did not waste any more time or voice in shouting, but, groping his way across the uncertain gangway, he landed on a particularly rusty iron deck, whereon pattered the rain, running like ink into the scuppers. His seaman's eye scanned the untidy deck. He saw the ill-coiled cables, tarpaulins lying about, peg-ropes, canvas bags, lengths of wire, and great heaps of coal here and there. He groped his way amidst this chaotic disorder with a feeling akin to disgust. This was his first introduction to steam. He had only put his autograph to his second-mate's certificate a few weeks before. His five years odd upon ships that sail had made him accustomed to something smarter than this.

He groped his way aft, but finding no one, he came amidships again, tugging at door after door without result. Finally he reached the galley, whence a confused murmur of voices filtered out, and seizing the door-handle, which turned easily, letting the door spring open suddenly, he saw three figures in a haze of steam and cooking. The smoke-grimed, dirty lamp above gave out more smell than light, the narrow space laden with the odours of filthy tobacco and the combined fragrances of frying haddock and sundry sausages, which a man, yelling lustily in song the while, was turning with a long galley-fork, besides a pot or two of boiling beer, made the atmosphere almost suffocating, for the skylight was closed, by reason of the flying coal-dust from the bunkers,

and no particle of air was allowed to penetrate this thick foulness.

"Who the blazes is at that door?" cried a voice out of the gloom, breaking off for a moment a hoarse song which seemed one of perpetual request that 'Lucy would linger longer.' "Come in, mon, and shut out the cauld."

between their fingers, and pots of beer on a bench beside them. While these hoarsely sang, a very inferno of noise came from outside, with the clattering of the coal, and its attendant sounds; but the harmony and beery happiness of the galley rose above such trifling circumstances, and they sang on through the stifling reek, too supremely

"I'M LOOKING FOR THE CHIEF MATE,' SAID GRANT.

Grant stumbled in and shut the door, whereupon the three voices returned to their song, and the man at the stove prodded the frying delicacies in time to the tune. There were three of them in all, the one attending the culinary operations, and two others sitting on stools with cheap cigars

happy for any circumstance to damp their spirits.

"I'm looking for the chief mate," said Grant, taking advantage of a momentary lull in the music and the thunder of the coal outside.

"Well, then, I reckon it's a long time yer'll 'ave

ter look, sonny," replied the man at the stove. "The mate's ashore, the old man's gone up ter see the owners, the crew's in town 'avin' a bust-up, an' there's only Mr. McPherson there, an' 'is second aboard, wi' me as watchman."

"Oh! you are watchman. What are you watching?"

"This fine bit o' supper, which is done to a turn." He slipped the frying-pan from the fire, which, through the ring of the stove, sent a glow all over the galley, and Grant was able to see something of the visages of the three men. One, a grizzled Scot, whose hair seemed to have been saturated with many years of spraying oil, and who was dressed in shore-going clothes of a cheap and shiny nature, rose and looked at him.

"I'm the new second mate," began Grant. "I've just come aboard, and I've got some luggage."

The other put out a grimy paw, and seized Grant's hand. "I'm vera sorry," he said. "I thocht ye were one of the forrad shell-backs. Just have a sma' twa fingers to keep out the cauld. Your name'll be Meester Heath, eh?"

Grant assured him that such was the case, and he added again that he had some luggage on the wharf which he wanted getting aboard.

"I'm called McPherson. I'm the chief engineer, and I'm responsible for the working of the paisied rattletraps they miscall engines on board this craft. Yon's my second, Meester Watson, whose besettin' fault is a vera sad likin' for alcoholic steemulants. Ye have a wee bit luggage, laddie, eh? Here, Jarvis, gang ashore and fetch Meester Heath's traps," he said, turning to the watchman, who was now preparing to serve supper.

"There's a porter with them under the first shed," added Grant. "Here's a shilling for the man."

"Maybe ye havna supped," said the engineer, slipping out the haddock on to a dish, and dipping some slices of bread into the sausage gravy. "Tak a bite with us. Losh! When we get tae sea there'll no be time for such luxuries, for the tucker aboard this old tank is no sae guid, ye'll find. What was yer last ship, mon?"

"A 500-ton barque, the *Lady Mary* of Sunderland," answered Grant, helping himself to the dish of sausages, for he was hungry, having eaten nothing since he left London that evening.

"Losh! Then ye'll not have been in steam before. Ye'll find it vera different. I canna think why any on us ever comes tae sea."

"Cause yer don't'appen ter be fit fer hanythink as is respectable," said the second, with his mouth full of sausage. "This is goin' to be my lawst v'yage. There's a little green-grocer's shop as I'm goin' to tike to in Deptford."

"Ye made that observation sax voyages ago," retorted the chief, "and ye've been makin' it ever sin'." He drank deeply at his boiled beer before he resumed, the other making no reply.

"Sae ye'll no ken the old man or any of 'em?" he said.

"No!" answered Grant; "I come aboard a perfect stranger."

The other nodded his head, and with great deliberation took a sausage from the dish, placed it upon a piece of bread, and began to eat it with the aid of his clasp-knife and thumb.

"It's no' f'r me tae gie 'em away," he continued, "but the navigators aboard this craft ain't worth a kick, and if it wasna that a few reliable men were doon in the engine-room, I dinna ken what wad happen. The skeeper is the kind of mean grubber as 'as lobster salad and fresh butter for 'is ain tea, and gies the men weevly biscuits and scouse for theirs. No, the auld man is no' sae guid, and his navigation isna fit for a barge. I dinna think the mate is sae bad if he's kept sober, but losh! he's vera thirsty is Meester Talbot. I dinna ken what sort of a lot of shell-backs they got forrad. A mixed lot ye'll be sure—dagoes, Dutchmen, and any other scum they can get by the lugs. If it's pals ye want, Meester Heath, ye'll only be able tae find 'em ameedships."

Grant thanked him for his goodwill, but the engineer took no notice of him, rambling on without break on the subject of the short-comings of everyone and everything aboard the *Creole*.

Presently the watchman came into the galley again, and reported that the mate had come aboard, whereupon Grant, finishing his repast, went aft to make himself known to the first officer.

The interview was brief. He had just time to observe that Mr. Talbot was a man with a slightly groggy face, and stubbly iron-grey whiskers set around a mouth that seemed not ill-humoured, and surmounting a body that was squat and wide and stiff, when Mr. Talbot wished him "Good-night."

"I'm powerful tired, Mr. Heath," he said. "The old man won't be here till to-morrow. I reckon you can sign in the morning. That's your berth on the right there. Tell the watchman to keep an eye on the fore-wires, and call me if she is to be moved. S'long!"

When Grant Heath got to his berth, he took out of his chest such belongings as he needed, together with the picture of a sweet-faced girl. It was a portrait of Edith Hopewell. It had not been given to him. He had abstracted it from his sister's album. Then he went peacefully to sleep, knowing nothing of the tragic voyage that awaited the *Creole*, profoundly unconscious of how soon he himself would be facing death.

(To be continued.)

SOME PICTURE POST-CARDS.

By Francis Arthur Jones.

T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.
(From the "Empire" Post-card.)

PICTORIAL post-cards originated in Germany some twelve years ago, and, like all great things, began in a very small way. Who actually started the idea is not known, but it is generally believed that about the year 1888 a few post-cards bearing pictures of celebrated places first began to find their way into Berlin. Now, Germans are nothing if they are not thoughtful, and when Herr Meyer, or Herr Kauffman, or Herr Hoffman, saw his son Fritz treasuring a pictorial post-card sent to him by a companion, and, moreover, heard him say that the picture represented the Colosseum, and that the Colosseum was at Rome, he took a couple of pulls at his pipe and one at his schoppen, and exclaimed: "Ach Himmel! What a capital way of learning geography!" and he patted Fritz on the head, telling him to collect all the picture post-cards he could, and when he grew to be a man he'd know more about places outside the Kingdom of Prussia than ever his father did. That was the beginning of the craze. To-day it would be difficult to find a family in Germany without its pictorial post-card album; many, indeed, possessing as many as half a dozen. Last year hundreds of millions of picture-cards passed through German post offices, yielding to the Government an average income of £3,000 a day.

When the German Emperor made his celebrated tour through Jerusalem, in 1899, some financial genius in the Fatherland hit on the novel idea of arranging with one of the retinue to send pictorial post-cards from every stopping point to those collectors who cared to pay the trifling sum of 3 marks. The success of this modest attempt at "turning an honest penny" was simply astounding. About ten cards in all were posted to each subscriber, and thus a permanent record of the historical tour was obtained. Some idea of the number of collectors who took advantage of the offer may be gained from the fact that the originator of the idea alone cleared 150,000 marks, or over £7,000.

"I KNEW HIM, HORATIO; A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST, OF MOST EXCELLENT FANCY."—*Hamlet.*
(From Messrs. Tuck's "Shakespeare" Post-cards.)

The ingenuity of the German designer of pictorial post-cards has lately over-stepped the bounds of good taste, and the German Postmaster-General has found it necessary to issue a mandate forbidding the delivery of post-cards made in the shape

A REPRODUCTION FROM THE "HERALDIC" SERIES.

of beer-glasses, pots, triangles, and also those with holes for the nose and eyes, like masks. Nevertheless, they are being largely sold in the streets of Berlin and other towns in the Fatherland. Thousands are said to have been confiscated by the postal authorities, and are now lying in packets at the head offices. Those that have passed through the post, and escaped the vigilant eyes of the officials, are being sold for fifty times their original value.

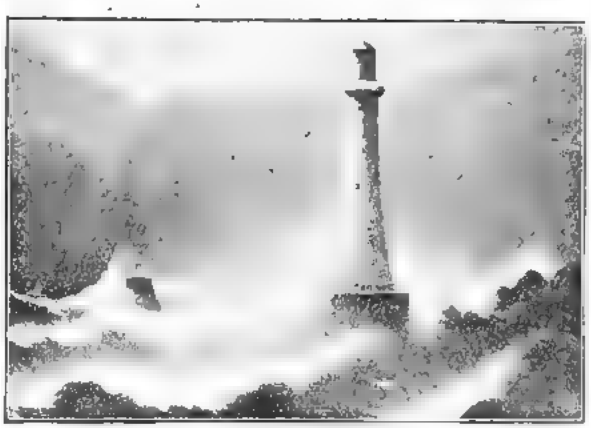
In Turkey, especially in Constantinople, the mania for illustrated post-cards is as rampant as anywhere else, and the country is simply flooded with cards made in Germany, Austria, and France, showing every possible aspect of Turkish life and scenery. This is resented by the Sultan, and orders have now been issued that the entry is to be prohibited of all cards which bear views of Mecca or mosques, pictures of Turkish women or other people whose photographs are not allowed to be sold. This last refers to the Sultan, who will not permit a single photograph of himself to be taken. Some time ago an enterprising photographer found an old print of the Sultan as a Prince, without a beard. He cleverly added the missing appendage, and produced a very fair representation of His Majesty. Directly it was found to be in circulation, a raid, by the Sultan's orders, was made on the photographer; the stock was confiscated, and the plates destroyed. Since then no one has produced another.

In Russia the collecting of pictorial post-cards is carried on to a very great extent, and many Russian cards have found their way into this country. The designs are, for the most part, typical of the land over which the Czar rules, and include the Russian eagle, portraits of the Czar and Czarina and other members of the Imperial family, sleighs, wolves, snow scenes, etc., etc., all beautifully executed in brilliant colours. Both the Czar and Czarina are enthusiastic collectors, and are said to possess one of the finest and most unique collections of picture post-cards in the world. In number they exceed thirteen thousand, and some idea of their value may be gathered from the fact that the entire collection does not include a single duplicate, and that all the cards, with few exceptions, have been addressed personally to their Imperial Majesties.

ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.
(From "Rural England" Series.)

STUDY OF A LION, BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.
(From "Tate Gallery" Series.)

A pretty story, which may or may not be true, is related of a little English girl who addressed a picture post-card to Nicholas II. on the occasion of his last birthday, wishing His Majesty many happy returns of the day, and at the same time asking him to be so kind and gracious as to send her a Russian card in return. The Czar was delighted, and promptly despatched a very beautiful post-card to his juvenile correspondent, bearing his autograph as well as that of the Czarina.

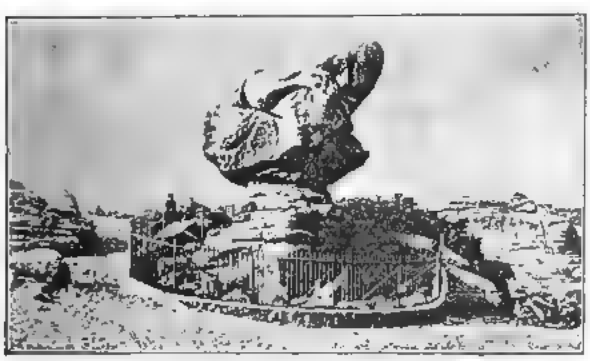


THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.
(From the "Rough Sea" Series.)

It may not be generally known that the advent of the pictorial post-card in this country was the means of enlarging our inland post-cards to their present useful dimensions. On the continent the size of the post-card has always been sufficiently large to enable a correspondent to express himself with a fair amount of fluency; in England, however, when one used a "P.-C." it was necessary to confine oneself to a kind of postal telegraphy—"Shall be home Thursday. Meet me at Waterloo 7.30. —Tom," sort of thing. The pictorial post-card changed all that. It was about six years ago that they first began to make their appearance in this country, but the specimens of English printing were so poor, and the pictures were necessarily so small, that Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, the well-known art publishers, began to consider whether something could not be done to make the English cards as beautiful and original in design as those published on the Continent. Until the size of the card was enlarged, however, they determined not to move in the matter. All their preliminary efforts were directed towards securing the right to use in Great Britain the same sized post-cards permitted for sending abroad. It was a long and exhaustive fight. The Government, having placed large contracts for post-cards, were not very anxious to grant Messrs. Tuck's demands, and it was not until the close of 1899, and after reams of arguments had been written on both sides, that the postal authorities at last gave way, and the enlarged post-card became an accomplished fact.

ENOCH ARDEN.
(From the "Tennyson" Series.)

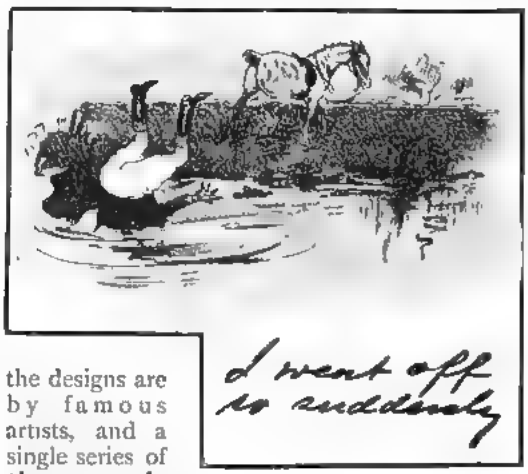
Then Messrs. Tuck went to work in earnest. In November, 1899, they issued their first series of pictorial post-cards, which were so quickly sold that it at once became evident that at "Raphael House" a great rival to the Christmas-card had arisen. A large staff of artists and designers was engaged, photographers were sent all over the country to secure pictures of famous places and picturesque spots, and the art galleries of Europe were ransacked. Then came the South African war, and a unique opportunity was afforded Messrs. Tuck of issuing subjects of a patriotic and Imperialistic character.



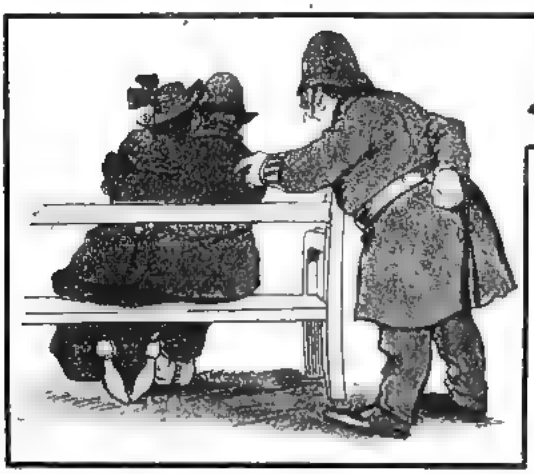
TUNBRIDGE WELLS—THE TOAD ROCK.
(From the "Kent" Series.)

Needless to say, they met with a huge and instant success, hundreds of thousands being sold within a few weeks. Nor did the publishers omit to anticipate events. Thirty-six hours after the relief of Ladysmith was known, the famous "Paardeberg-Ladysmith" post-card was issued, the entire printing being sold out within a few days. The day following the relief of Mafeking appeared the Mafeking Relief card, bearing a portrait of the gallant Baden-Powell; while a *couple of hours* after the news of the capture of Pretoria was announced in London, a card bearing Lord Roberts' portrait under a Union Jack, with the legend, "With the Flag to Pretoria," was being sold by thousands in the streets of the Metropolis. This determination to be "abreast of the times" will be more appreciated when it is mentioned that many of these pictorial post-cards take from three to six months to produce.

The number of designs issued by Messrs. Tuck during the last two years exceed three thousand, and include famous pictures from English and Continental galleries, heraldic designs, cathedrals of Europe, views of rough seas, characters from Shakespeare, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, etc., all bearing appropriate mottoes, patriotic designs, portraits of the King and Queen and other royalties, etc. Many of



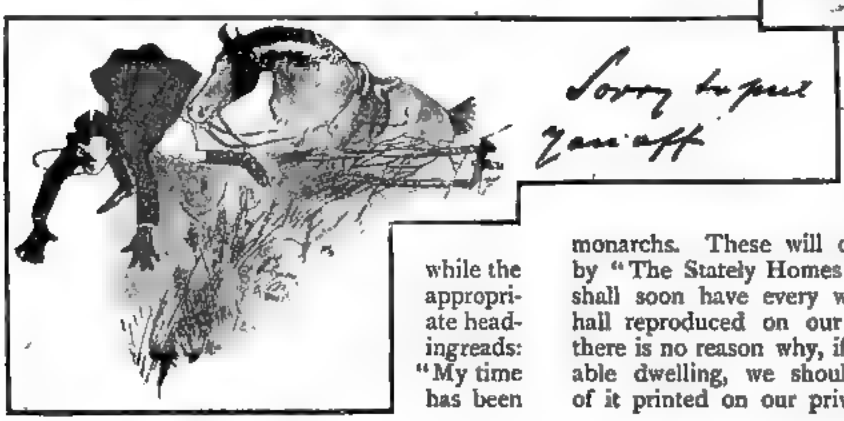
the designs are by famous artists, and a single series of these cards costs hundreds of pounds to produce. The coloured series, naturally, are the most expensive, for they are printed in no less than sixteen colours, and take from six to eight months to perfect. No pictures of a religious nature appear on Messrs. Tuck's cards. Whether there is any particular reason for this I do not know, but if there is, it is probably simply due to the fact that, as there are so many thousands of other subjects to choose from, Messrs. Tuck think it just as well to keep Biblical subjects, at present, at all events, from the mundane post-card.



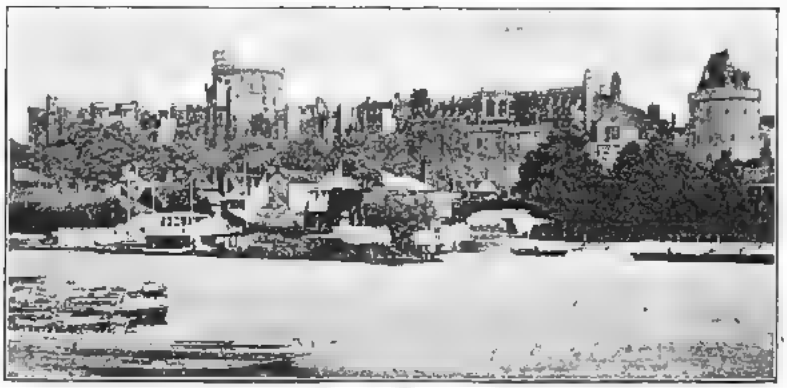
One of the most popular series issued by Messrs. Tuck & Sons, called the "Write-Away" series, was originated by Mr. Adolph Tuck, the business manager at Raphael House. It is intended, Mr. Tuck says, for shortening the labour of correspondence, though whether it altogether answers its purpose is perhaps a

Illustrations from Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons' "Write-Away" Series.

question. In lieu of a motto, an unfinished sentence (in Mr. Tuck's handwriting, by the way) is reproduced at the head of the card, the accompanying picture harmonising with the sentence in a very clever way. As a good deal of ingenuity is required on the part of the correspondent to fit in his remarks with those already expressed on the card, plenty of amusement may be got out of a collection of these "Write-Away" series after they have passed through the post. One particularly clever card shows an old lady at a railway booking-office, placidly keeping a long line of city men waiting while she sternly demands whether there is any train leaving for Margate before the next one! This sketch (worthy of the great "Tom B.") is headed: "Sorry to keep you waiting!" Another one shows a thief running off with a watch, and being hotly pursued by the infuriated owner, while the appropriate headingreads: "My time has been taken——." One of the most amusing, however, depicts a barber about to operate on the head of a totally bald customer, and bearing the significant words: "I scarcely know how to commence!"



Another excellent series of pictorial post-cards issued by Messrs. Tuck show the various residences of the King and Queen. A capital photograph of Windsor Castle, taken from the river, is reproduced here, as well as Osborne House, Marlborough House, Balmoral, Sandringham, and St. James's Palace. This seriespaved the way for others of a similar character, and it is now possible to obtain pictorial post-cards bearing photographs of the royal residences of nearly all foreign monarchs. These will doubtless be followed by "The Stately Homes of England," and we shall soon have every well-known castle and hall reproduced on our post-cards. Indeed, there is no reason why, if we inhabit a respectable dwelling, we should not have pictures of it printed on our private post-cards. That



WINDSOR CASTLE.

happy time will doubtless come, but, let us hope, not just yet!

A few words must be said about the Prize Competition inaugurated by Messrs. Tuck in connection with their pictorial post-cards. A thousand pounds will be distributed in prizes, ranging from one hundred pounds to three guineas. These prizes will be received by those competitors who can show the largest collection of Tuck's pictorial post-cards; but in order to obviate any unfairness, through rich competitors being able to buy some thousands of cards, and thus secure the prizes, every card, to be eligible, must have passed through the post. This at once raises the competition to a high level, for even those who enter and fail to secure a prize will have obtained a good deal of instruction and amusement from the contest. The question, whether only those cards addressed personally to the competitors would be eligible, was answered by Mr. Tuck in the negative. "In order not to limit the zeal of collectors," he said, "we have decided that any of our post-cards which may have been given to them by friends or acquaintances are equally eligible, so long as they bear the post-mark of the town in which they were posted." The competition has been divided into six sections, and a competitor may enter for one or more sections. Section 1 is for the largest collection of post-cards, irrespective of subject or design; section 2, for the largest collection, with the exception of local views and general scenery; section 3, for the collection containing the largest number of designs, curiosity of views, etc.; section 4, for the best collection of Empire, patriotic, and heraldic designs; section 5, for the best collection of "Write-Away" cards;

OSBORNE HOUSE.

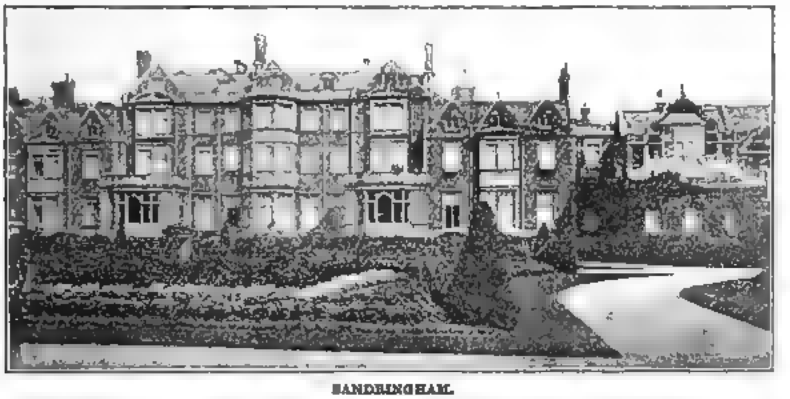
MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

Photographs from Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons' "View" Series.

and section 6, for the collection of cards stamped with the greatest number of different dates on which they have been posted, and the greatest number of post-marks of different towns or postal districts, villages, railway stations, etc., in which they have been posted.

BALMORAL CASTLE.

It will, therefore, be seen that there is a section to suit everybody; and as the competition does not close until March 7th, 1902, there is plenty of time in which to get your collection in order. The rules, etc., can be obtained from Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Raphael House, London. Mr. Tuck told me that just previous to my visit a lady had called to inquire about the competition. She said she had a good collection, which she valued very highly. Supposing she won a prize, would her cards be returned to her? Not even for the entire thousand pounds would she part with her collection!



SANDRINGHAM.

Mr. Tuck assured her that if she won a prize—and he sincerely hoped she would—the cards would be returned to her in perfect safety. In fact, she was not required to send the collection itself at all, in the first instance—only a description of it; and, if that description warranted the bestowal of a prize, she would then be required to send the collection for inspection and as a guarantee of good faith. This is a very great concession, and will probably be fully appreciated by competitors.

Pictorial post-card collecting is proving a formidable rival to philately.

It is prophesied that in ten years' time the pastime of collecting pictorial post-cards will have become a universal one, and that there will be more people engaged in their production than those now employed in the Christmas-card trade.

CLARENCE HOUSE AND ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

CARRUTHERS' CRICKET BALL.

By Onslow Deane. ◆ ◆ ◆ Sketches by Victor Venner.

The story which I am about to relate was told to me one afternoon during the early part of last May while the Surrey and London County cricket match was in progress at Kennington Oval. For its proper digestion, a considerable grain of salt is, in my humble opinion, necessary; and its veracity, I fear, is rendered still more doubtful by the fact that a diligent search amongst the records of the game has failed to bring to light any bowling performance similar to that which I am about to set forth. I am, however, but a poor authority on the ancient history of cricket; and if the earnest assurances of the hero of the story prove to be false, I can only plead that I am the victim of a gross deception—a deception the more heartless as I was induced to part with five shillings that I could but ill spare for the copyright of the story..

It so happened that on the day I have named business was deplorably slack at the office of the house-agents who enjoy the privilege of my services. As the result of this stagnation, our Mr. Barton, the junior partner of the firm, told me, when I left for lunch at one o'clock, that I was at liberty, after showing a client over a house in the Vauxhall Bridge Road, which we then had on our books, to spend an hour or so in watching the cricket at the Oval. Our prospective tenant, fortunately, did not detain me long; and being thus enabled to reach the ground some little time before the luncheon interval was over, I first selected a good seat, and then, after lighting my pipe, proceeded to take stock of my neighbours at my leisure.

The person that most attracted my notice amongst the spectators near me was a gentleman who was sitting on my right-hand side—a queer-looking, elderly individual, attired in a black frock-coat, shiny from long wear, a pair of trousers baggy at the knees and ragged at the extremities, and a silk hat which might have been the fashion ten years ago, but whose glory had been sadly dimmed by the stress of many winters, and a succession of heads of varying shape and size. But the well-worn coat covered a kindly heart, for although he caught me in the very act of inspecting him, he merely nodded affably without showing the least sign of irritation, and proceeded to enter into conversation.

"Fine weather this, sir, for the beginning of the season," he remarked, sidling up in my direction. "Come to see 'W.G.' or Bobby Abel?"

I had to admit that my visit was purely a chance one, but nevertheless confessed to a desire to see Grace make a century.

"He retains his form in a truly remarkable manner," I concluded, repeating once more an already well-worn truism.

"You're right there!" exclaimed my new-found friend, enthusiastically. "He is still one of the best bats in England. You should just have seen him at the Crystal Palace last week. He's good for a few hundreds yet, though, of course, it isn't quite as easy to him to make runs as it used to be. Years and weight are bound to tell their tale; and he can't get up and down the pitch at the same rate he did twenty seasons ago. But I well remember," he added, reflectively, "when his was by far the most difficult wicket to take in the whole country. I have bowled at him frequently in my time—that's many years ago now—but I never got him out but twice, and that was in the same match."

I know most of the leading cricketers of this era by sight, and my friend, to my mind, was quite unlike any of them. But the fact of his having twice dismissed Grace in a match in the champion's palmy days was quite enough to entitle him to respect. And as he might well have been a famous man all that time ago, I politely requested him to favour me with his story.

"Well," he began, with a preliminary clearance of the throat, and apparently nothing loth, "I seldom tell the tale, for it reminds me of

things that I would gladly forget. But," with a comprehensive jerk of his thumb in the direction of a mahogany-faced individual on my left hand, who was busily engaged in the occupation of cracking nuts, "but I don't think it will much matter if this gentleman should overhear it, and it will serve to while away a quarter of an hour, while these effete moderns continue to guzzle. I am rather particular as to whom I confide my adventure," he added in explanation of his reticence, "for it is not, I regret to say, altogether creditable to me—and I shouldn't like old Grace to know about it. He was rather annoyed at the time, I remember, and the grievance may rankle still. In fact, I think that I had better tell you the story as if I was talking of a third party. We'll call him Carruthers, if you like. Thank you, sir, I don't mind if I do. Talking is dry work."

He took a lengthy pull at the bottle proffered him by the mahogany-faced man, and then resumed.

"A good many years ago there was a scholar of Balliol named Carruthers. Yes, it seems strange, doesn't it? But appearances are always deceptive, gentlemen, and Carruthers, to his great sorrow, is not at all the man he once was. I'm afraid he wouldn't find many women to fall in love with him now. But at the time I am speaking of he was by no means an ill-favoured fellow, and, when rigged out by an Oxford tailor, the girls found him acceptable enough. But he was painfully poor, and a poor man doesn't have much of a time up at the 'Varsity."

"Nor anywhere else, neither," interrupted the owner of the bottle, favouring me with a knowing wink and tapping his head significantly.

"BUT THERE IS ONE CONDITION I IMPOSE, CARRUTHERS."

"Chuck the moralising, governor, and let's get on to the cricket."

"All in good time, my friend, all in good time," replied the late scholar of Balliol, with a dignified wave of his shabby arm. "Well, as I was saying, Carruthers was very poor, and he had no leanings whatever towards either the clerical or scholastic professions. But his unfortunate lack of capital did not permit him a wide choice of paths in his life—that is, until Helen Merriott appeared upon the scene. But Carruthers had not known Helen very long before he began to see grand possibilities in another profession—that of matrimony. For she was the only child of old Silas Merriott, who, though of obscure parentage, had, by dint of fifty years of hard work in the City, accumulated the wealth of a Crœsus. I have hinted before that in those days Carruthers was a *persona grata* to the fair sex—pardon the language of the Latins, but Carruthers can never forget that he was once a scholar of Balliol—but, in deference to the desire of the gentleman who wishes me to come without delay to the cricket, we will skip Carruthers' love-making, and I will merely remark that it progressed as favourably as even he could wish. In fact, barely a month had elapsed before he felt that he had only to propose to be accepted.

"Now in those days Carruthers was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet; and he did not fail, as soon as he felt sure of his ground, to seize the earliest opportunity that presented itself of asking the momentous question. The results, as far as they went, were eminently satisfactory; for

Helen said 'Yes' with the sweetest blush you can imagine, and Crœsus was fairly complaisant when, in due course, he was consulted about the affair. No, Carruthers certainly could not complain of the way in which old Merriott treated him. For the old man seemed very willing to accept him as his son-in-law, and remarked with lofty condescension that he intended to settle a couple of thousand a year on his daughter when she married.

"'But there is one condition I impose, Carruthers,' he added, just as the latter, thinking everything successfully settled, was preparing to take his leave. 'I am, as you know, passionately fond of cricket, and it has always been a great grief to me that I never excelled at the game myself. And, unfortunately, I have no son. If I had been blessed with boys of my own, I would have made them first-class players, even had I been obliged to keep half a dozen of the best professionals in England all the year round. But as I have no son, I have always been determined that my son by marriage must, above everything, be a famous cricketer. Now, Carruthers, you're not quite that, you know. But still, I hear that your bowling is good enough to put you into the running for the Oxford Eleven. Well, get your Blue, and you won't find that Silas Merriott will thwart his daughter's wishes.'

"But Carruthers had only the poorest chance of getting into the Eleven—the Authentics was nearer his form—and he told old Merriott so. But the old man was inexorable, and Carruthers failed entirely to budge him from his determination.

"'If you wish to marry Helen, you must get your cricket Blue before you go down,' he said. 'You can hire any coach you like at my expense, but the Blue is a *sine quâ non*.'

"No, sir. I daresay that those were not his exact words. He had no pretensions to even a smattering of classical knowledge, and, I fear, had but little respect for Carruthers in his *rôle* of scholar of Balliol. But what he said meant the same thing. I'm sure I'm extremely obliged to you, sir. I really don't mind if I do, for the contents were certainly very excellent.

"Well, as you can, no doubt, easily imagine," my shabby friend continued presently, after I had once more returned the bottle to the mahogany-faced man, and he had wiped his lips with a not over-clean pocket-handkerchief, "Carruthers was placed in a most unenviable position. For although the 'Varsity captain—it was so many years ago that his name would convey nothing to you if I mentioned it—was a great friend of his, he could do no more than promise him a trial in at least one match. And the particular match for which he was eventually selected was that against the M.C.C. But this rather disheartened Carruthers than otherwise, for Grace was to captain the club side, and the team all round was tremendously hot. He felt that there was no doubt of his having a trial—quite possibly eight or nine of the Oxford men might have to bowl—but it did not require a very vivid imagination to picture his erratic fast bowling being hit to all parts of the field by the masters of the art of batting opposed to him. And the mere thought of such a thing was, under the exceptional circumstances, anything but exhilarating.

"But just as he was in the lowest depths of despair, a brilliant idea suddenly occurred to him. In the village down at his Lincolnshire home there was living an old man who was exceedingly clever at making mechanical toys worked by cunningly contrived springs and wheels. Could not this genius, thought Carruthers, be persuaded to introduce into the inside of a cricket ball a spring which, when pressure was brought to bear upon it, would cause the ball to break in a certain direction? At any rate the idea was well worth acting upon — and he would have stooped to lower things than merely 'faking' a cricket ball to win the beauteous and wealthy Helen.

"Well, not to keep you in suspense, gentlemen, the toy-maker was induced to do what was required of him; and on the day before the match the ball duly arrived. It was exactly like any other cricket ball but for a single tiny light spot upon its surface. The maker, in a letter to Carruthers, told him that by firmly pressing this spot when delivering the ball he would be easily able to cause it to break back, though only in one direction, from left to right, any distance up to six feet. Carruthers lost no time in putting the missile through a private trial, and he found it fully capable of doing all that was claimed for it. And that night he dreamt horrible dreams of bowling against Grace with a ball that would insist on dropping midway up the pitch and then bouncing back, with a loud whirring noise, high over his head.

"Next day was gloriously fine, and the ground in the Oxford Parks was as fast and true as the proverbial billiard table. The visiting team won the toss, and everyone predicted a heavy score. And up to lunch-time they did very well indeed—if my recollection serves me, they put on about a hundred and forty without losing a wicket. But during the interval Carruthers managed to substitute his ball for the one with which they had been playing; and before the game had long been resumed he was ordered on to bowl.

"The first ball he sent down didn't come off at all. He was nervous, I fancy, and failed to get a good grip of the spring. At any rate Grace banged it to the off boundary. But the next time he worked the engine better. It pitched about midway between point and the wicket, broke back about six feet, and took Grace's off bail. Even the champion himself had to admit that Carruthers had a more remarkable command over the ball than any other bowler he had previously stood up against. But this was nothing to what was to follow, for in the course of the next two or three overs Carruthers dismissed about four good men. If I remember rightly they were Barlow, Barnes, Midwinter, and one of the Walkers. In the case of Barnes I am under the impression that the ball broke about three yards, hit the batsman hard on the knee, and then cannoned off into the wicket.

"Carruthers successfully contrived to change the balls again between the innings. And on the hard pitch the University batsmen made nearly three hundred, of which Carruthers himself managed to get forty-one in far from bad style. Oxford were finally all out early on the second afternoon, and one of the biggest crowds ever seen in the Parks waited anxiously to see what Carruthers would do at the second time of asking. They were very nearly disappointed, for one of the umpires stuck tenaciously to the new ball which had been provided. But Carruthers, who had carefully polished up his weapon—it had had so little wear in the first innings that it was scarcely soiled—managed to trick him at last, and then the fun began again.

"The Marylebone second innings was a mere procession, for Carruthers had by this time pretty well sized up the capabilities of that bomb of his. Grace led off against him, and although he survived three balls, the fourth beat him entirely, and he was out for a 'duck.' It wasn't surprising that he didn't score, for the first ball Carruthers sent up pitched well outside the off stump, and wriggled all round his legs; the second didn't break at all, and would have been a wide if the umpire had had presence of mind enough to call it; and the third hopped back from the direction of short slip and dealt the wicket-keeper a severe blow on the nose. Carruthers always said that if that wicket-keeper had not been in the way he should have bowled Grace third ball instead of fourth. But anyhow, he took all ten wickets for four runs—some man more fortunate than his fellows happened to make a good shot at the missile as it was bobbing about near point, and hit it back-handed through the slips to the boundary.

THE FOURTH BALL BEAT GRACE ENTIRELY.*

"Yes, sir, of course Carruthers got his Blue the same evening. No, he didn't play against Cambridge. He always was an unlucky fellow, and old Merriott got hold of the ball with the intention of having it stuffed and put under a

* The match is supposed to have been played a number of years ago.—Ed.

glass case, or something of the sort, and unfortunately discovered the contrivance inside it. I don't think he ever told anybody except his daughter; but to this deplorable circumstance was due the fact of Carruthers' leaving Oxford with considerable precipitation. It was a very great pity, for he was a charming man, and would, I am sure, have made Helen a most excellent husband.

"No, sir, I don't remember the exact year. It is so long ago now, and my memory is not what it was, and is occasionally apt to play me scurvy tricks. But no doubt if you write to the editor of Wisden's or Lillywhite's useful records, enclosing half-a-crown and explaining what you want, they will hunt up their annual for that year for you if they have any copies still in stock. Thank you, sir; if our friend on your other side would kindly see that no one takes our seats during our absence, a small modicum of Scotch would be by no means unacceptable. But we mustn't be long, for here come the umpires, and I paid my sixpence on purpose to see my old friend Grace get another century. He is a good deal older since the events of which I have been telling you occurred, yet he certainly stands a better chance of making a long score to-day than on the occasion on which he had Carruthers' deadly bowling to contend with."

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by October 12th.

The Results will be published in December.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified*.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (any) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—**"National Memorial to Queen Victoria."**—Three books (to be chosen by winners) value 6s. each, will be forwarded to the three competitors who send the best suggestions for a "National Memorial to Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria." A selection of the best suggestions will be published in THE CAPTAIN.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—**"Four Towns"** (THIRD LIST).—In one of the advertisement pages you will find a form to cut out and send up after you have filled in the names of the towns. The number of letters in each town is indicated by its initial letter and dots to the number of letters required to complete the word. All these towns contain over 5,000 inhabitants, and are situated in the British Isles. There will be three prizes of 10s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—**"Twelve Most Widely Advertised Articles."**—Give a list of the twelve most widely advertised articles, such as "Jones's Jams," "Smith's Soap," etc. Send post-cards. This competition will be decided by vote, as in former competitions of the kind. The senders of the three most correct lists will receive 7s. each.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 4.—**"Picture Post-cards."**—Send a picture post-card with a four line verse on the picture. The three prizes will be articles from our advertisement pages (to be chosen by winners) to the value of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit, Twelve.

No. 5.—**"Contradictory Proverbs."**—Often one proverb contradicts another. For example:—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."
"*Out of sight, out of mind.*"

Send a list of all the contradictory proverbs you can think of. Prizes will be articles from our advertisement pages (to be chosen by winners) to the value of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—**"Idea for a Competition."**—Some time ago we had a "comp." of this sort, with no very useful results. But we will try again. Send on a post-card a suggestion for a competition. Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve

EXTRA CONSOLATION PRIZES.—Three prizes of ONE GUINEA will be awarded to the three competitors who at the close of Vol. VI. have gained the largest number of "Honourable Mentions" during the past six months, beginning with the results published in the October number.

THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY.

MORE ABOUT TOURING EQUIPMENT.

I DEALT last month with the subject of touring equipment, concluding with a passing reference to the matter of clothing. Let me repeat the plea for all-wool clothing, and for garments that fit easily, without perceptible pressure anywhere.

It is essential that the clothing should be warm enough, without being too hot. In order

TURNER'S MILITARY KIT BAG.

to assure this end, it is necessary in variable weather to have some means of varying the clothing too. Boys can carry a waistcoat to be worn on chill evenings, or at other times of need, and girls can similarly provide themselves with a light coat to be put over the blouse when required. Turner's military kit-bag is just the thing in which to carry spare garments rolled up. It is made in blue or brown tweed, lined with waterproof, and straps neatly into a roll. An invention which provides one with a sort of partial equivalent to a waistcoat is marketed by the firm of John Piggott, of Cheapside and Milk Street, London. It is called the "Tidee"

chain, and consists of a few neat links of metal uniting two safety-pins, one being fastened to each end. These are to be pinned to the insides of the facings of the coat, rather low down. The chain will then restrain the coat from flapping in the wind, will keep the garment in better shape than otherwise, and will do not a little to protect the chest from cold. Only one of the safety-pins need be undone in order to loosen the coat, so that in warm weather, or when there is but little wind, the chain can hang inside one of the facings, and quite out of sight. Not that its appearance is in any way against it, for when in use it looks as neat as a watch-guard.

Messrs. Piggott have all kinds of cycling materials in stock, as well as suits ready made up, and the prices will suit all purses. Other firms catering upon similar lines are Messrs. Benetfink & Co., of Cheapside, and Messrs. Gamage, of Holborn. An illustration is given of a girl's lined waterproof cape with golf straps. The poncho pattern of waterproof is the one I prefer for riders of either sex. On girls it looks, perhaps, a little less stylish than the other, but it is unmatched as a means of keeping out the wet, which is, after all, the main thing, and has the advantage of being a trifle cheaper. The poncho, I may say for the benefit of those who do not know, is the cape that has no opening down the front, but simply a hole for the head, with a couple of buttons to close the neck at the throat. The word is provincial Spanish, a habit of this design having been largely in vogue in South America. A cycling waterproof of some description is essential for comfortable touring, and any of the firms mentioned can show an enormous variety of sizes and patterns.

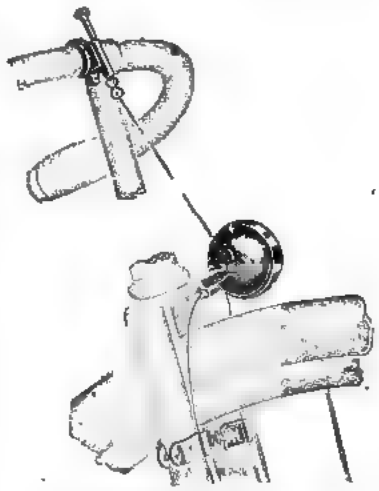
PIGGOTT'S TOURING JACKET.

In the matter of head-gear, usage has narrowed us down to a choice between the straw hat and the cloth cap. For all-round work the latter is perhaps the better, although the former is very suitable for the hottest days

A GIRL'S LINED CAPE WITH GOLF STRAPS: MADE BY MESSRS. GAMAGE.

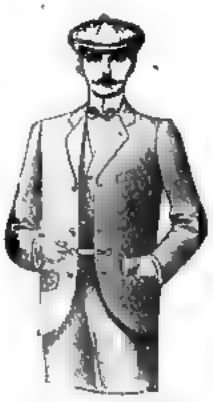
of summer. The cloth of the cap should either be very thin and porous, or, if not, the lining should be cut away in order to secure better ventilation. It is easy to carry a spare one in the kit, to provide against the emergency of a thorough wetting, or in case one's first one should be carried away and lost whilst coasting. Girls often go wrong in the matter of head-gear. Big hats with flapping brims should not be worn, as they impede the vision and annoy the rider. Whatever the fashion of the hour may be as regards ordinary wear, the cyclist should have nothing to do with either hats or toques adorned with the sort of trimming that will blow about. Simplicity and neatness are here the main secrets of comfort. If a cloth cap or a straw sailor hat are judged unsuitable, a Tam-o'-Shanter, of a colour to harmonise with the rest of the attire, will often be found becoming. As for shoes, they must, of course, *be* shoes, and not boots of any description whatever. They should be made very low at the ankle, so as not to cut the ankle bones, and, needless to say, they must be a perfect fit. For myself, I prefer shoes with rubber soles and canvas tops, and Messrs. Manfield & Sons make me an excellent pair in seven days from receipt of a post-card. But it is only a minority of riders who feel quite at home on rubber. The pedal, of course, has to be of rubber too, and many riders prefer rat-traps, which would quickly destroy a rubber sole. The grip that a rubber pedal and a rubber shoe have one upon the other, however, when both are made with transverse ribs, as mine are, is very secure, and I have never slipped the pedal since I adopted this system. For a leather shoe, one of the neatest things I know is Norris's "Pedes-Cyclo" shoe. It is light, durable, and extremely simple to fasten and undo. The prices range from 6s. 11d. up to 12s. 6d. a pair, and the firm guarantee a fit if an old shoe is sent to them at 55, Bishopsgate Street Within.

Hardly less important than the personal equipment is that of the machine itself. No one would be wise in starting out on a machine just delivered from the shop. It should be thoroughly tried first in order to give any hidden defect a chance of showing itself. All adjustments should be seen to be right, and all nuts screwed firmly home. However old the machine it should be given a thorough external cleaning, and it is as well to add to the bright parts some protective film, so that a passing shower will not rust them. Vaseline is the best known material for this purpose. But there are others that are nicer to handle, and the effects of whose application are more enduring. Of these a comparatively recent arrival is W. P. McCoy's "Anti-Rustine." It is an excellent preventive of rust, and one application will last quite a long time if the parts covered be not much handled. I should recommend anyone who fears the rust demon—and which of us does not?—to experiment with a 6d. tin. The principal address of the maker is Phœnix Place, Mount Pleasant, London, W.C., but in all probability a good dealer in accessories will be able to furnish it.



"NEW DEPARTURE" BELL, BY MESSRS. BROWN BROS.

Just a word, in conclusion, about the break and bell, which may have to play important parts in any journey. There is a class of bells which can be made to ring continuously that are much in favour with some riders. In the case of those that have to be wound up by clockwork there is a danger of letting them run down, so that, perhaps, when most wanted they are virtually not there. I give illustrations of two that require no winding, being worked simply by contact with your running wheels.



PIGGOTT'S "TIDRE" CHAIN, FOR KEEPING THE COAT FROM FLAPPING IN THE WIND.

BRADBURY'S DOUBLE-ACTING BRAKE.

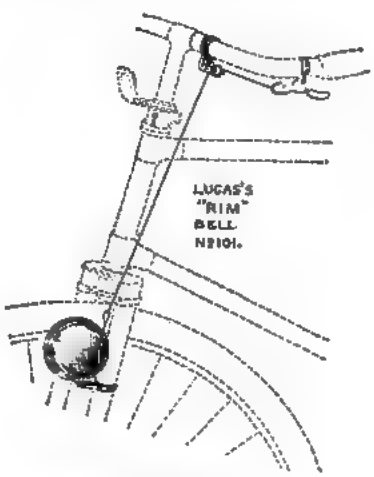
One is the "New Departure" tyre bell by Messrs. Brown Bros., of Great Eastern Street, E.C. It is set in action by pressing the little button at the top of the handle-bar. The other is the rim bell of Messrs. Joseph Lucas & Co., of Birmingham. Here the bell is not depressed, but is pulled up from its resting position beneath one side of the rim by the trigger arrangement shown. Either of these may be recommended as an excellent form of continuous bell for such as have leanings in that direction.

As regards brakes, the latest introduced by Messrs. Bradbury & Co., of Oldham, is a very good thing. It is so designed that a single motion of the brake lever brings on two rim brakes—a combination of brake power which I have always advocated, and which I regard as indispensable to all riders using free wheels. This dual brake can be so arranged that both pairs of shoes come into action simultaneously, or that the pressure from one pair takes effect slightly in advance of that from the other. In the latter case it should be the rear pair that act first, but the adjustment should be very fine, so that the front shoes go on almost immediately after the rear ones.

Happy the cyclist, equipped in the way that I have described, who leaves all thought of his every-day life behind him, and who sets off "with a heart for any fate." The road—the long road, that is for a space to be his home—may have in prospect for him some of the keenest joys of life. What is there finer than the happy-go-lucky freedom of the road?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Cricket Bat" (Russell Square).—The new game Ping-Pong will certainly not spoil you in any way for cycling—what can have made you think it might? But remember that the one is a game for quite different conditions from those that make the other attractive. Fine fun as it is, and fine sport, too, when properly played, Ping-Pong should still never tempt a man to devote fine sunny afternoons to it. Your other question is answered by the mention of Cook's Athletic Company, of Barbican Court, London, E.C. **Gertrude G.** (Ersom).—Of course I like to hear from girls. Write as often as you like, if you have always questions that you think I could help you in answering. Your brother is wrong in thinking Saudow's Grip dumb-bells would be of no use to you. A girl not only wants to have a strong body and strong limbs, but is all the better for having strong hands as well. True, you will hardly cycle any better in consequence, but wait till you have to remove an awkward tyre all by yourself, as every girl should be able to do. **The Skeleton.**—No, I won't name your school, but you ought not to trouble about your nickname. I value the memory of some of mine very much. Besides, you may not always be so excessively fat, and cycling is a fine thing to get one into more



LUCAS'S RIM BELL.

reasonable condition. Your choice of a Bradbury full roadster is a thoroughly sound one. Don't work too hard at first, but rely rather upon constant gentle exercise. There is no need whatever to starve yourself. The latest methods of treatment allow of fairly liberal diet, provided the right things are eaten. You don't want a lot of starchy stuff like bread and potatoes, as many fellows do, but rather such things as greens and salads (without the dressing). There is great virtue in active habits, and I predict that an average of even so little as ten miles a day, ridden briskly, but not in your case ridden *hard*, will do you a world of good. Let me know. **"Hopeful"** (North Shields).—(1) You cannot go wrong with any of the firms you mention; but I should add to their number the names of Swift, Sunbeam, Centaur, Bradbury, Raleigh, Royal Enfield. The Dunlop tyres will be right, but insist upon full roadsters. (2) An excellent choice would be Jaeger wool. See what is said above concerning shoes. The plan suggested is a good one, but don't leave out of reckoning the fact that in October the evenings are rapidly shortening. **H. V. T.** (Cranleigh).—(1) You only set it to fire when you leave the machine standing. After all, there is nothing simpler or better than a good lock and chain. There are plenty of good ones imported from America. The chain must not be flimsy, but hard and substantial. Even so it can, of course, be filed through; but the habits of the cycle thief lead him to choose well-frequented inns, and such like places, as his lurking grounds. He usually has plenty of choice in the way of quarry, and he will not run the risks attendant upon laborious operations on a chain, while unprotected bicycles are at hand. (2) The very best way is to get a good map and explore for yourself. Most guide-books are concerned solely with the beaten track, but, if you decide to travel "on your own," you can unfold a larger field and still have the main roads to hurry home by should you require them. There is a sense of freedom about this sort of touring which nothing else can give. I always like to sketch my main idea before starting out, and then to elaborate the details from day to day. **R. A. A.** (Oswaldtwistle).—I am sorry that it is impossible to send answers through the post. You would probably strike Cheshire ground as soon as possible, and then work westward to Chester, whence the coast road is very interesting. Am glad you are a member of the club. **H. W.** (Bristol).—You are mistaken in thinking that the oil will rot the leather. It may, however, so soften it as to render it unduly liable to wear. Treatment with benzoline will get most of the grease away, but do not use the spirit anywhere near a fire or light. I don't like band-brakes, on account of the uncertain behaviour of which you speak. In spite of the larger surface of application they are less powerful than rim-brakes, since they go on in positions so much nearer the centre of the wheel than in the latter case. Moreover, the strain set up among the spokes is greater. **Jessie** (Carlisle).—(1) Monmouth is an excellent centre for the Wye country, and either Brecknon or Crickhowel for the Usk. This Usk scenery is far too little known. Yes; at Abergavenny there is the best accommodation, and you can easily visit Raglan and the other places from there. (2) There have been various gloves specially designed for the purpose, but they were none of them comfortable, except when the fingers were bent in the shape they take when grasping a handle grip. I am glad your sister benefited.

H. P.

"THE CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER.

IN future all correspondence relating to photographic matters will be dealt with under the above heading. We shall be pleased to help those of our readers who are already amateur photographers, and to advise those who are desirous of taking up the pursuit of this fascinating hobby. All communications should be addressed to "The Photographic Editor," and a stamped, addressed envelope enclosed when replies through the post are required.

"What to Photograph in London."—A thoughtful little leaflet, published by Messrs. Sanders & Crowhurst, 71, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W., should be very useful to those of our photographic readers who may be visiting London during their holidays. It contains six tours, each representing a day's work, so arranged as to take in an itinerary the principal places of interest in the metropolis. It can be obtained upon application, with stamp for postage. **Ignotus** (Taunton).—You refer to the "wet-plate" process, in which the positive is taken direct on to a sheet of ferrotype. You can obtain both plates and developer from Jonathan Fallowfield, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. **Thunderer** (Valparaiso).—(1) You can obtain a "view-finder" for the "Brownie" camera for 1s. from Kodak, Ltd. This overcomes the difficulty you mention. (2) Photographs sent in for competition may be mounted or unmounted, as you please. We consider the merit of the photograph, not the quality of the mount, although we like to see photographs *tastefully* mounted. **"Natalian."**—It would take too much space here to tell you how to make gelatino-chloride and ferro-prussiate papers, and they are both so cheap that it is far better, and less trouble, to buy than to make them. **P. O. P.** (Harrow).—(1) For a good all-round hand camera, capable of doing all classes of work, you would do well to purchase one of Benetfink's "Lightning" cameras, with a rack-focussing attachment. (2) Judging from the prints you send, I should say the negatives were a little over-exposed. To reduce, soak them in water until thoroughly wetted, and place in a weak solution of hypo, to which has been added a few drops of ferricyanide solution: Potassium ferricyanide, one part; water, nine parts. Reduction takes place almost immediately, and the negative should be removed and washed before it is apparently sufficient.

The Photographic Editor.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL

SCHOOLS, CHAPEL, AND STUDIES. THE BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE IS THE ABBEY TOWER.

By "Upper School Modern."

"FAIR and grey and ancient,
On the flowery len,
Nestling 'neath the hillside,
Stands the school for me.
Set where saintly Aldhelm
By the bridge of Yeo,
Chanted to the chapmen
Thousand years ago.'

SHERBORNE is one of the oldest of English schools, for its charta, still preserved in the library, is dated May 13th, 1550. The school existed a long time before this, but reformation was then necessary, for it was in a very crippled condition, and would probably have died out had not King Edward VI. come to its aid. Some say that King Alfred was educated at Sherborne, but this is only a tradition. However, several indications which we can gather from historians lead us to suppose that Alfred was, at any rate, *buried* at Sherborne, which was at that time the most important town in the south-west of England. In fact, so confident are Shirburnians that this monarch was one of themselves, that a very witty song, entitled "King Alfred, O.S.," is included in the Sherborne song book.

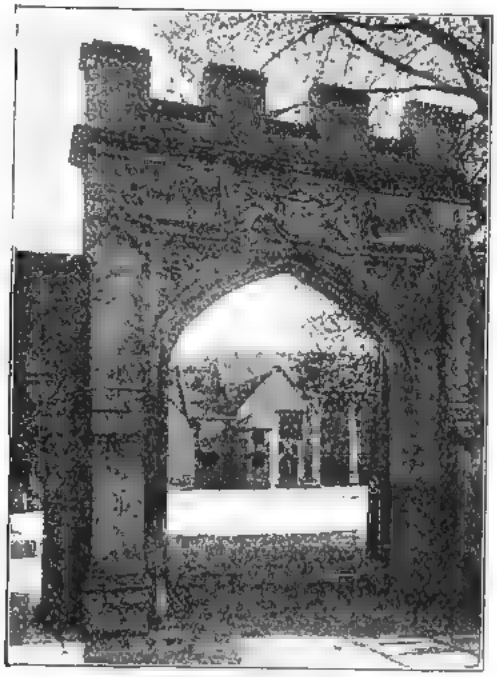
An attempt to describe the beauties of Sherborne would be useless. The ivy-mantled Abbey Tower, the grey walls of the ancient monastery, the gloomy cloisters nestling at its foot, are the very essence of the picturesque; while the rich foliage of the elm and lime trees, and the golden hue of the hamstone, lend colour to the picture.

Sherborne School stands on the ground once occupied by the Benedictine Monastery of Sherborne, from the venerable remains of which the library, chapel, and study buildings, adjoining the Abbey Church, have been formed.

THE HEAD-MASTER OF SHERBORNE SCHOOL.
Photograph by W. & H. H. Fry.

The School was reconstituted by the Endowed Schools Commission, in 1870, and under the new *régime* the object of the foundation is to "supply a liberal education in accordance with the principles of the Church of England."

On the right of the court lies the Big Schoolroom, the army class, and the modern school buildings. It is only within the last few years that the Big Schoolroom has been brought to its present state of perfection, through the generosity of one of the masters, who, mainly at his own expense, had it panelled and floored in oak. This room contains a very fine organ, over which a carved figure of



THE SCHOOL GATEWAY.

"Where yon mystic emblems
O'er the gateway frown,
True shall run the legend
'Neath her carven crown.
To avenge her honour
Lion hearts shall spring,
Conscience be her dragon
And high truth her king."

Orpheus, with his golden lyre, keeps silent watch. It is here that concerts and entertainments and prize-giving functions are held.

Confronting one, as one enters the court, are the school house studies, formerly the monks' cells, and the chapel, with Ina's Abbey in the background. Beneath the chapel are the lower school class-rooms and the little court. The chapel was formerly the Abbot's Hall, and has been enlarged from time to time. Its roof is in the fifteenth century style, but the windows are quite modern. Sad memorials of old Shirburnians are the many tablets adorning its walls.

On the east side of the court are the school house buildings and the head-master's house. Behind the chapel, and at right angles to it, is the library, formerly the Abbot's guestern hall. It has been turned into a most beautiful room, chiefly through the energy, combined with great affection for the school, of the late head-master, Dr. Harper.

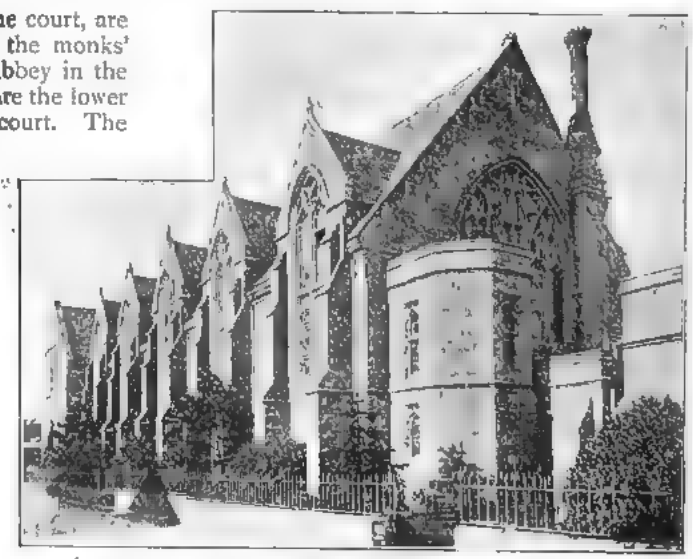
On the west, behind the Big Schoolroom, are the music-rooms, armoury, art and science schools, gymnasium, museum, workshop, fives courts, and swimming baths, which were also built by Dr. Harper, of whom it is said that he was the first to bathe in them.

"And when dear old Dan, that wonderful man,
Had dug up his noble pool,
'Tis said that he sent with a merry intent
This message around the school:
'Your limbs for to lave in my crystal wave
I know that you all do thirst;
But unless you arise with the lark in the skies
'Tis I shall be in the first.'"

At a short distance from the school is Mr. Blake's house, a preparatory school connected with Sherborne, and close by this the sanatorium, a large building in two parts joined by a bridge. Behind the latter lies the head-master's garden, in olden days said to have been the monks' fish-pond.

A little further away is a most magnificent cricket ground, very nearly as level as a billiard table, of which Ranjitsinhji, in his famous "Jubilee Book," speaks as being "second to none."

Rugby football is played at Sherborne both in the Christmas and Easter terms. During the Christmas term the school matches are played off, and in the Easter term the house matches. Hockey has been introduced to fill up the time between the last house match and sports, and with fair success. In football the inter-school matches are with Tonbridge and St. Paul's,



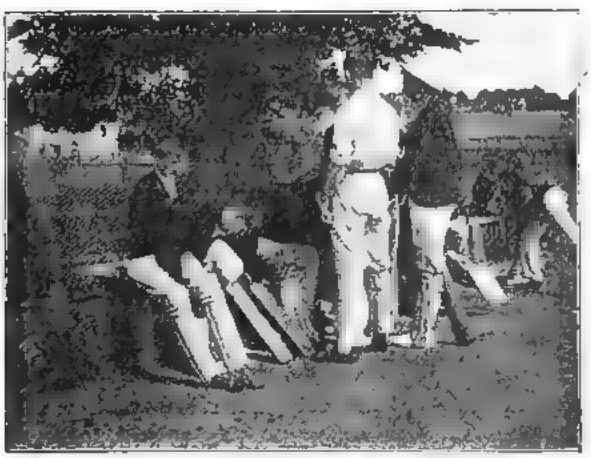
THE BIG SCHOOLROOM.

and in cricket with Bradfield and St. Paul's.

The school also possesses a cadet corps, in connection with 1st Dorset Volunteers, which is at present one hundred strong. Many sham fights and inter-school shooting matches are held; an "eight" is sent up to Bisley, and a detachment always goes to Aldershot for camp and field-days. Its captain and lieutenants are masters of the school, and the non-coms. are chosen from the ranks.

There are no customs really peculiar to the school, unless we except a small though curious one which requires that every member

THE CHAPEL.



IN THE CRICKET FIELD, SHERBORNE.

of the school shall wear a straw hat all the year round.

In the swimming bath, the swimmer's prowess in the water is shown by his bathing drawers, called by Shirburnians "kickers," to decide the colour of which trials are held several times during the summer term. If a fellow cannot manage to struggle through one length of the bath he wears "muds," which are of a variegated hue; should he be able to swim one length he wears "reds," which are red-and-white striped; two lengths "singles," blue and white; nine lengths "doubles," the colour of which is plain blue. Swimming races are held for medals and challenge cups, also diving and dummy-diving competitions.

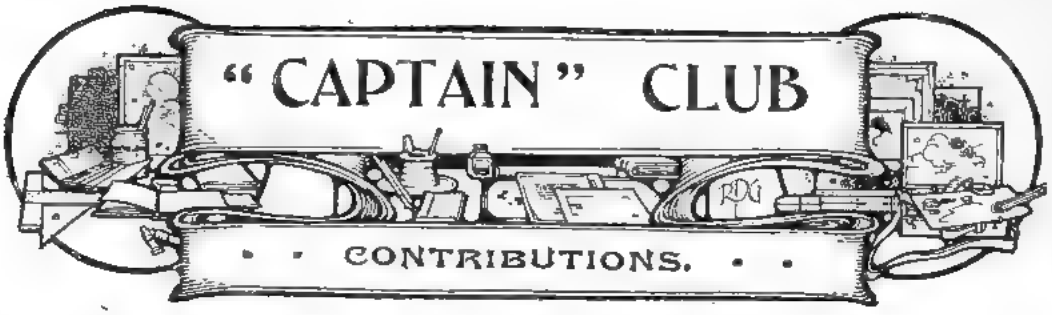
Sherborne is the proud possessor of a large number of challenge cups for all sorts of things, including music.

As I have said, straw hats are worn all the year round, the different houses, the first fifteen, first eleven, and Sixth Form being distinguished by differently coloured bands. "Toppers" are worn on Sundays, except on summer afternoons, when straw hats are allowed.

In conclusion let me quote from Sir Lewis Morris, a distinguished "O.S.," on Sherborne:—

> Long may she live to keep her memory green,
> And still while England stands unshattered last;
> And may this page which tells what she has been
> Link a bright future with a cherished past.

MR. BLAKE'S HOUSE.



ONE Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN has been awarded to E. BOYLE for his contribution entitled, "Half an Hour with the Navy List." Mr. Boyle is requested to forward his address.

Dudley Castle.

IN the midst of that region of the midland counties which is aptly termed the Black Country, stand the ruins of the historical pile known as Dudley Castle. This castle, which belongs to the Earl of Dudley, is situated on a lofty limestone hill at the north-eastern extremity of the town. It was erected about A.D. 700 by Dodo, a Saxon prince, from whom the town derived its name, being first called "Dodo's Ley," or "Doddiley," which in course of time was shortened to "Dudley."

During the reign of William the Conqueror, the then proprietor, Earl Edwin, was removed, and the castle became the property of William Fitzansculph. During the time of the Henrys and Edwards, it passed through the hands of various members of the two great branches of his family, the "De Somerys" and the "Suttons," and ultimately, in the reign of Charles I., came into the possession of the "Ward" family, which has owned it ever since.

During the great Civil War it was occupied by royalist troops, and laid siege to by Cromwell; two years later it was dismantled by order of Parliament in order to render it unfit for the accommodation of a garrison. From that time Dudley Castle was used only as a private residence, until the year 1750, when it was almost wholly destroyed by fire. There is a tradition to the effect that the fire was the work of a gang of coiners, who, whilst utilising the place for their illegal purposes, overheated a crucible, and thus set some oaken beams alight; but this has never been verified.

It was not thought worthy of repair, and was left a heap of ruins until between the years 1799 and 1805, when William, the third Viscount Dudley and Ward, removed a vast heap of the ruined masonry, and patched the place up a little.

From the highest point of the ruins a view of twenty-two miles in radius is obtained. The castle being of no real use to its owner, the grounds are always open, and many are the visitors attracted thereto. Being composed of limestone, the hill upon which the castle stands possesses numerous caverns, which have been visited upon several occasions by eminent geologists.

J. HAROLD ROUND.

JOHN BUNYAN'S STATUE AT BEDFORD.
Photograph by D. Graham Crofts.

The A.B.C. of Coarse Fishing.

FIRST, as to the rod and tackle. Let your rod be of stout cane, about 12ft. long. Your line should be strong, and should consist partly of gut; at least see that you have 2ft. or more of gut above the float, which should be a goose-quill, tipped with red. The best hook is a small one, size 12 for preference.

Secondly, as to the bait. If you require a good ground-bait, make some balls of bran and bread. The bait chiefly used is paste, made from bread a day old. If gentles are to be obtained, get them by all means, although don't forget to take your paste with you. Gentles may fail to attract the

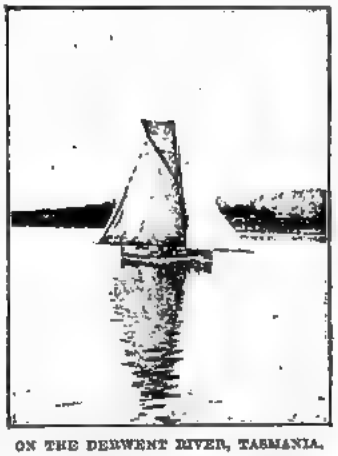
fish, whereas paste will nearly always. Another excellent paste-bait is made by boiling wheat and malt in milk until quite soft. Red worms are sometimes taken, but the most reliable bait is the paste.

CAMPING OUT IN TASMANIA; SHOWING HOW SOME "CAPTAIN" READERS ENJOYED A HOLIDAY.
Photograph by W. E. Fuller.

General Hints: (1) Having arrived at your destination, fit up your rod quietly, for the roach do not like noise. When you have ascertained the depth of the stream, see that the hook rests 5ins. or 6ins. from the bottom.

(2) To recognise a roach-swim, note the condition of the bank of the stream; if it is worn, you will then know that it is a favourite spot for roach.

(3) See that the length of gut from the float to the end of the rod is about 18ins., and let the end be right over the float, so that when you strike you may strike "home."



ON THE DERWENT RIVER, TASMANIA.
Photograph by W. E. Fuller.

(4) When you have a nibble, strike in a gentle but firm manner, so as not to disturb the fish to a great extent. After striking, do not swing the fish out of the water over your head. Your catch may be a half-pounder, or even a pounder, and the result will be a broken rod and a bad temper.

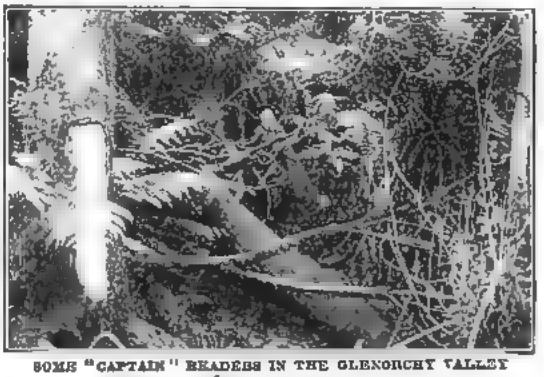
(5) If possible, sit down when fishing. Provide yourself with a fishing stool, and always wear thick woollen stockings and strong boots, which will keep the damp out.

As a concluding remark, let me impress upon those who wish to secure good sport that—quiet is half the thing; patience is the other half.

JOHN W. LEWIS.

How to Make Photographic Post-cards.

AS pictorial post-cards are now so popular, some photographic readers of THE CAPTAIN may like to know a simple and effective way of making them, using their own negatives. The materials are both few and cheap, viz., 1oz. citrate of iron and ammonium, 1oz. ferricyanide of potassium, the former costing 2d., and the latter 3d.; also a packet of ordinary plain post-cards (as sold at 1d. a packet of twenty). Dissolve each chemical, in separate bottles, in 4ozs. of water. Pour into a measuring glass 1 drachm of each. This makes the sensitising mixture. Using a broad camel-hair brush, coat the back of the cards with the mixture; and, having drained off any superfluous fluid, place on edge to dry. The coating and drying should be done in a fairly dark room. When dry, the cards are used in the ordinary way for printing, by placing behind a negative (with a suitable mask between), and exposing to the light. The part acted upon by the light goes blue, and the prints when done should be rather dark. To finish, all that has to be done is to wash the cards under a cold water tap for a few minutes; after leaving them in a basin of clean water for a quarter of an hour, they should be allowed to dry between clean blotting paper, under pressure, so as to keep them flat. The final colour, a bright blue, is very effective—especially for sea views—and is quite permanent. An improvement in coating the cards is to cut out different marks in cardboard of the size



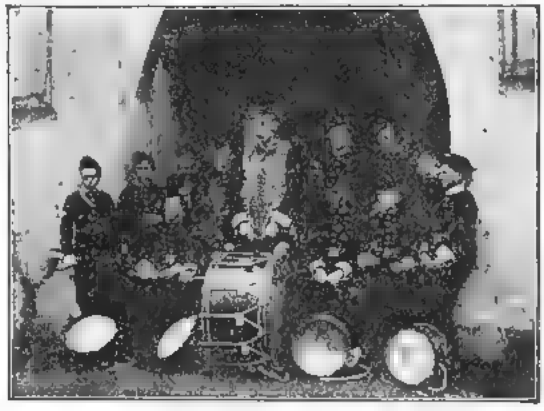
SOME "CAPTAIN" READERS IN THE GLENORCHY VALLEY TASMANIA; SHOWING THE BUSH SCENERY.
Photograph by W. E. Fuller.

and shape desired, and placing them on the card; brush over the solution, which touches the part cut out. In printing, these cards will need no mark between them and the negatives, the light acting on the part sensitised, and the rest remaining white. A half-plate frame should be used for printing, with a glass in front when quarter-plates are used. A post-card is rather too large for a quarter-plate frame. The sensitising solution will not keep long when mixed, but the two constituents of it keep well if placed in a dark cupboard.

E. A. Miller.

Half an Hour with the Navy List.

I SUPPOSE there are not many people who would turn to the Navy List in order to pass away an odd half-hour, but really there are a good many worse ways of killing time than this. It is really surprising what a lot of unfamiliar names we do run against in scanning the roll of between five and six hundred ships of one kind and another—drill ships, cruisers, gunboats, torpedo boats, in fact, anything from a big line-of-battle ship to a tiny sailing vessel—which form our Royal Navy.



EPSOM COLLEGE BAND, COMMANDED BY CORPL. GILES, WHO IS SITTING ON THE LEFT OF DRUMMER POTTS.

Photograph by W. M. McWalters.

At first sight it would appear that the gentlemen who are responsible for the christening of these ships keep volumes of natural history and mythology at their elbows, so varied are the selections we get from these branches of knowledge. What a menagerie we should have if instead of merely the names of ships we had the living animals themselves! Of course the "Lion" would be to the fore, although how he would agree with some of the more peaceably inclined members, the "Stag," for instance, or the "Hart," is doubtful. Dogs would be well represented by the "Bloodhound," "Mastiff," "Harrier," and "Beagle," while we should have a curious mixture in the "Hyæna," "Jackal," "Fox," "Leopard," "Fawn," "Zebra," "Antelope," "Wolf," "Badger," "Lynx," "Otter," "Opossum," "Ferret," and "Weasel." What would make the fortune of this strange collection, however, would be a "Dragon," "Unicorn," and "Basilisk," all of which the ancients believed to exist, but of which no trace has ever been found.

Of birds we should have about sixty varieties, including, naturally enough, of course, a fair share of sea birds, such as the "Seagull," "Seamew," "Albatross," and "Kestrel." While "Eagle," "Hawk," and "Vulture" are all names applicable to fighting ships, "Dove," "Robin," "Nightingale," "Swallow," and "Thrush" strike one as being very far removed from war's alarms.

The person who gave the torpedo boat destroyers, the *Hornet* and *Viper*, their names, had a very good idea of the fitness of things. They resemble their namesakes in a good many ways; likewise the *Mosquito*, a stern-wheeled boat for service on the Zambesi, although one would think that there were quite enough of its pestilential living relations in that favoured region without further harrowing the feelings of the residents by naming a boat after their plague. We have besides an "Ant," a "Lizard," "Spider," "Snake," "Grasshopper," and "Cockatrice."

Strange to say, fish are very poorly represented in their own element, there being only a dozen or so, all told. These include, however, some very warlike varieties, the "Shark," "Pike," "Swordfish," and "Thrasher" being well to the front. We have besides a "Salmon," "Skate," "Sturgeon," "Dolphin," "Porpoise," "Whiting," and "Flying Fish." There is a whole host of mythological characters in the interesting list, including "Venus," "Niobe," "Perseus," "Narcissus," "Minerva," "Ajax," "Hercules," "Jupiter," "Juno," "Leda," "Flora," "Daphne," "Hebe," "Diana," and "Psyche," besides a "Nymphe" and a "Naiad." Of course, there is a "Neptune" and a "Mermaid"; also a "Pilot," and if there is not a "Handy Man," there is a "Handy," "Hearty," "Hardy," "Plucky," and "Dauntless," all of which are applicable to Jack Tar.

The "Nelson," "Benbow," "Collingwood," "Camperdown," "Howe," "Hood," and "Iron Duke" all remind us of the heroes to whom Britain owes so much, while our navy would not be complete without its "Trafalgar." The list also contains a "Hussar," a "Dwarf," "Goliath,"

"Elfin," a "Fairy," a "Gladiator," a "Boxer," a "Centurion," a "Sharp-shooter," and a "Warrior."

Only a very small selection of this remarkable list of names is given here, a list of which every Briton should be proud, for do not the ships in it comprise our first line of defence, and are they not the descendants, if we may so term them, of those wooden walls of England which have won renown in every corner of the watery globe?

E. BOYLE.

[NOTE.—Since this article was written, H.M.S. *Viper*, torpedo-boat destroyer, has been wrecked off the Casquets, and subsequently blown up by charges of gun-cotton.—ED.]

Outdoing the Irish.

A GERMAN newspaper gives a few samples of German bulls, which are quite as amusing as those perpetrated by the Irish, who have been heretofore supposed to have a monopoly in the business:—

"Among the immigrants was an old blind woman, who came once more before she died to see her only son."

"After the door was closed, a soft female foot slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the taper."

"Both doctors were unable to restore the deceased once more to life and health."

"The Ladies' Benefit Association has distributed twenty pairs of shoes among the poor, which will dry up many a tear."

PENN WRIGHT.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

LITERARY.

G. W. Berry.—Brightly written, but people do not care much about reading an article on wet weather. You should note that "all right" is not one word (page 1, line 5). It is certainly remarkable that you should have remained under the Albert Bridge for six hours, whilst the rain poured. I think I should have made a rapid bee-line for some other covering on shore. **J. H. Round.**—You should avoid tautology, which means using the same word or expression over and over again. For instance, you say in your paper on Dudley Castle, "It passed into the hands of William Fitzansculph. During the time of the Henrys and Edwards it passed through the hands, etc." You also state that the castle was erected "About the year A.D. 700." That being written in full, the sentence reads: "About the year in the year of Our Lord 700." Just note how I have corrected these and other faults in your essay, and also how I have cut away the part which smacks a little bit too much of the guide-book. All this takes up a lot of my time, and I naturally prefer articles which are properly written to those which I have to prune and alter. All CAPTAIN CLUB contributors should bear this fact in mind. **J. L. Turner.**—Sorry no room for riddles. You are very complimentary in saying that the O. F. is like a roast turkey, because the former is filled with wisdom and the latter is stuffed with sage! **Roy Carmichael.**—You should not write an essay on one side of an ordinary sheet of note-paper. It does not give an editor a fair chance to correct it "for press." However, your article is observantly, if closely, written, and I have accepted it. Let me have a look at the suggested "Experiences of a Greenhorn on a Farm in Manitoba." It sounds well. Keep it short. **Una.**—Give yourself a little more room, my dear. As you quite fill up the space between the lines, you should write on paper which affords more space between lines. A pleasant little essay; a brief article devoted entirely to one of those 'bus rides should read humorously. See what you can do. **The Bo'sun.**—Try something in the dialogue way. **Badge.**—You describe me incorrectly. I am a very cheerful old man, and invariably the acme of old-time courtesy when ladies call at the office. With poets my methods are more modern. **S. B. Wates.**—Not quite enough in the incident to merit publication. However, I like to receive little stories about birds, etc., so send something else along of the same nature some day. **James H. Forrester.**—Send another poem; this one not up to standard. **V. Murray.**—Are your contributions original? **Newcampus.**—Your description of Yorkshire's sensational defeat by Somerset is written in a very interesting manner. The sketches are only fair. Still, they show promise. Try to get more life and originality into future work of this sort.

ARTISTIC.

Hubert Holliday.—Before worrying the editor of *Punch*, I should advise you to try the smaller and cheaper comic papers, bearing in mind the style of work they prefer. **"Irlandaise."**—Your two drawings direct from nature show a certain amount of promise, but I cannot tell you from these to what strength your art will really run. Yes; I should advise you to go ahead with black and white, but don't be too ambitious. **Leon Kelsey** and **Harold R. James.**—My opinion of your work is that you ought to pay more attention to outline and the anatomy of your figures. **Duncan H. Nielson.**—Practise seriously from life, using your sketch-book at all times. Your style is all right. **Christobel E. L. Ward.**—I will use your photograph of Magdalen College tower when space permits. **"Edwardian."**—Your sketch of the famous Warwickshire wicket-keeper, Lilley, might have been worse; but, from what you send, I can hardly advise you to follow in the steps of "Spy" or "Rip!" **J. L. Rayner.**—(1) Yes; I always endeavour to return drawings when a stamped envelope is enclosed. (2) Your literary contribution will be acknowledged elsewhere, but you should always write your name and address on a MS. before sending it to an editor. (3) Am not sure that I can find room for your sketch. It is very neatly done.

Contributions have also been received from: A. W. Schofield, R. C. Tharp, J. S. Cox, "Elpayaee," Cyp. Dare, G. Beaumont, "Sz," "Penn Wright," "Shade of Burns," "Thistle," Leslie V. Ellis, Stanley Whitehead, T. M. C. (New Zealand), W. M. McWaltera, Edgar Leigh, P. T. Stevenson, J. H. Forrester, Gerald Cole, W. M. Wace, F. G. Briston, Harold Barnshaw, F. W. Stokoe, A. E. Batzer, Archibald Pollock, Jun., G. M. Silder, Alex. Thompson, M. Castledine, R. F. Megginson, A. Perry Davis (who is "clubbed"), F. C. Owen, W. B. Huntly, Chas. F. Knowles, George Monks, Fred. Mann, "Philip," Kenneth M. Davies

(A number of contributions are held over. Further criticisms will be found at the end of the Old Fag's "Answers to Correspondents.")

12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Braced up by a long spell of holiday, the majority of those who read this magazine will be getting into school harness again just about the time this number appears. But, whether you go to school or to business, or are at a hospital or university—whatever you may be, the end of a summer vacation means taking up again the task that has been laid aside during a pleasant season of idleness. That over—back to duty again! It is a refreshing spectacle to see anybody go to his work with an appetite, for then he will enjoy it. A healthy person should have an appetite for work and play, as well as for food; thus he will carry out the idea of a sound mind in a sound body. Back, then, to work—and to work with a will! Honest work, that gives one's conscience no twinge, is the only satisfactory form of labour. So, this new term, keep ever before you those fine lines of Tennyson's which sum up so much in a small space:—

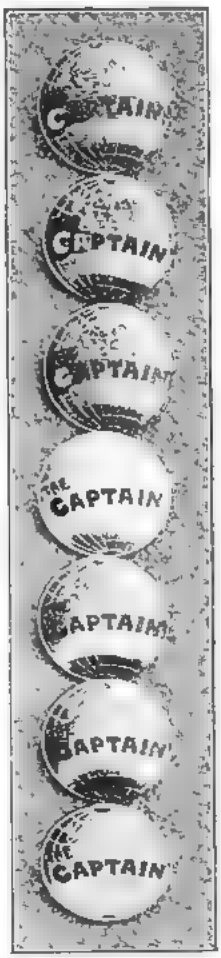
> Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Your Chums.—THE CAPTAIN Club Contributions Prize was awarded last month to the writer of a very sound and thoughtful essay on School Chums. His remarks, however, applied to everybody's chums. How easy it is to sum up a man's character by studying the behaviour, conversation, and mental attitude of the companions with whom he most consorts! I don't mean ordinary acquaintances with whom force of circumstances may lead him to spend an occasional evening, but his friends, his *real* friends, the little circle of Tom, Dick and Harry that he forms a constant member of, to which he unbosoms his troubles, and with which he seeks his recreation. It is the same with boys, and with young fellows just merging from boyhood into manhood. Like seeks like, and birds of a feather flock together. You may, if you please, form one of a set of "straight" fellows in every sense of the word; or you may mix with an easy-going lot who regard misdemeanours lightly; or, lastly, you may gradually drift into company of the Weedon & Co. type in "Smith's House." Just as a young fellow's physique is built up in his youth, so is his character, and very much—almost everything, indeed, as the writer of that essay remarked—depends upon the type of chum he elects to take unto himself.

One's Best Friend.—Out of your circle of intimates you wish to choose one to be more particularly your chum than any of the others. This very particular friend, let me assure you, must be selected with caution. It is humiliating to confide one's cares and troubles to a person who ultimately proves by his indiscretion to be unworthy of such confidence. Make certain, before you open your heart to your friend, that your speech will go no further than his ear. Endless mischief has been worked by people who, being unable to "keep secrets," should never have been entrusted with such. Make sure of him, then, before you confide in him, for the poet hath truly said: "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice." It is a grand thing to know a Certain One in whom you can confide—better to speak of your troubles to a sympathetic friend than brood and brood over them until they assume morbidly colossal proportions. Most people make too much of their troubles. This is where the strong friend comes in with his cheerful smile, his firm hand-clasp,

and his fixed determination to make you look on the bright side of everything!

The Great Test.—Trouble is the great test of friendship. When a man is down on his luck the world shrugs its shoulders and says: "Didn't I tell you he would come to this?" Casual acquaintances cut him, and milk-and-water friends find it convenient to be out when he calls. But, standing high above this worthless crew, there is the great, true friend, whose friendship nothing can abate; who, with that splendid light of honesty and sincerity shining in his eyes, will prove to the man who is down on his luck that life still possesses much that is sweet and beautiful while it can offer such friendship as this. See to it, therefore, all of you, that your friends are of the right stuff; then *keep* them; they are of more value to you than many riches, for real friendship is imperishable.



"Captain" Club.—A number of readers have sent applications for membership with their competitions. As they have been requested not to do this, they are hereby informed that no notice has been taken of applications forwarded in that manner, and that they must apply again in the usual way, *i.e.*, by addressing a letter to the editor, and marking the envelope "CAPTAIN Club."

Mr. Fry and Mr. Swainson.—The article by Mr. C. B. Fry, which was to have appeared in this number, not having arrived in time, it will be published next month, with the usual batch of "Answers to Correspondents."—Owing to pressure on our space, we have been obliged to postpone publication of Mr. Swainson's story, "Acton's Rival—A Tale of Eliza's," till November.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Silver Paper.—We were erroneously informed that Messrs. William Whiteley, Ltd., purchase used silver paper. We must apologise to Messrs. Whiteley for having put them to the trouble of telling many correspondents that they do not buy such paper.

Corporal R. S. Ratte writes from Kimberley: "It is by the merest chance that I am scribbling this note. I am out here fighting the Boers—or supposed to be. I was an enthusiastic reader of THE CAPTAIN until I set sail for South Africa, but had not seen a single copy since then until to-night, when I strolled into a library here, and what should I see but the familiar old cover! I cannot tell you what I felt on seeing its face once more. It seemed to carry me back to old Scotland again. . . . It may interest you to hear that last summer I made a canoe from the directions given in THE CAPTAIN. It was most successful, and many's the jolly day I spent in it. I left her to a chum on coming out here. . . . I have been in action several times, but to my certain knowledge I have only shot one hen, and a mule one night whilst I was on outpost duty. . . . By the way, in the magazine I have got hold of (June, 1901) there is an article on 'What We Eat Out Here,' by a Cape chap. By Jove! if we got all that we'd think ourselves in clover!"

"Sheep-Eye" (1) was the victim of a gross mistake of our binding department. He got the last number of THE CAPTAIN from his usual shop, and on opening it he found it was a *Wide World Magazine* bound up in a CAPTAIN cover. He got all this for 4½d. (2) After relating this fact, "Sheep-Eye" inquires what he ought to feed his rabbits on. We beg to refer him to an article on this subject which appeared in THE CAPTAIN for October, 1900.

Charles (1) regrets that every time he writes to me he cannot help inflicting some of his humour upon me. He does so in the hope that his attempts at humour, as he calls them, may be more appreciated in this office than they are within "the narrowing influence of his ancestral home." We quite understand the position—Charles is a prophet without honour in his own country. Never mind; he is a real prophet in this office—his own country will honour him all in good time. (2) As he desires it, he may certainly regard himself as an official representative of THE CAPTAIN in Lee, S.E.

J. H.—I cannot say I am in favour of much cycle-racing. A little just now and then is not bad fun, though I must confess I don't like to see fellows bending their backs double and struggling round a track like so many rainbows. A celebrated anatomist whom I consulted on the point once told me that excessive cycle-racing is productive of spinal complaints, and I can quite believe it when I see those backs humped up at cycle race meetings. Of course, training for cycle racing is much like other training; read Mr. Fry's general hints on getting into condition.

A. L. Larkins.—If your coins were found in an earthenware pot which was dug up in Italy they are probably of some value. I suppose they were hidden a long time ago, in times of trouble, when no one's property was safe from marauders. I cannot tell you what they are worth, and the only way you

can find out is to take them to a really good dealer in curios. I would refer you to Messrs. W. S. Lincoln & Sons, New Oxford Street, London. I see you live at Clapton, so it won't be much of a trot for you.

A Dutch Member of THE CAPTAIN Club writes from Amsterdam: "Some years ago I went to an English public school. There I learned to appreciate English college life, and above all to love the English school-boy. He is so much like the boys of my own dear country. I never found better friends than I did in England, and for this reason I like THE CAPTAIN best of all papers, as it brings back to me the happy days, the glorious time of a college boy."

L. Williams.—It is not my intention to start a sale or exchange column in this magazine, as this sort of thing frequently results in one of the parties being dissatisfied with his bargain. Sell and exchange among your own circle of friends, if you like; but if you want to get value for your money, don't expect to do so by the methods you suggest. Any business man will tell you the same thing.

H. E. Aldridge (MARYBOROUGH, QUEENSLAND).—Coming on the top of your kind reference to the series, you will be glad to hear that you will shortly be able to purchase the "Tales of Greyhouse" in book form. The "Tales" have been carefully revised and placed in their proper order—that is, in the order of the happenings they relate. The same characters appear in most of the stories.

H. F. Smith.—(1) Seaweed should be dried between blotting paper under pressure. (2) Cannot advise you to buy a cock-thrush by post. Go to a bird fancier in your own part of the country. Personally, I don't like to see birds in cages; how would *you* like to live in a cage? (3) Lancaster's "Le Merveilleux" is an excellent camera for one guinea. (4) Try *Imperial* "P.O.P."

Puer Parvus can buy a hundred badges if he likes. Sorry to hear he had his stolen. No doubt the thief will now take to reading THE CAPTAIN, and mend his ways. "Puer Parvus" may be interested to hear that a CAPTAIN badge is lying at the bottom of Lake Geneva. One of our readers in Switzerland had the misfortune to drop it overboard when rowing on the lake.

E. G. R.—You are in a good trade enough, but you can obtain far better advice on the course of reading you ought to adopt from one of your firm, who could probably lend you a number of books on the subject. If you don't get any satisfactory information by this means, write to us again, and we will get an expert to draw up a list of books for you.

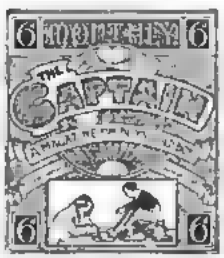
Undecided wants me to help him make up his mind as to whether he should be an electrical engineer, a bank clerk, or an accountant. A good deal, of course, depends upon this correspondent's position and means; but, as he has a strong bent for mathematics, I should say he could not do better than become an electrical engineer.

Official Representatives of THE CAPTAIN. The following are appointed: C. P. Eastbury (Redland, Bristol); G. V. W. S. (Leyton); P. Chappell (Bath); C. C. Boutwood (Hastings); Frank Edwards (Kentish Town); Walter Russell (Wimbledon); Oliver Gossman (Gourock, Renfrewshire); John F. Brodie (Leith); "M.C.C." (Exmouth); Arthur E. Woodhead (Harrogate); Jennie Clasper (Aisne); "Charles" (Lee).

T. R. Robertson.—Continual exercise, not overdone, and a healthy life will make you much stronger in time. Get all the open air you can, and eat porridge. Make yourself glow all over with a rough towel after your bath. Don't be impatient—you are growing; strength will come with increased age. Use 11lb. bells. See answer to "C. M."

C. M. (FINCHLEY.)—You and all other fellows who are pigeon-chested, narrow-shouldered, and weedy generally, should get Sandow's book, "Strength, and how to obtain it." About 2s. 6d., I think. Any bookseller will get it for you. It deals with people of all ages. If you follow this famous strong man's instructions, you'll soon be a different fellow.

E. A. M.—Missionaries are generally trained at special colleges. St. Augustine's, Canterbury, is a well-known one. The pay, I believe, is adequate. As to whether you ought to adopt the Church as a profession, that must rest with yourself and your inclinations. A man should not regard the Church as a profession in the same light as he would the Bar or the Army.



FACSIMILE OF "THE CAPTAIN" STAMP, A NUMBER OF WHICH WILL BE FORWARDED TO ANY READER WHO SENDS STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

Ranji Rufus.—I believe the record score was put together not long ago in a match between N.S. Wales and S. Australia. N.S. Wales knocked up 918, five of the eleven batsmen making centuries, *i.e.*, Iredale, 118; Noble, 153; Gregory, 168; Duff, 119; and Poidevin, 140 (not out).

One of the Club.—Send that description of a day at Eton. Write it in what the old schoolmasters used to call a "fair hand," on exercise paper, and only on one side of that. Hot? M'yes. It is 85 in the shade as I write these answers.

Château Thierry (BABY AT).—We have several official representatives in France, but you may consider yourself our representative at Aisne, if you like. *Au revoir!*

C. Eastbury.—A member of the club may write "C.C." after his name. "M.C.C." (as you suggest) might indicate that he belonged to the famous cricket club having those initials.

C. E. Weir.—One-pound dumb-bells will do you all right. **O. R.**—I hope you will make as good a soldier as you are a staunch supporter of THE CAPTAIN. Much interested in the description of your enterprising journey from Australia. **Jack Loutet.**—Will consider your suggestion. **Agriculturalist.**—Not that I'm aware of; these modern times of ours don't grow many philanthropists who "grant" land to penniless people. **M. J. R. S.**—I will endeavour to answer your questions fully next month. **Blackie.**—The majority work from models, I believe. Send the photographs if you like. **An Old Mother.**—You may be sure that such letters as yours receive my careful consideration, especially when couched in such courteous terms. **G. Jones.**—We should be notified of change in address of C.C. members. **H. C. Day.**—Clubbed. The free wheel is very tricky. On the whole, it is safer not to have one. **G. D. Clunies-Ross** (1) Clubbed. (2) Yes, quite right. **A Birmingham Boy.**—(1) Clubbed. (2) Yes, every boy and girl should learn to swim. (3) Quite

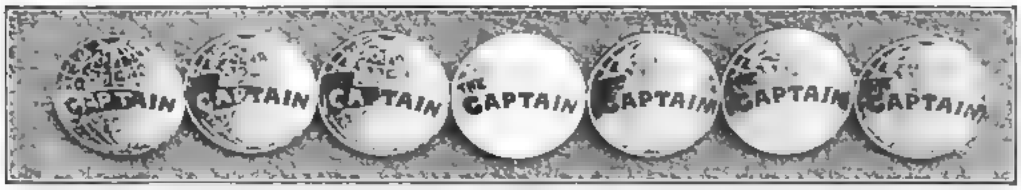
correct. **Office Boy.**—(1) Yes. (2) Skerry's "Civil Service Copy Book," from Mr. G. E. Skerry, 27, Chancery Lane, London. Price 1s. **Jason II.**—I cannot go by such brief particulars. Send a stamped envelope, and say what you *do* want to do. **R. F. Megginson.**—Your suggestion about THE CAPTAIN Club card will be remembered. **W. Monk.**—Send your query to Messrs. A. & F. Denny, 147, Strand, London, W.C. **D. Davies.**—Kindly study the back numbers for the particulars you require. **E. Megginson.**—Mr. C. B. Fry is not the editor of THE CAPTAIN. He edits the "Athletic Corner" only. **N. Hayward.**—You can improve your wind by taking steady running exercise, not too soon after meals. Read Mr. Fry's articles and answers. **E. W. M. Cole.**—Regret I cannot put you into communication with other readers, as this is against my rule. **R. C. Johnston.**—Clubbed. As regards art work, make it a hobby and stick to what you are doing for a living—that is to say, until you get something more remunerative. **Arthur L. H. Smith** may consider himself an official representative at Bristol. **"Idea Merchant Minor."**—I will consider your suggestion, which is very sensible. **Herbert Renwick.**—We have had several articles on railway engines. Just take a look through your back numbers, Master Herbert. **L. L. F. Fearon** (JAPAN).—There are occasional foreign competitions. Watch for them. It is against my rule to put readers in communication with one another. **G. A. Duncan.**—There is no subscription to THE CAPTAIN Club. You must buy THE CAPTAIN every month, that is all. **Charley Fillan** (DOMINICA, B.W.I.)—Very glad you're getting the better of your malarial attacks. **R. Bunbury.**—Thanks for colours. **Mad Meg.**—Under the circumstances I do not think you are at all mean. **J. H. T. P.**—Neither, thanks.—**Booky C. Heerjee** (MALABAR).—I think you are the first Parsee young lady to win one of our prizes. This should encourage you to persevere with your drawing. **Vi Fairweather.**—I shall be happy to put my signature in your autograph album. **Drawer.**—Yes, if they are good enough. See C.C.C. **H. Ferguson** (ARGENTINE REPUBLIC).—Clubbed. Hope to use photograph of "The Shoe."

"CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.
(Continued).

Tim R.—The snap-shots you sent, taken with your "Brownie" camera, are altogether too faint, otherwise I should have been pleased to have used some of them. **Maurice S. Porrott.**—The sketch of yourself and the O.F. in wash is, in many respects, good, but you had better stick to drawing more in line. **A. S.**, who sends a smart little wash-drawing "drawn with a brush only from memory after seeing *As You Like It*" is advised to go ahead, as this work shows a certain amount of strength and artistic finish. **Miss Booky C. Heerjee** (INDIA).—Your pencil drawing has been handed to me by the competition editor; the execution is good, but somewhat niggled. I would rather see original sketches from you. **H. Keyworth.**—You have improved wonderfully, and, as a start, I advise you to have a shot at the halfpenny comic papers. Don't put in too much shading. (2) As to "where such chaps as Tom Browne get all their jokes from," that is an answer which would take a whole page. Mr. Tom Browne is born with a special gift of seeing the comic side of things. *When you want drawings returned you should send a stamped envelope.* **J. Cameron.**—I don't think it would do you much good to take a course of lessons in drawing by correspondence; your touch on paper is all right, and if you paid more attention to drawing, and studied carefully the works of other line artists, in time you might come to be of some good. Don't be in such a hurry. Your reasons for joining THE CAPTAIN Club were quite right, as we are anxious to give to members of the club the full benefit of our lengthy experience in all matters. **Snooks, B.A.**—Yes, I certainly think you are improving, but *do* pay more attention to outline, as, without this, no artist can expect to be of much good.

Letters, etc., have also been received from: J. F. Von Haïma, A. P. Bosomnorth, John W. Lewis, E. S. Bennett (New York), "Natal," C. J. Cookes, J. H. Orchard, P. O'D. G., A. J. Judd, W. T. Dobbs, E. C. Cross, John Mawson, A. N. Toms, "A Humble Admirer," E. Brecknell, A. L. Scott (both "clubbed") and many others.

THE OLD FAG.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

***Bonâ fide* purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.**

Results of August Competitions.

No. I.—"Four Towns."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s.: WILLIAM CROWHURST RUBIE, 2, Luther Terrace, Dover.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: WINIFRED PALMER, "The Grotto," Churchdown, near Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gladys Morris, Mayne Reid, Gertrude Sterling, Geoffrey Charters, G. Pitt, George Mottershead.

CLASS II.—(Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: CHARLES STEWART WHITE, 45, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: L. E. V. TIFFEN, 51, Spruies Road, Brockley, S.E.; FRANK HARPER, 10, Springbank Terrace, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lewis W. Jenner, Percy Alfred Taffs, C. G. Thomas, Percy L. M. Battye, Edgar J. Trowbridge, W. H. Boughey, Constance Leigh, Dorothy Mitchell.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: H. M. VATCHER, The Vicarage, Clare, Suffolk.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: D. LEIGHTON, 108, St. Julian's Farm Road, West Norwood, S.E.; HARRY H. DOBB, "St. Helens," Finchley Road, Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Howard S. Martin, Herbert Gemmill, R. Suhr, Harold Chester, G. W. P. Money, Oliver Hogg, Philip Carnelly, Charles Widlake, E. W. Hylton-Stewart.

No. II.—"Spelling Mistakes."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: JOHN B. EDGAR, "Ashton," Lockerbie, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sidney Arthur Wright, Cecil Herbert Glew, Rosemary Bunbury, Laura E. Mellor.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: LIONEL D. SAUNDERS, Albion Cottages, Heavitree, Exeter.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: WALTER S. LEEMING, 69, Arbuthnot Road, New Cross, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. Heald, Gladys Amphlett, Harold Gayton, Margaret Thompson, Dorothy Pearce.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: F. H. CARTWRIGHT, 3, Ferndale Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Keith Haydon Moore, Frederick A. Jones, Daniel Kehoe.

No. III.—"Drawing."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: WINIFRED D. ERSAUT, "Belleville," St. Saviour's, Jersey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: DOROTHY HUDSON, 57, Tisbury Road, Hove, Brighton; and IDA BRIGHT ASHFORD, "St. Ronan's," 187, Anerley Road, Anerley, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gwynedd Hudson, O. C. Lupton, Norah Mary Simmons, Arthur S. Atkinson, William Vaughan, Jessie Holliday, E. V. Pearce.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: BESSIE A. FAY, 110, Christchurch Street, Ipswich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Everest Windsor, A. Bird, Harry Cooke, Gertie Grineau, Gladys Titford, Dorothy Borrill, Kittie Wade.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: W. CLARKE, "Cow and Hare Hotel," St. Ives, Huntingdon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Doris Mary Bingham, Nancy Huntly, Frederick Lane, William George Hay.

No. IV.—"Sentence out of 'Captain' Headings."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: OSCAR PEARN, 50, Brigstock Road, Croydon, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Albert E. Ersaut, Reuben E. Bull, E. Lawson Barnes, Roy Carmichael, Annie Futrell.

CLASS II. (Age limit Twenty.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: JENNIE CLASPER, Chez M. Cardot, Les Chesneaux, Château Thierry, Aisne, France.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: SIDNEY ARTHUR WRIGHT, High Street, Westerham, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. E. Puske, George A. Callister, Horace S. Dickins, Edward A. Luff, Dorothy Owen, W. Aitken Oldfield, H. C. Ransley, Harold W. Lewis, Charles S. White, J. Harold Round.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF FOUNTAIN PEN: SARAH LAREDO, "Bayhorne," Upper Avenue, Eastbourne.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: G. P. BARKER, c/o R. H. J. Palgrave, Esq., Belton, Great Yarmouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lionel Saunders, E. C. Crosse, T. R. Davis, D. T. Middleton, O. H. Mayor, Dora King, Gladys Amphlett, J. C. F. Hood, Walter S. Leeming, R. C. Tharp, Percy Cutile.

No. V.—"Essay on 'Cousins.'"

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: GLADYS MORRIS, Ivy Cottage, near Abergwill, Carmarthen.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: WINIFRED D. ERSAUT, "Belville," St. Saviour's, Jersey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. C. Ransley, Gertrude Sterling, Elsie Simmons, Albert E. Ersaut, Edgar J. Ersaut.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: DOROTHY OWEN, "Oakdene," Hillcrest Road, West Hill, Sydenham, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HELEN CARRIE STONE, Ewell, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ada E. Palmer, Mary Eakin, Allen Rains, Isabel Pickthall, Sibyl Owsley.

CLASS III.—(Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: FRIDA PHILLIPS, "High Elms," Hitchin, Herts.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MARGUERITE SCHINDHELM, 4, Maley Avenue, West Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. T. Furlie, Walter S. Leeming, Mary E. H. Owen, B. S. Collard.

No. VI.—"Snap-shots."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: WALTER R. BRIGHTMAN, 61, Redland Road, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Robert Thomas, Mayne Reid, F. A. Garratt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNERS OF 7s.: G. A. STRICKLAND, 68, Canfield Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold L. Robinson, James Allan Hymers, R. H. Mawhood, Henry B. Sterrett, Jennie Clasper, Hayward A. S. Holmes, Herbert S. Hart, W. H. Simmons, F. Sidgewick.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: W. J. RILEY, 15, Handsworth Wood Road, Birmingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: OSBORNE MORGAN, 145, Grange Road East, Middlesbrough.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles Gordon Arthur, W. B. Huntly, Harold Crowther, J. G. Kitson, A. J. L. Laidlaw, E. H. Shield, W. Milburn, E. V. Caton, R. Brückmann, Vaughan Angus.

COMMENTS ON AUGUST COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—A very popular competition. The correct list was—Aldershot, Ayr, Aberdeen, Abergavenny; Bath, Berwick, Boston, Brighton; Cork, Chester, Cowes, Carlisle; Dover, Doncaster, Dublin, Deal; Exeter, Eastbourne, Epsom, Ely; Folkestone, Falmouth, Flint, Forfar. No one succeeded in getting all the towns right. The best list was sent in by the winner of Class II., who only made three mistakes. Berwick, Boston, Epsom, and Flint were the towns which proved the chief stumbling blocks, while Abergavenny was also a source of difficulty.

No. II.—A great deal of care and observation were shown in the papers sent in for this competition.

No. III.—A great many excellent sketches—in oils, water colours, and crayons—were submitted. Miss Ersaut's beautifully executed paintings in oils on opal deserve special mention.

No. IV.—The prize sentences in Classes I. II. and III. are as follows:—

(1) "Sir Billy achieves the impossible poser in THE CAPTAIN competitions for August."

(2) "Some of the results that the young man of to-day achieves in THE CAPTAIN competitions be a poser for the editorial mind."

(3) "The trick of the young black man Jungly of Mexico, to be shot out here at dawn to-day, pains the Old Fag, and stamps the evil of the white flag in the trenches."

No. V.—This competition produced a good number of entries, and I wished there were more prizes to reward the competitors, many of whom had obviously devoted great pains to the subject. The most surprising essays were sent in by Class III., several of them being really excellent.

No. VI.—Nearly every railway company in the British Isles was represented in this competition, and not a few of the steamship companies, with snaps of trains and steamers. The prizes were awarded to the senders of the snap-shots secured under the greatest difficulties and most carefully finished off.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," or "Wide World."

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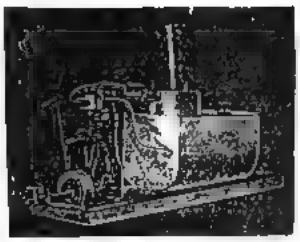

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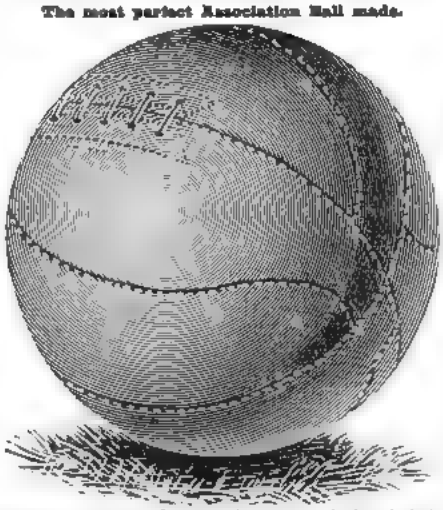

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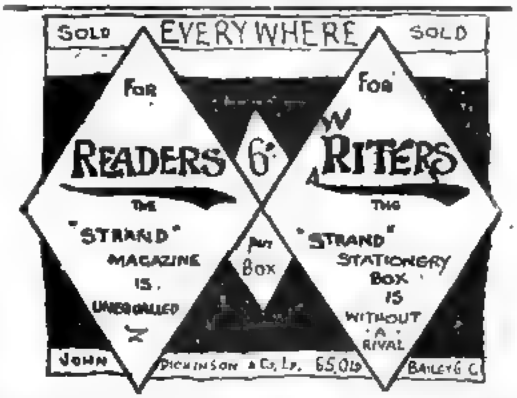

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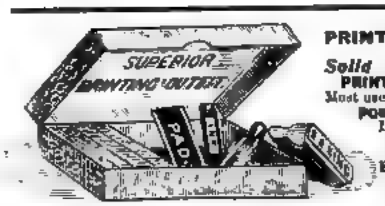

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